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THE GATES OF THE CITY

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

WITH PICTURES BY ORSON LOWELL

I

IN the days when cities were surrounded by walls, all who would enter or go forth were obliged to pass through the gates—usually called “frowning portals” for the purposes of romance. So it was no wonder that these places became popular and important points not only in war, but in times of peace.

Here barterers and beggars would gather, soothsayers, story-tellers, and many others who had business with those coming or going, including not a few who had no business there at all except to look on. That is why “the gates of the city” form a frequently repeated background for the human drama all through ancient history and literature.

Nowadays, to be sure, we have done away with walls for the most part, but we have not increased the number of exits and entrances. Proportionately they are more restricted than ever. The railroad stations, with their wide-arched train-sheds, covered with dirty glass, may be regarded as the modern city gates by those who get a more satisfying interest out of things by reason of a resemblance to something else. Similarly the ferries and bridges, with a little more

squinting of the eyes, may be looked upon as so many ancient portcullises, if you like.

But the present point is that these are the places where humanity (such as it is nowadays) may be seen passing in and out of the city. And because our cities happen to be so much larger than those of old, and every one in and out of them is more given to travel, both for work and for fun, these portals are in a position to frown, if so disposed, at the daily ebb and flow of multitudes greater than the entire population of many a complacent ancient capital. For here the paths of the world converge. Here meet people of about all the kinds that there are, brought shoulder to shoulder for a moment, as in a narrow mountain-pass, then scattering out to the four winds of heaven, each traveler aiming at something somewhere, and each in rather more of a hurry, no doubt, than was the average ancient.

II

THESE huge, echoing, funnel-like places, created by commerce merely for the coming and going of so many impersonal units, take on a deeper significance to most of the units themselves. For many

they serve as memorable backgrounds to the human emotions,—joy, grief, hope, disappointment,—all crowded together into such cruel contrasts. The glad laughter of reunion breaks in upon the uncontrolled sobbing of farewell. The gay wedding party romps thoughtlessly by the slow-moving group in black accompanying the white-pine box. Fashion glides through, followed by a maid carrying her lap-dog; Poverty trudges along with no one to carry her wailing children. Athletes spring upon the train, bound for country clubs; invalids are wheeled along in chairs, bound for the sanatoriums. Youth is here, going home from school; Old Age, going home to die.

The gate-way of the city marks the beginning and end of many things. Here the traditional young man from the country is confronted by a confused view of the city he has come to conquer, though at this moment, contrary to tradition, he is more likely to be thinking

about his baggage. Here again, after conquering, or being conquered, he slowly retraces his youthful steps, to retire upon his farm—or the county's.

The station is a rendezvous for lovers and the means of flight for the faithless. Here the city goes out into the fields to play, and the country comes to the town to work. In the crowd are mothers waiting for their sons, green-goods men waiting for their prey, pickpockets watching for their chance, and detectives watching for theirs. If we wait long enough, we can see nearly all the world, coming in or going out, asking questions, answering them, buying tickets, losing them, gazing or being gazed at—from the Presidential party embarking upon a speech-making tour, or a foreign prince of the royal blood, to the herds of steerage passengers being shunted like cattle into long immigrant trains, or "fresh air" children returning to the noise and delight of their beloved and begrimed city streets.



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by F. Levin

WAITING FOR SOMEBODY



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

OLD AGE TAKES A TRAIN

III

HISTORY is repeating itself, and even America is becoming a nation of cities. When we began as a nation,—in fact, as late as the beginning of the last century, only four per cent. of the population was urban. At the time when the nation's unity was threatened, all but sixteen per cent. were still country people; now a third of us live in the city.

But along with this trend there is also a tendency to live beyond the city walls. Those who come and go we call commuters, and they are usually pictured as in a great hurry, carrying several bundles. These make up the great bulk of the crowd that jostles its way morning and evening through our city gates, predominating all other types of travelers, unless perhaps it happens to be a traveler of such an unusual sort as not to be a type at all—like the peasant woman from the

Balkans in long boots and a short plaid skirt, or the Hindu maharajah, whose bright costume contrasts with the dullness of his tired eyes as he bestows a benignant, quizzical glance at the unreasoned haste of this restless young nation.

Commuters acquire in time a similarity of expression as they pass in and out through the gates. They have an air of accustomedness to their surroundings, quite as if the station were their familiar club. For that matter, many of them use it as such. When the inspiring megaphone-man announces a train, they do not seem to be startled, like the poor, panicky woman with the many babies and bundles. The commuter is often in a hurry, but he is seldom flurried; he nods to passing acquaintances, or keeps on reading the afternoon paper, as he strides abstractedly through the iron gates, and mounts the steps of the moving train with much

the same assured air of ownership as when he ascends his own porch, perhaps an hour later, far away from the hurly-burly.

Nearly all of them wear this look of their type, though in reality they are no more alike than the individuals of any other army marching in unison and carrying knapsacks or newspapers. The guard there at the gate, who has a ticket-punching acquaintance with all of them, soon learns to distinguish the different varieties. At the Grand Central Station, in New York, the "substantial

banker" is likely to show "Greenwich" on his monthly ticket, whereas the man behind, who is like him, but with less substance, will probably go on to Stamford. Similarly the horsiest and yachtiest commuters are apt to live in Larchmont, while those not quite so pronounced get off at New Rochelle. Artists and literary people are more frequently bound for Lawrence Park, Bronxville, than for any other one place, while a variegated mob makes for Mount Vernon. But of course even to these rules there are at least enough exceptions to prove them.

Your true commuter must be by nature a man who takes to routine. There are some who have commuted for a quarter century or more, and yet have not acquired the trick, and never will. They are the ones who write letters to the newspapers, airing their grievances against the heartless railroad corporations. They are not born commuters;

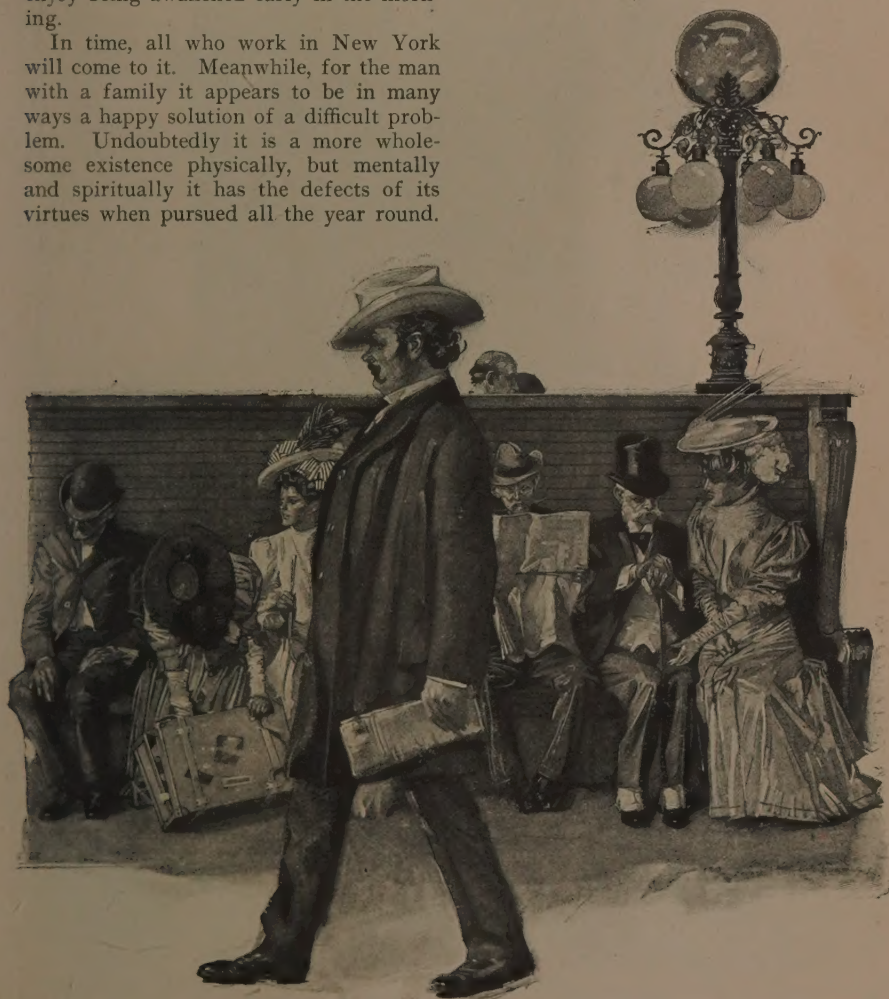


Drawn by Orson Lowell

they have had commutation thrust upon them. But many really enjoy the life of the commuter. They like the clock-like regularity. They like the pleasant social aspect of the early morning trip to town, the neighborly interest in one another's affairs, the ample time for reading the newspapers, which numerous city residents miss by not being obliged to get an early start. They look forward to the pleasant relaxation of the whist game on the way home, with head on one side to keep the smoke out of their eyes. Some of them even say that they enjoy being awakened early in the morning.

In time, all who work in New York will come to it. Meanwhile, for the man with a family it appears to be in many ways a happy solution of a difficult problem. Undoubtedly it is a more wholesome existence physically, but mentally and spiritually it has the defects of its virtues when pursued all the year round.

The commuter devotes the best part of the day to one narrow corner of the city; the rest of his time, not consumed on the train, is in the still more narrowing atmosphere of the suburbs. He neither gets all the way into the life of the city nor clean out into the country. So his view of things has neither the perspective of robust rurality nor the sophistication of a man in the city and of it. His return to nature is only half-way; his urbanity is suburbanity. Much of our literature, art, and especially criticism shows the taint of the commuter's point of view.



THE WAITING-ROOM



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

IMMIGRANTS AWAITING SHIPMENT

IV

FOR many different sorts of people the railroad station is more than a mere passage for going and coming. The number of persons employed in every great terminal is an army in itself, from the high officers in the unseen offices overhead to the low officials in the cellar; from the general-manager, looking out for dividends, to the uniformed porters, looking out for tips—and showing rare insight in the selection of passengers with a single hand-bag from the Pullman, while avoiding less likely ones with bird-cages from the common coach. There are auditors

and the men who hammer the wheels of arriving cars; sellers of food and sellers of flowers; train-despatchers and boot-blacks; floor-scrubbers and telegraph-operators; ticket-sellers and those who pounce upon incoming trains, almost before they are emptied, with long-handled window-cleaners, and with the hurried, businesslike manner characteristic of all connected with the business of hurrying people back and forth across the country.

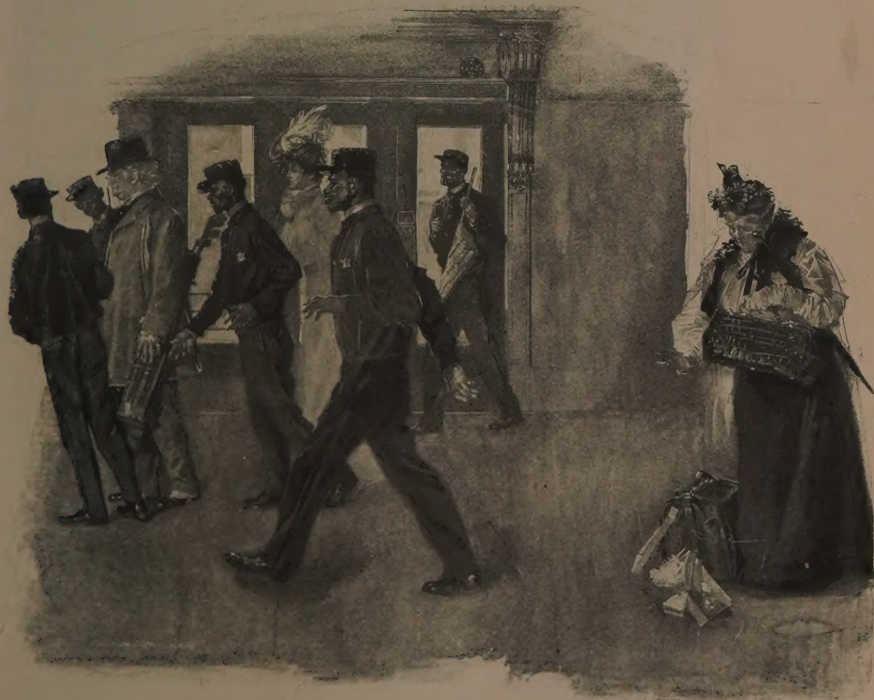
The possibilities of the station as a sort of club are thoroughly appreciated by the true commuter. When he has been up too late the night before, playing bridge with the neighbors or gossiping about

other neighbors, he stops here for a hurried breakfast in the morning. Some station restaurants are famous for their specialties. When his wife joins him in town to go to the theater, he meets her at the station. He can shave here, too, if he chooses, and for five cents can even rent a place to dress in. If he forgets his umbrella, he can lease one at the parcel-room. If it has cleared off, he can check his cumbersome raincoat.

The parcel-room is one of the best institutions of this club. Perhaps this explains why so many stations are called depots in this country, though never in France. The parcel-room is a depot. All sorts of things are sent there, marked by the commuter's name and held until called for. The agent, of course, knows the commuter, and often knows which is his wife, too, as well as the newsboy knows which is his newspaper. When Mrs. Commuter comes in town for a day's shopping, she telephones down to the office, from the station, that certain very

important things are to be sent to the parcel-room, and that he must not forget this time to bring them out with him. Only, at the Grand Central, they do not refer to it as the parcel-room: it is called Mendel's. All the New York shops know Mendel's, and it is unnecessary to give any further address. At the close of any day you may see the familiar sight of one or more of the rearguard of commuters—the kind who never allow more than a fraction of a minute for the transit of the station—rushing madly toward the corner where Mendel's is situated. The agent sees them coming from afar, butting through the crowd as the gong sounds outside by the gate. He reaches down for their packages, holds them out over the counter, and the commuters grab them on the run as the mail trains catch up the mail-sacks at full speed, then squeeze through the gate just as it is slammed shut by the ticket-puncher.

I know a man who used Mendel's so



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins



Drawn by Orson Lowell.

"FRESH-AIR" CHILDREN

often when a commuter that he can not break the habit now that he lives in town. His bachelor apartment is on Gramercy Park, he is occupied during the day at 49th street, and in the evening he is very often occupied in one of the neighboring residence streets. Rather than go all the twenty-odd blocks down to Gramercy Park and back, it is his custom to bring his evening clothes in a suit-case to Mendel's in the morning; then, at the close of his day's work, he rents a dressing-room at the Grand Central. This arrangement gives him so much more time to devote to the evening, which is a great consideration just now.

"Over by the telephone-booths" is the place where lovers meet. They pretend to be waiting for a telephone number as they pace up and down with elaborate

carelessness, which does not even make the station attendants smile, they are so used to it. There is a stand near-by where violets can be purchased leisurely while waiting for the meeting, and there are plenty of doors and corners to dodge in and out of should acquaintances appear. The booths themselves are sometimes "commandeered" when the necessities of love or war arise.

V

At the Bureau of Information two men are kept busy from morning until midnight answering questions in seven languages.

I once asked this one: "Do you get many fool questions here?"

The man who speaks only American looked as if he thought that was one. "Do we!" he replied. "The other day some-



Half-tone plate engraved by F. Levin

WAITING FOR A TRAIN

body wanted to know how many ties there were in the Poughkeepsie Bridge. Sometimes they ask how long the Erie Canal is. Oh, yes, we get fool questions all right."

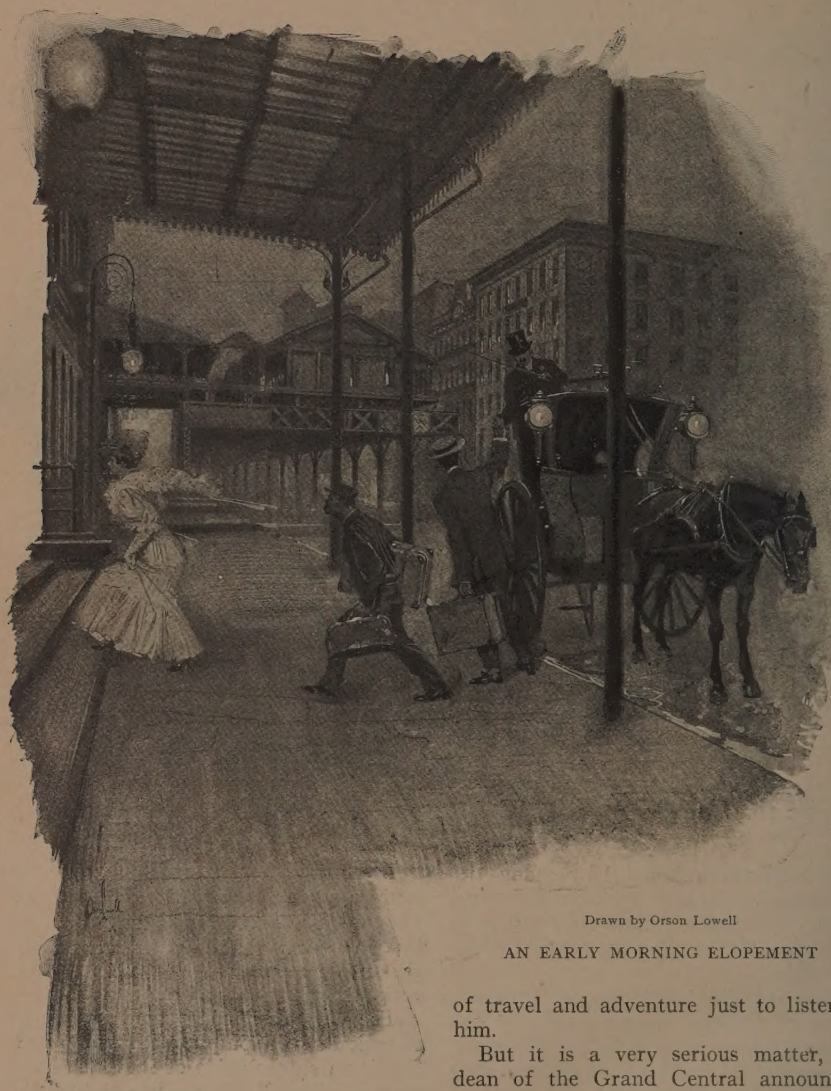
Most of the inquiries are for time-tables or railroad connections, and the majority of them come in the afternoon and evening. Some of them are somewhat remote, such as, "What is the best afternoon train out of Sacramento for San Francisco?" or, "How do you get to the Klondike?"

Many travelers, unused to the quick manner of these alert minds, trained to answering questions, are apt to linger and blink and ask it all over again, as if unconvinced that the reply could be in earnest when given with so little thought. "Just as if we had to think," commented this useful official, "to answer questions we get fired at us a hundred times a day."

In addition to the questions over the counter, come questions by mail and telegraph, beside the many that are put by telephone over the two trunk lines and the two wires that connect with the various departments of the building.

The megaphone-man stands up on an elevation like a pulpit, with stairs leading down on each side of it, which helps the ecclesiastical effect. For eight hours he stands there magnificently and tells people that their trains are ready for them, then his voice is relieved by the arrival of one or the other of his two confrères. They work thus in eight-hour shifts all through the day and night at the gates of the city, animated guide-posts at the parting of ways, as all men in pulpits should be.

In some station the announcement ends up with a stirring "All aboard!" which makes one feel like taking that



Drawn by Orson Lowell

AN EARLY MORNING ELOPEMENT

train whether it is the right one or not. Some of these announcers are famous the country over. There used to be one in Chicago some years ago before the megaphone was a common household utensil, who pronounced the names of the various stations with such wonderful resonance, with such a compelling suggestion of the alluring possibilities in the connections he mentioned, that it was almost as good as a romance

of travel and adventure just to listen to him.

But it is a very serious matter, the dean of the Grand Central announcers assures me, and it is n't every one can do it. And he offered to let me try if I did not believe him. He declared, moreover, that he is obliged to expend just as much effort now as in the old, dark, megaphoneless days. It is all a great mistake to think it helps *him*, but the public whom he serves is benefited because his voice now reaches out to the uttermost recesses of the room. "Just put me up there on one of those vestibules out in the shed," he declared, warming up to the subject with proper professional

pride, "and I'll bet I could throw my voice clear out to the end if they'd only keep their confounded engines quiet."

The dignified deliberation of his utterances had always impressed me deeply. His explanation of this, however, has made clear that his manner was not due to the vain-glorying of one in a high calling. I had ventured to ask him about his rhetorical pauses. "Why do I say 'Track—number—eighteen?'" Because if I said 'Track number eighteen,' the way you talk, those people you see 'way down there by the Pullman office would only get something like 'Ac-clack-teen-clack.' You have to know how, in order to do this thing right. After I say 'number' I wait till the echo brings it back to me before I say 'eighteen.'

"Even then, you see," he added, shrug-

ging his shoulders after an interruption caused by a woman carrying a baby up the steps toward him timidly as if about to offer a sacrifice—"even as it is, you see they come up here and bother me with questions as if I was only a bureau of information. What? Oh, yes, she heard me, but she just wanted me to say it all over again for her specially—sort of whisper it to her confidentially. That's because she's a woman," he added, with the calm tolerance of a philosopher looking down upon the passing, fretful world from a superior height. Then he raised the mighty megaphone to his lips to announce another train.

Every evening there is something of a scramble for the 11.57 or the 12.03 or whatever may happen to be "the last train" out, up, down, or over for the sub-



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

HE CATCHES THE TRAIN—BUT SPREADS CONFUSION

urbanites that live in those directions. Theater-parties come scurrying through, close upon one another's heels, the men, with overcoats buttoned up to their chins, striding ahead and fumbling for tickets, the women, holding on to their hats, their high heels clicking on the mosaic floors as they make haste in the interesting feminine way, arousing the sleepy ones waiting for an early morning express.

Once the haven of the open gate is

reached, they slow up for breath, and have something to laugh about half-way through the long, dreary anticlimax of their evening's entertainment. But, almost every night certain ones are excluded from among the blessed, for the man in brass buttons at the gate is as impartial as St. Peter. A tantalizing feature of this is the dramatic pause ordained between the inexorable clanging of the gates and the slow, deliberate starting of the unobtainable train, while those kept out stand with their faces pressed against the bars, like prisoners looking, for a moment, as if they meant to bite their way through. When this thing happens to a solitary couple, unmarried, unchaperoned, and unacquainted in the midnight city, it is a tragic moment as they turn and look at each other, wondering what to do about it.

The Lost and Found Department ought to furnish interesting data for psychologists, and for moralists, too. The absent-mindedness of travelers gives employment to two busy men at the Grand Central Station. Whatever is picked up in the trains is brought in to them, or is supposed to be; and a surprisingly large percentage of what is found is actually brought in. It includes all sorts of stuff, from stickpins to packages of bonds. A great many things are claimed, identified, and recovered almost immediately, so that not all that's lost and found is recorded on the books. But even so, on the Saturday when a certain inquiry was made, the clerk reported no fewer than 107 articles for that one week. This included none of the harvest gleaned from the parlor and sleeping cars, for the Pullman Company has a Lost and Found Department of its own.

Odd human traits are disclosed in the strange adventures of some lost articles. If the articles themselves could only tell of their experiences, we might know more about the traits. Occasionally a jewel or something else of considerable value will be reported as lost, and will be inquired for day after day in vain. Then suddenly, sometimes after an interval of weeks, the missing property will turn up at the Lost and Found Department, often in such a manner as to preclude the acceptance of a reward. These are called "conscience" cases by the clerks, and



Drawn by Orson Lowell

ALL THERE, BUT THE TIME-TABLE SAYS
"DAILY EXCEPT SATURDAY"—AND
THIS IS SATURDAY



Drawn by Orson Lowell. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

ON THE CITY-SIDE OF THE GATE AND THE LAST TRAIN GONE

they get a great many of them. One day a certain artist, perhaps because he is an artist, absent-mindedly left a valise in the train. It contained money, household silver, and two bananas. Some time after he had given it up for lost, it came back. Opening it, he found everything there except the bananas. Perhaps the finder decided that he was entitled to that much for carrying such a heavy load in his hand or on his conscience so long. Perhaps he had a wife who thought that the bananas would rot and tarnish the silver.

VI

IN every station one may find those who do not take trains or meet them, nor attend those who do. Some come to the waiting-room only to wait—respectable derelicts still hoping that something will turn up, and wrecks who have given up hope. It is a warm place in winter,

the seats are comfortable, and thoughtless passengers often obligingly leave newspapers behind them. It makes good waiting. There are so few other places to wait—so cruelly few for women adrift, but not yet foundered. Sometimes, to deceive that meddlesome busybody, the station detective, they carry in traveling bags, and pretend to be pulled down with their burdens, emptied long since at the pawn shops.

In the case of the men, one might find out their story, if one cared to; but as for the women,—the shabby little old lady with the corkscrew ringlets, for instance,—is she, like Eli in the Scriptural tragedy, watching at the city gates for sons who will never come back? Or is it a lover she thinks of as she sits there all day, waiting and waiting? We can only wonder, and try to forget, as we go on our way.



YOU CAN'T TELL

BY REBECCA LANE HOOPER

WITH PICTURES BY LEON GUIPON

Jaffrey, Vermont.

August third, Nineteen Five.

*To Miss Evelyn Vernon, Gloucester,
Massachusetts.*

MY DEAR "MINCH": I hope you don't mind my clinging to the name "Minch," in memory of that year at college when we gave Pinero's "The Amazons," and you, my dear girl, played the *Reverend Mr. Minchin*. You were so very clerical that I am sure, in some previous incarnation, you really were a clergyman.

You will be properly impressed to hear that we've decided to give Bernard Shaw's "You Never Can Tell" for the "Footlight Dramatic Club" here in Jaffrey. Really. I shall be stage-manager, and shall not be in the play at all. Of course it's a huge disappointment not to act, but Shaw is refreshing enough to pay

for the drudgery of coaching him, and "You Never Can Tell" is fine for hot weather. Just a joke; not a problem or a political discussion. Of course I should prefer to give one of the other Shaw plays, but it would never do with amateurs, and in the, Congregational church parish house; for it is to help support this worthy institution that we give these plays.

You remember Mr. George Jaffrey of New York? He comes here summers because this place was named after his ancestors. Now I knew at once that, although I had complete charge of "You Never Can Tell," he would expect to run it. There is no reason why he should, which is probably why he will want to. Of course he knows the stage, for he was a stage-manager for twenty years before he took up the milder occupation of

wholesale china importer. His opinion is valuable, but he has such an unfortunate way of expressing it that every one becomes thoroughly enraged when he tells them how to play a part. Alas! you can't use professional methods with amateurs. Now, as Mr. Jaffrey is a capital actor of eccentric parts, and as I knew I could n't keep him out of the play, I decided to ask him to play *William*, which would keep him so busy he would n't have time to hurt the feelings of the other actors. I hoped that the gentle spirit of *William* might pervade him; for I don't see how any one could be obstreperous with such a "kind" part on his hands. So I drove over to the Jaffrey house. Mr. George Jaffrey came out on the piazza with his provoking smile.

"Why, here is the famous Miss Edith Hinsdale Howland. What can the renowned Miss Howland want with me?"

I told him about the play.

"Who 's going to do *William*?" he asked promptly.

"A very fine part," said I, evasively.

He ruminated.

"I should dearly love to play *William*," he said at last, with that confidential and affectionate manner which people assume when they offer to take the best part in a play. This time it was what I wanted. I suppose you have learned by bitter experience, Minch, to let a man appear to suggest things himself.

"Oh, Mr. Jaffrey, will you really play *William*?"

Reflectively he rubbed his thin, gray Vandyke beard.

"Why don't you get Andrews to play *William*?" he asked. "His last butler was a masterpiece."

"Yes," I said; "but he could n't possibly learn such a long part as *William*; and, besides, we want you."

"Who is going to do *Gloria*?" he asked.

"Miss Morris," I replied. "I have n't met her yet, but I 'm going to drive up there from here, and ask her. Now you think over the part of *William*," I said as I drove away.

He did n't advise me to give "Pygmalion and Galatea" instead of "You Never Can Tell" because I drove away before he had a chance. He adores "Pygmalion and Galatea."

Miss Morris was at home. She is really just cut out for *Gloria*, for she 's tall and beautiful, and a bit self-conscious.

"How do you know I can act?" she asked.

"You don't have to act very much in *Gloria*," said I, cheerfully. "I 'm sure you can do it, and we can't possibly have the play without you."

Well, she did n't know, could n't decide, was honored to be thought of, wished she had met me before; could n't we take some walks together?

"Now, please," I insisted, with the winning smile which I employ at this stage of casting a play—"please come to a reading of the play Monday night at the parish house."

She studied the pattern of the rug a long time.

"I 'll come," she said finally, with the air of a Bernhardt.

"And, please," said I, more winningly still, "don't write me a note after I 'm gone, and say you find you can't come." I had heard she was given to deeds of this type.

"No, indeed," she said, and smiled as I drove down the hill.

On the way I met the Congregational minister and his wife.

"How 's the play?" they called in one voice.

My horse stopped. Her name is Rosy—feminine for Roosevelt. Rosy always stops of her own accord when we meet any one, because she knows I usually wish to speak. There have been times, however, when I did n't, and it was awkward.

"Oh," said I enthusiastically to the minister and his wife, "I really believe we can get Mr. George Jaffrey to play *William*."

"Oh, that will never do," said the minister, rolling out his under lip, as he does when grieved. "The people don't like to be bossed by him. Why don't you ask Andrews for *William*?"

"He could n't learn the lines."

"Well, don't ask Mr. George Jaffrey. It won't do," said the minister. "We must keep the play in the society, and Jaffrey goes to the Episcopal church. Don't ask him."

"Very well," I said.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"MISS MORRIS WAS AT HOME . . . 'HOW DO YOU KNOW I CAN ACT?' SHE ASKED"

It was rather awkward to think I had already asked him.

"Miss Morris will play the leading woman," said I, to change the subject.

"She 'll back out," predicted the minister's wife. "She sent word that she could n't pour at Mrs. Hunt's tea because she was indisposed, and that night she was *seen* taking a long walk with Mr. Parsons."

I did n't blame Miss Morris, for I had stayed away from the same function "because I had too much to do." As a matter of fact, I went up in our pine woods, and lay flat on my back, staring up into the sky all the afternoon.

"Now, you 'd better get Andrews for *William*," said the minister.

I gave him a merry nod, and drove on. Just then I met Mr. Jaffrey on his way to the post-office. It has often puzzled me what people would do in the country if it was n't for the post-office.

"Be sure and come to the rehearsal Monday night," I called after him.

"Now, see here, Miss Edith Hinsdale Howland, I can't possibly play *William*; but I tell you what I 'll do. I 'll manage and coach the whole thing for you."

The very thing, Minch, that I particularly wanted him not to do! So I said:

"Oh, Mr. Jaffrey, it 's too kind of you to offer to manage. We really could n't accept as much as that; but do play *William*. Why, we can't give the play without you as *William*."

"How about this?" he asked, fingering his Vandyke. "*William* must be smooth-faced."

"Yes, I 'd thought of that, too," I said; "but surely you 'd be self-sacrificing enough to——"

"No, I can't do it; but I 'll manage for you. If you 'll bring over a copy of the play, and a blank-book, we 'll make a prompt-copy, and write in the stage business."

I found myself agreeing to come, although I did n't want to in the least. He has a peculiar effect on me.

By comparing notes, we found that Sunday morning before church was the only free time for us both. I looked at him to see if he would be shocked, and I found he was looking at me with the same inquiring expression. We concluded that, since the play was for church purposes,

we could legitimately and not irreligiously make a prompt-book Sunday morning.

"Come to breakfast," he commanded—"eight o'clock. I 'll tell Mrs. Jaffrey. She 'll be delighted to have you."

On the drive home I reflected that I had a possible *Gloria* and two stage-managers, Mr. Jaffrey and myself.

When I reached home, I called up Mr. Andrews on the telephone.

A play? Why, he thought a play would be fine. Delighted to play the comedy part of *William*. Was it long? He knew I realized how impossible it was for him to learn lines. Was I to be at home the rest of the morning? Well, then, he 'd drive round and talk it over. Could he borrow the book?

I forgot to tell you, Minch dear, of the "book" aspect of my troubles.

When I decided to give the play, I found I 'd left my own copy of "Plays Pleasant" in New York. I sent for it at once, and ordered six more from the publishers. Meanwhile I needed a copy of the play to use in making the cast. There was n't any in the little library at Jaffrey. Shaw and Kipling are not considered fit reading for the general public in Jaffrey, and no one in town seemed to have a copy of "You Never Can Tell."

Suddenly it occurred to me that the poet and playwright Thomas Hartwell, who has a summer place in town, must have one. He was not at home, but his stepson was staying in his house. I called up the stepson, and asked if I might burglarize the Hartwell library. I know Mr. Hartwell intimately, or I should n't have presumed. With the liberality we all show when dealing with other people's possessions, the stepson said I could have anything in the house, and that he would leave the back lattice gate unfastened next morning.

"Next morning" I went back to the lattice gate, but the stepson had forgotten me, and the gate was not only hasped, but bolted. Neither fingers, nor a small stick I picked up, would insinuate themselves to undo those fastenings. I might have unhasped it, but what would have been the good when it still remained bolted? I was in the position of the well-known small boy who said, if he had some milk, he could have some fine mush and milk, if he had some mush. I tried all the

doors of that house in vain. I never respected a thief so much before. They are so clever about breaking into houses. I wished I had had one with me.

I have at last solved the question of why people become thieves: they are far too clever for any other occupation. If ever a burglar enters our house, I shall bow, and say:

"Sir, I honor your calling. Most pleased to contribute. Here are our spoons."

At length I found a window unlocked. I "clumb" through, not any too dexterously, for upon the window-sill were those two exasperating little iron projections to which blinds are commonly attached when fastened. Once inside, I found a copy of the book without any trouble, and then decided I would ask Thomas Hartwell to play the dentist. He is to return from Italy the last of this week, and he fairly dotes on dramatics. The dentist's part is not such a very "fat" one, but it is the leading man, and I thought Mr. Hartwell could skip through it with some agility. With his copy of the play under my arm, I felt more enthusiastic than ever—almost as if he had actually consented to play the part. Now, this stolen copy was the only one in town. Of course every one wanted to borrow it, to read his or her prospective part; but I held on to it firmly, and assured them they would each have a copy Monday night.

Mr. Andrews arrived to discuss the part of *William*. He was fairly bristling with enthusiasm. I thought I could explain *William* to him satisfactorily; but no, he must take the play home with him, so that Mrs. Andrews could see whether she thought he could learn the lines. I reluctantly let him have it. He suggested that Mr. Washburn would be good for the part of *Phil*, and we decided to ask the following girls in order for *Dolly*. The ideal *Dolly* was in mourning. Here is a list of the prospective *Dollies*.

Kate Jaffrey. (Just engaged, and fiancé visiting her, so she's pretty sure to refuse.)

Dora Ranken. (Been invited to Bar Harbor, but might be persuaded to remain if the part was dangled at her in an inviting manner.)

May Blankley. (Really too quiet for the part, but if you give her black coffee

just before she goes on, she surprises herself and every one else.)

Rose Wilson. (Who is too floppy to act, anyway.)

As I'd never met Mr. Washburn, the prospective *Phil*, Mr. Andrews said he would ask him to take part, and telephone me the result. He called me up very soon, and said Mr. Washburn was delighted; loved Bernard Shaw, and was "awfully" pleased to be asked. As for himself, as long as *William* did n't come in until Act II, Mrs. Andrews said she thought he might learn the part. He was going to New York for a week, and could n't come to the rehearsal Monday night, but would try to learn his lines while he was away. Mrs. Andrews wanted to know if she could help manage the stage. Every one wants to be stage-manager.

This shows how the cast stands, Minch:

The Dentist, Thomas Hartwell, if he'll do it.
William, Mr. Andrews, if he can learn the lines.

Phil, Mr. Washburn, wildly enthusiastic.
Gloria, Miss Morris, if she does n't back out.
Dolly, Either Kate Jaffrey and Dora Rankin, or May Blankley and Rose Wilson.

I think it looks pretty hopeful, and I'm going now to cast the other parts. I wish you would come on and play *Gloria*.

Always faithfully,
Edith.

Jaffrey, Vermont.

Friday, the fourth of August.

MINCH DEAR: Let me state that all plays produced by amateurs should be called "You Never Can Tell," for you can't.

My latest grievance is that Mr. Johnson, who has always loved to act, and even gets up plays so that he can be in them, is actually demurring about accepting the part of *McComas*.

After I wrote to you yesterday, I called up Mr. Johnson. Almost before I had a chance to say "Hello" over the telephone he said:

"I know what you want."

He was busy; did n't think he could. What kind of part was it?

As I know he likes to wear a blond wig and play a young lover, I was non-

committal about *McComas's* being a prosy old fossil of a lawyer.

Would he have to shave off his beard?

I was afraid he would.

Well, then, he did n't think he could take part. He 'd shaved off his beard so many times for the "Footlights," and it seemed as if he no sooner grew a good Vandyke than somebody would get up a play, and off it would have to come.

He sounded so pathetic, and so imposed upon, that I said we would cut the lines that referred to *McComas's* being clean shaven.

Well, then—still mournfully,—could he borrow the book, to read the part, before he decided?

No; I had only one copy of the play, and that was lent to Mr. Andrews. Would n't he come to the rehearsal Monday night?

Well, he 'd like to see the part first.

I finally told him he should have a copy of the book Sunday morning, and said "Good-by" emphatically, before he could offer any more objections.

There is a fine art in knowing when to close an interview.

There is an actress summering in town. After much meditation, I decided to ask her for *Mrs. Clandon*, the mother. She is assertive, to say the least, and the rehearsal would be lively and interesting to the point of frenzy, with Mr. George Jaffrey trying to manage her. Neither one of them has the slightest opinion of the other's ability—no more than either of them has of mine. But I decided to risk it, so I asked Central for the actress's number. She had no telephone. At this news I decided not to ask her, anyway. For some psychological reason, her having no telephone seemed to decide against her. Fate steps in occasionally and helps one.

So I drove to town, and asked a Mrs. Douglass for *Mrs. Clandon*. But Mrs. Douglass was going to leave town the first of September, and we had planned the play for the eighth. Mrs. Douglass suggested that her friend Miss Littlefield might act the part. Now, I did n't want Miss Littlefield, but as she was with Mrs. Douglass at the time, I could n't say so.

Miss Littlefield is an extremely admirable person, but she has the habit of contradicting. We had some Browning

readings this summer, and she contradicted Browning, and every one who knew enough to have an opinion about him. She even contradicted those who did n't, by saying in shrill soprano tones: "Oh, how can you keep quiet!"

These quiet ones smiled aimlessly and uneasily, and left the room at the earliest opportunity. I was afraid she might have the same effect on my cast, so I finally decided to pass off as a pleasantry Mrs. Douglass's suggestion that Miss Littlefield act *Mrs. Clandon*. This was nervously but successfully accomplished, for I gave neither of them a chance to say another word. Coming from the house, I met the inevitable Mr. George Jaffrey in his motor-car.

"Whom are you going to have for *Bohun*?" he called, as soon as he perceived Rosy and me. "That 's one of the most important parts in the piece."

It is always disconcerting to have any one, especially a man, ask you about something concerning which you have n't made up your mind.

"My brother," I answered, as much to my own surprise as to Mr. Jaffrey's. "He 's never acted, but he can, for he 's a perfect mimic; and as he played on his college football team, and led the cheering at the base-ball games, he will do, both as to voice and physique."

Mr. Jaffrey looked rather alarmed. He is very little over five feet, and my brother is six feet two, and they have had differences at the golf club.

"Who will be the father?" asked Mr. Jaffrey, feebly.

"Frank Leeming."

"Frank Leeming!" he gasped. "Have him for the father! Why, he never could play the part in the world."

"Oh, I know he was the orphan child in the last thing we gave, and of course he 's very much of a kid; but with proper coaching,"—with a winning glance at Mr. Jaffrey,—"he will do nicely."

"You are quite right," said Mr. Jaffrey, complacently. "Now be sure you bring some good mucilage when you come over Sunday morning," and he drove away bombastically in his motor. Rosy and I looked so ignominious in the ceremony of his important exit.

The Congregational minister and his wife came down the concrete walk, ar-

rayed for "calling." They are perpetually "calling," and really seem to enjoy it.

"Will you ask Frank Leeming to play *Mr. Crampton*?" I said at once. When running a play, one is apt to dispense with conventional greetings.

The minister carefully replaced his immaculate silk hat upon his equally immaculate curls, which can never be induced to lie down and behave like straight hair.

"He's doing some studying to make up some entrance conditions at Harvard," said the minister, "but he'll do it. You can count on Leeming."

"Miss Littlefield wants to play *Mrs. Clandon*," said I, cruelly.

"Oh, oh, don't have her!" said the minister's wife, and out rolled the minister's under lip. "Why, for three months we sat at the same table with her when we took our meals at the hotel, and she contradicted everything my husband said. Get *Mrs. Andrews* to play the part. *Mr. Andrews* is going to be in it, and that will make it pleasant for both of them."

At this moment *Mr. Washburn*, who had agreed to play *Phil*, walked by. As I told you, I had never met him; but it was one of those awkward cases where we knew each other by sight. Our eyes met, and then we each looked hurriedly away. Then I thought this was a foolish procedure, when we really knew each other, and it was my place to bow first; so I glanced at him expectantly. His gaze was rigid and straight ahead. I felt as if I had been slapped. To make matters worse, I suddenly realized that the minister's wife had been talking, and was still talking, to me, and I had n't the least idea what it was about. I listened for some clue, but in vain. As soon as she paused for breath, she looked at me inquiringly.

"Of course not," said I.

They both looked thunderstruck, and I knew I was on the wrong track.

"I agree with you entirely," I tried. They looked mollified at once, so I hurried off to the express office to see if the copies of the play had come.

They had not. There is always some very good reason why the publishers can never send them on time.

On the drive home, I met *Mrs. Pratt* of Baltimore. I pretended not to see her, but she called out in her most penetrating tones:

"Hello! Are you really going to get up '*You Never Can Tell*'?"

I assured her we really were going to try so to do.

"Who is going to be in it?" she demanded. I groaned inwardly, and began:

"*The Dentist*—Thomas Hartwell."

"Why, I did n't know he was in town."

"He is n't; but he's coming to-morrow night."

"Well, that certainly is fine. I'll tell everybody."

"Please don't," I said. "I have n't asked him yet; but I have every reason to think he'll accept. Then *McComas*—*Mr. Johnson*."

"Oh!" said *Mrs. Pratt*, with a little shriek. "Why, his wife said he could not be in any theatricals this summer."

"I think he'll come round," I said. "*William*, the butler—*Mr. Andrews*."

"But he's going to New York."

"Yes; and he's also coming back from New York. *Phil*—*Mr. Washburn*."

At this inopportune moment, I saw *Mr. Washburn* again coming down the street.

"*Mr. Washburn*?" asked *Mrs. Pratt*, distinctly. "I don't think I know him. Who is he?"

Inasmuch as he was just going by, I did n't want to explain who he was, and neither would I attempt to bow to him again.

"That young man," said *Mrs. Pratt*, eying *Mr. Washburn's* retreating figure, "looked as if he were trying to bow to you. Who else is going to be in it?"

"*Mr. Crampton*—*Frank Leeming*."

"Oh, yes. That's the oldest Leeming boy, is n't it?"

This, Minch dear, is the way my careful friends pursue me. I tried reading a newspaper as I drove along, and pretended not to notice any one; but the wretched *Rosy* always stopped, and before I knew it, my friends were upon me, inquiring about the play.

"Go on, dear," urged *Mrs. Pratt*, to me, not to *Rosy*.

I went on.

"*Mr. Bohun*—my brother Tom."

"Tom! Well, dear me! Is it possible! He is such a stunning big boy. That is fine. Well! Well!"

Amid this shower of ejaculations, I regret to say I hit Rosy with the whip. As she started in a surprised trot, I heard Mrs. Pratt still talking:

"Are n't there any women's parts? I never heard of a play without any women."

"They 're not quite decided," I called back.

"Well, I only hope you can get it up," she shrieked after me.

Instead of saying a person is going to "give" a play, the world at large speaks of it as if it were some refractory person who was lying in bed, and whom every one was trying to call to breakfast. All are dubious, but hope you can "get it up."

"Oh, Edith," called a voice from behind the closed blinds of the Pilsbury house, "I 'm not dressed, so I can't come down; but Miss Morris told me she was not going to be in the play. She might come to the rehearsal, but she positively won't be in it. I thought I 'd better tell you," the voice added, as a look of wrath settled upon my brow.

"Thank you," I called back cuttingly.

Oh, Minch, my dear safety-valve, have you ever discovered that if you are starting in at anything, especially if it 's something pretty ambitious, that your friends will all make it a point to call on you, and tell you it 's impossible? Then, if you surmount your obstacles, and come out successfully, it is: "What a wonder you are! How did you ever do it? But, there, I knew all the time you 'd succeed."

I wish they 'd sprinkle a bit of this in as we go along. Strange to say, it 's the ones who have succeeded, the great ones of the earth, who encourage you from the start.

"I won't give in to Miss Morris or any of the rest," quoth I to myself as I drove home. "The church needs the money, and as I 'm not yet tired of Bernard Shaw, I won't be deterred."

"How tired you look!" said the family to me, as I drove up to the piazza. I immediately felt twice as tired as before.

"We are going to put our foot down. You sha'n't do this," they said.

Dear, interfering family! Oh, Minch, Minch, Minch!

Good night.

Edith.

Saturday.

THINGS are going swimmingly, Minch dearest. Mrs. Andrews says she 'll play *Mrs. Clandon*; Mrs. Bradley says she will set the stage; and Mr. Johnson has told some one he will be *McComas*. Now I want you to come up and see the performance, and incidentally help "make them up." I know you are busy writing the great American play; but let it rest, and see what a fine performance we 're going to give. To-morrow I go to breakfast at the Jaffreys's, and we make the prompt-book. Then to church, to settle a few last points, and then on Monday night we 're actually going to get at it.

I think I 'll wait until to-morrow at breakfast to ask Kate Jaffrey to play *Dolly*. Her fiancé will be there, and in Kate's burst of enthusiasm I 'll argue the fiancé round to think he wants to bring her to rehearsal every night. It 's too bad, when they 're just engaged; but it will have to be done.

Thomas Hartwell arrives to-night, and I 've sent him a note to come and have tea with me to-morrow afternoon, and while he is busy with tea and toasted muffins, which he adores, I shall ask him to play the *Dentist*.

Mr. Washburn,—*Phil*,—is just going by on horseback. He sits his horse uncommonly well, and it 's rather original of him to be riding horseback when he 's in the automobile business. I 'm sure he is going to be a great help to me in the play. There is something about him which makes me feel confident even before I know him. Did you ever feel that way about any one?

I 'm so glad I triumphed over myself when I felt like giving up the play yesterday.

Your ever enthusiastic

Edith.

P.S. Mr. Washburn just rode back again, by the window. He seems much impressed by our view.

P.S. The telephone just rang, and the Amateur Dramatic Club of Springfield want us to repeat the play for them. I told them I 'd do my best to persuade the

cast. They 'll all want to act again, if it 's successful. A successful play always unearths homes for cripples and orphan asylums as excuses to make its hit again.

Sunday Night.

MY DEAR MINCH: There are times when sticking to a thing becomes foolhardy. This morning,—it seems years ago,—I rose promptly at seven, yawning mightily. A heavy fog hung over everything, as it has done for the last few days. Then at ten o'clock in the morning it has burned away, and the thermometer has soared to ninety. So, knowing what would probably happen, I shiveringly clad myself in my sheerest and thinnest muslin gown, put on my lingerie hat and white coat, and started for Mr. Jaffrey's eight-o'clock breakfast. Under my arm was my copy of Bernard Shaw's "Plays Pleasant,"—the publishers had not sent the others,—one blank-book, and one tube of paste. As I walked the sopping, dripping wooded mile between our house and the Jaffreys, I seemed to be the only creature alive in the misty world. But my walk warmed me up, and I reached the Jaffreys's hungry and enthusiastic. Their house reverberated dismally with the ring of the old-fashioned door-bell, which sounds not unlike an ambulance-gong. Immediately there was much scurrying about up-stairs, and then nervous footsteps hurried down the front stairs and down the long hall. There was jarring, unhasping, and bolting, and unlocking, and finally Mr. George Jaffrey himself admitted me. His hand was like ice as I grasped it, and so was the expression of his face.

"The maids' going to church every Sunday morning plays the dickens with everything," he confided as he went down the hall ahead of me. "Come in by the fire."

Now, if you remember, Mr. George Jaffrey has n't many joints in his body. In fact, he seldom bends his head, and although I 've watched carefully for three summers, I 've never seen him shrug his shoulders. This morning he was more rigid than ever.

"Don't you feel well?" I asked in dulcet tones.

The funereal gloom settled thicker on his face.

"Caught cold in my shoulder. Did n't sleep a wink."

"Then let me come again some other time," I said, picking up my paste, blank-book, and play.

"No, no; stay, now you 've got here," he called back graciously as he went to the foot of the staircase.

"Kate! Bess! Come down! We 've got to have breakfast this minute if we 're going to do anything."

Then-back to me, by the fire.

"This house is run for the convenience of the maids," he observed, with the air of a person saying something entirely novel.

Mrs. Jaffrey and Kate Jaffrey came down, blinking and shivering, with the fiancé close on their heels, his lips blue with cold.

"*Burr!*" they shivered, as they caught sight of my white gown. This did n't seem to me exactly like a warm reception, but I kept outward calm.

We went out to a cereal, melons, and fishballs, and delicious coffee and muffins. Mr. Jaffrey immediately wanted six or seven different things at once, and Kate and Mrs. Jaffrey had to keep leaping up to get them. I politely stopped eating each time they rose, but each time Mr. Jaffrey fiercely commanded me to eat, so that by the time Kate and Mrs. Jaffrey were finally seated, Mr. Jaffrey and I were through breakfast. The fiancé had n't eaten a thing for watching Kate. Of course he had n't seen her for nearly nine hours, so I excused him.

Mr. Jaffrey commanded me to go into the library and get to work. Slowly and painfully he threw another log on the fire, declining my help. Then we cleared the latest popular literature from the center table, and started in.

First, Mr. Jaffrey disrespectfully ripped the cover from my copy of Shaw. Then we ripped the binding, cut each leaf separately, pasted it in the blank-book, and on the opposite page wrote the stage directions.

Previously the minister and I had been over the play, and decided that, for amateur production, one or two speeches had better be cut.

"Make a mistake. Don't you do it," commanded Mr. Jaffrey. "Let 'em be shocked!"

I appeared to agree with him.

Just as we were hard at it, Kate Jaffrey came and stood in the doorway, arrested for church.

"All right for you," she announced to me. "I thought you would ask me to play *Dolly*."

"Humph!" said her father. "You could n't play *Dolly*."

"Well, I would n't any way, now," she said, turning lovingly toward the fiancé, who hovered in the rear, in the grandeur of a frock coat, silk hat, and gray gloves. These things are so impressive in the country. No one but ministers and fiancés ever appear in them at Jaffrey.

I decided there was no use wasting my breath in asking Kate to play *Dolly*, for she gave the fiancé an unutterable look, to which he responded eloquently, and they vanished.

The morning flew quickly, under the pleasant cynicism of Shaw, and I stole into church just in time to hear the minister say, "And my third and last point is—"

What it was I never knew, for the church had no open fire like the Jaffreys's house, and it was exactly like perching in the refrigerator to sit there. Every one had on thick clothes, and I looked so cold and garish that I slunk out as soon as possible.

My brother seized me.

"Look here, you might have told me I was going to play *Bun* or *Boon*, or whatever it is, before you told everybody else," he said amicably.

"I'm almost frozen," I returned. "Do drive me home quickly."

But the minister and Frank Leeming were upon me.

"See here," said the minister, grievously, "Frank Leeming says he can't play the part of the *Father*."

"Oh, Frank!" I pleaded. My teeth chattered with the cold, which Frank took to be sorrowful emotion.

He would have been glad to do it, but his father said if he did n't pass off his English condition this fall he would have to leave Harvard.

I tried to smile bravely, as I told him it was no matter; but I was on the verge of a sneeze, which would n't come, so the smile must have been a failure.

Mrs. Andrews came up in a dark blue

gown, looking warm and cozy with a blue marabou boa flying fluffily about.

"Oh, Edith," she said, "I think perhaps I'd better not try to be in the play. You see, the baby has n't been very well, and both Mr. Andrews and I don't like to leave him alone so many evenings. I'll help you any other way I can."

She had the "baby," Paul Revere Andrews, by one hand.

"He looks well," I said skeptically.

He is three years old, and about as brown and chubby as any child I've ever seen, and he is so full of vitality that he talks out loud during the sermon; but the Andrewses think he should be brought up to go to church. He eyed me contemptuously as I kissed him.

My persuasions were of no avail. Mrs. Andrews could n't be in it.

Mrs. Bradley bore down upon me.

"It's fine about the play," she said. "I told them I'd decorate the stage for you."

"There probably won't be any stage to decorate," I said briefly, as I got into the carriage. My brother and I drove nearly home in silence. My misery was too great for words, and so was his sympathy.

Finally he said:

"I'm awfully sorry to go back on you, Sis, but if you're planning the play for the eighth of September, I can't possibly be in it. We're going to build a new fraternity house, and I've got to meet the architects in New York on the fifth, and then go straight to college."

Another long silence fell. I shivered more and more. I began to wonder if I were going to die of chills and fever.

When we reached home, I put on my warmest gown and went to dinner. Now, our Sunday dinner is something of an occasion, I would have you know, Minch. All the best china is trotted out, and the napkins with the monogram, and we invariably have coffee mousse. These details, and my warm gown, soothed me.

Thomas Hartwell will come this afternoon, and that will give me new life and inspiration, I thought. Suddenly an uncomfortable warmth began to steal over me. I wondered what one ought to take, for I was now sure I was dangerously ill. I had had chills all the morning, and

now the fever was coming on. Just then I met Mother, fanning vigorously.

"Did you ever see such a change in the weather?" she asked. "It 's as hot as it can be, and there 's a big thunder-storm gathering in the north."

It grew hotter and more stifling. At five o'clock, the hour for which I asked Thomas Hartwell, it was pouring, and the thunder and lightning were constant, while the wind threatened to tear the awnings from the house.

Naturally no Thomas Hartwell appeared. At seven it cleared up a while, then thought better of it, and settled in for a steady rain. Now, at nine o'clock, I 'm going to bed.

I 've decided to play *Dolly* myself, and if Mr. Washburn is as nice as he looks, it will be great fun to be his twin. Let George Jaffrey manage it. I know we shall fight; but I don't care.

Here, Minch, is the cast as it stands to-night:

The Dentist, Thomas Hartwell, if not struck by lightning.

Phil, the attractive Mr. Washburn.

William, Mr. Andrews.

Crampton, Nobody, since Frank Leeming's father is obstreperous.

Bohun, Nobody, since my brother can't do it.

McComas, Mr. Johnson, if his wife will let him.

Gloria, Miss Morris. I 'm using absent treatment on her.

Mrs. Clandon, Nobody, since Mrs. Andrews won't leave Paul Revere Andrews with the maids.

Dolly, I myself.

Do come up, and play *Mrs. Clandon*, Minch dear. I mean it. Wire me if you will.

Your loving
Edith.

Monday.

MINCH DEAR: There was no rehearsal to-night. The books did n't come. Not that there would have been, if they had.

This morning's mail brought me two letters, one in a fashionable scrawl, on scented organdie, and the other on business paper, with the name of a firm in the upper left-hand corner.

This is the scented organdie letter:

"*Elmhurst, Jaffrey.*

"*Sunday Afternoon.*

"DEAR MISS HOWLAND: Here I am doing just what I said I should n't—writing to you that I cannot come to rehearsal to-morrow night. I am going down to New York in the morning to meet some friends.

"Moreover, I 've been talking over the matter with my sister and her husband, and they agree with me that I 'm not strong enough to take such an important part as *Gloria*.

"You see, I know my own limitations, and it is really kinder to you and to the play to withdraw. I hope you will get an ideal *Gloria*, and if I can help you in any other way, I shall be very glad.

"Yours cordially,

"*Marie Morris.*"

Here is the plain business note:

"*Sunday Night.*

"DEAR MISS HOWLAND: I ran through the part of *McComas*, and I 'm sorry to say I don't think I can spare the time to help you. The summer is our busiest time. If there is anything else I can do to help you, please call on me.

"Faithfully yours,

"*Russell Johnson, Jr.*"

I knew he would n't like the part of *McComas*.

Thomas Hartwell did not get struck by lightning yesterday. He did n't arrive in New York until this morning, and is coming here on the midnight train. The minister and I decided not to ask any more people to be in the play until we find out if Mr. Hartwell will be the impecunious *Dentist*.

If he consents, and you 'll come, we 'll fill up the cast with anything.

There 's one thing that 's worrying me a little. I have n't told the minister that George Jaffrey insists on coaching. I don't dare. I 'm glad for some reasons that we had no rehearsal to-night, for the chauffeur took Mr. Jaffrey's new motor-car, the pride of his life, on the sly, Saturday night, and thirty miles from Jaffrey ran off an embankment. The chauffeur is well and sound, but the automobile had to be shipped to the factory for repairs. Mr. Jaffrey's rage at the chauffeur and his lame shoulder, made him anything but an amiable being to-day.

Your telegram has just come. You



Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"KATE JAFFREY CAME AND STOOD IN THE DOORWAY, ARRAYED FOR CHURCH"

are a dear. You would have made a fine *Mrs. Clandon*, but I think perhaps you 'd better play *Gloria*, my dear.

By the process of elimination which has been going on, there would have been no one at the rehearsal to-night but Mr. Washburn and me. Of course some one had to let Mr. Washburn know there was no rehearsal, and I called up Mrs. Andrews to ask her to do it; but she was out, so there was nothing for it but for me to call him up and tell him myself.

Minch, we had the most exciting conversation over that telephone. Just imagine—he knows the Whitings of Richmond! Also said he had nothing to do to-night, if the rehearsal was called off. I suppose I might have asked him down; but you know how I detest mere calling, and how fatal it is to sit down in a cold-blooded way and deliberately get acquainted. Still, his voice sounded very pleasant over the telephone.

Edith.

Telegram to Miss Evelyn Vernon, Gloucester, Massachusetts.

Tuesday.

Play given up, Minch. Leave for Lenox to-morrow. Will write.

Edith Hinsdale Howland.

Hotel Aspinwall, Lenox.

Wednesday.

DEAR MINCH: Have I been beaten, or have n't I?

Thomas Hartwell came down to the house in Jaffrey before nine o'clock Tuesday morning. He said he 'd heard from the station agent the minute he arrived that I wanted him to be in a play, and he rushed right down to say he could n't. He 'd miss a year's income rather than not play in "You Never Can Tell," but he 'd promised his publishers some material as a result of his trip in Italy, and he 'd got to work at it every minute until he left town on the sixth of September. But, oh! how he did dislike to give up playing *William*!

"Oh, did you expect to play *William*?" I asked faintly.

"Why, yes. What part did you intend for me?"

"The dentist," I said; "the leading part."

"Oh, I did n't think much of that

part," he said disappointedly; "but I should like to play *William*. Why did n't you give 'Sweet Lavender'?"

I always thought "Sweet Lavender" was squalid and dingy, myself. The people in it never interested me, and I did n't care whether they solved their problems or not. So the cast of "You Never Can Tell" then consisted of

Phil, Mr. Washburn.

Dolly, I myself.

I had no doubt but the cast would enjoy itself at the rehearsals, but it would have been hard to give a creditable performance when everybody else in the cast was nobody, except for Mr. Andrews, who is in New York. So I wisely but sadly gave it up.

They are now trying to cast a new and utterly original piece,—one never before given by amateurs,—namely, "She Stoops to Conquer." I think the title sounds like a reflection on my failure to give "You Never Can Tell," but I suppose Goldsmith did n't foresee such a contingency when he named the play.

I sent a note to Mr. Jaffrey, thanking him for his help. I did n't want to see him, and have him crow over me.

But don't think I escaped. He walked over to the station before the train left.

"The famous Miss Edith Hinsdale Howland about to leave town," he said.

I hoped his shoulder was better.

"All well. See here, I 've a suggestion. Next summer we 'll give 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' and I 'll coach it."

This has been his farewell speech for three years.

Mr. Hartwell was at the station looking after some of his baggage.

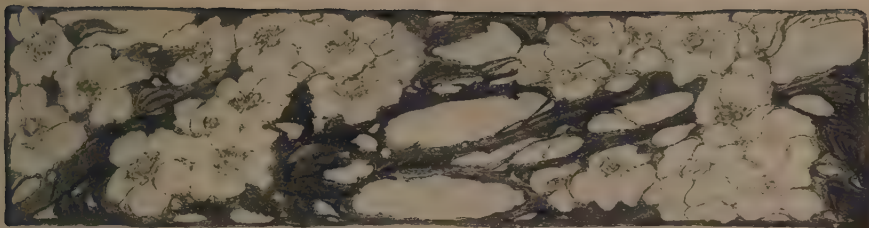
"We 'll do better things in dramatics next summer," said Mr. Hartwell to Mr. Jaffrey. "We 'll give Pinero's 'Sweet Lavender,' and I 'll coach it."

I silently made up my mind that next year we would give a Shaw play, and I would coach it.

Firmly yours,

Edith.

P.S. I 've just had a note from Mr. Washburn, who says he is coming down to visit his mother's cousin, who is staying here at the Aspinwall. I have just answered it, and told him I hoped he 'd bring his motor-car, for I was sure his mother's cousin would enjoy it.



MAGNOLIA GARDENS

A VISIT TO CHARLESTON'S FAIRY-LAND

BY FRANCES DUNCAN

Author of "Mary's Garden and How It Grew"

WITH PICTURES BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS

WHEN good Charlestonians die, their bodies, it is said, go to Magnolia Cemetery, and their souls to the Magnolia Gardens. Indeed, it were quite excusable in a wandering spirit, if, chancing on these gardens when the azaleas were in their radiant perfection, he should mistake the place for Elysium, especially if looking for such a garden-like Elysium as Herrick's.

Although widely known, and visited yearly by hundreds, Magnolia is not a public garden, but a noble old estate on the Ashley River, belonging now, as it has belonged for two hundred years, to the Drayton family of South Carolina.¹

Very much as the folk of Tokio go out to worship the beauty of the cherry-blossoms, so, in March and April, Charleston people and any stranger fortunate enough to be within their gates make a pilgrimage to Magnolia. During the season the little steamer plies between Charleston and Magnolia, making the trip twice daily.

Alas! few are the places which, in Browning's phrase, are "still un-Murrayed." A strident voice must needs inform the voyagers that "we are now passing the Exposition grounds. The square building among the trees is the

Woman's Building." One thinks longingly of the more poetic traveling methods of an earlier day—of the long canoe, manned by its gaily clad negroes, in which, a century and a half ago, people visited Magnolia. If one might slip past the wide-spreading marshes with only the red-winged blackbirds' gurgle to break the rhythm of a negro chant and the dip of quiet oars.

Yet from the steamer the river is lovely. Tall live-oaks on its bank are gay in the delicate green of their new leafage; at their feet the marshes, formerly rice-fields, now lie outspread in one green quietness. So close does the little steamer run as it follows the lazy windings of the channel, that one may see the vivid young green of the new growth pushing its way up through the faded tops of last year's marsh-grass. Now a heron rises slowly, now a "quick sandpiper" flits, and now, where the marshes have retreated, the boat slips through quiet brown water, in the shadow of live-oaks, which bend over it from the river's edge.

One by one the fine old estates are passed, but of the beautiful residences which a century ago overlooked the Ashley, Drayton Hall alone was left unde-

¹ The present owner of Magnolia, Mrs. W. J. Hastie, is a direct descendant of John Drayton, who, in 1709, owned Magnolia and the adjoining plantations, Runnymede and Drayton Hall. While there were always gardens at Magnolia, the garden of to-day, and the wealth of Indian azaleas which

has made the place famous, is the work of the Rev. John Grimké Drayton, the father of the present owner of the estate. Runnymede is owned by Mr. C. C. Pinckney; but Drayton Hall, like Magnolia, is still in the family, being the property of Mr. Charles Drayton.

molished by the Civil War. Just before reaching Magnolia, one has a glimpse of its lawns, gay with azaleas, and through the bordering live-oaks the red brick of the manor-house, the lines of its stately architecture plainly seen. Then the boat drifts up to a little landing, where a group of voluble negro guides are waiting to escort visitors.

In earlier days the state approach to Magnolia was not from the river, but from the road half a mile to the west of it; and guarding the entrance on this side, is a magnificent avenue of ancient live-oaks, hoary and bowed with their festoons of gray Spanish moss—Druids, rather than the “green-robed senators” of Keats’s fancy.

Like the original manor on the site of which it stands, the present house, a modern frame building, overlooks the Ashley. Before it stretches greensward, and here the planting of the azaleas in irregular groups does not strike one as unusual.

But no garden will make friends with a whole party of visitors at once. The *genius loci* is the shyest, most elusive of deities, and in these latter days, when folk are armed with “How-to-Know” and “What-to-Look-at” books, and tourists go about seeking what they may devour in the way of sights, determined to let not one of them escape, the shadow-loving spirit has grown as wary as a hermit thrush and as difficult of acquaintance.

The visitors take their way along an irregularly curving path between landing and house. Overhead meet great camellias and crape myrtles, tall and deliciously fragrant; while, like dusky guardian angels, the attendant negroes go before and behind the groups of visitors—a wise precaution, doubtless, for aside from the lesser danger of losing a tourist or two, there are those who have never “loved the wood rose and left it on its stalk,” even when the rose in question was in a private garden and the property of another.

The stranger found herself under the wing of an elderly negress, who, with the solicitude of a hen for a brood of incautious chickens, was ushering her little flock along the path. Dutifully enough she kept with her fellows, admired with them the azaleas—beautiful and brilliant, indeed, and grown to a height their kin in

the North can only dream of reaching—until a darkly inviting alley offered a sudden temptation. Overhead its azaleas arched, making a network of brown interwoven branches, lighted here and there by the scarlet of a blossom which shone through the roof. “A garden should not provide a temptation and a way of escape in one,” quoth the Truant Visitor, as, eluding the vigilance of the guide and detaching herself from the encompassing crowd of sight-seers she made her way through the dusk of the friendly alley. The voices of her fellow-pilgrims died to a murmur in the distance. A moment later she found herself in the sunlight again, for the alley had opened on a broad, azalea-bordered path, and with the guilty, delicious happiness of a truant school-boy, she found herself alone at last beside the river, with the great trees, the marvelots azaleas, and the noon stillness. The path was sunlit, except where the trees and their swaying moss flecked it with changing shadows. No more could she help following it than the Hamelin children the fluting of the Pied Piper; but she followed it idly enough, now wondering at the intense color of the azaleas, now watching through the dark branches of the live-oaks and the drooping moss the glint of the sunlight on the river as it lay quiet, yet alive and sparkling in every atom of its surface.

Then suddenly all changed. As suddenly as one turns the corner in a dream and with no more wonder, as suddenly as the Hamelin children found the door of the mountain shut upon them, the outside world had vanished. She was alone in a vast and airy twilight, a place of silent enchantment.

Here, dim in their draperies of moss, a brotherhood of giant oaks upreared huge, age-contorted limbs, while at their feet, burning ever deeper and deeper into the depths of the forest, were azaleas like an enchanted fire—blaze upon blaze of color, a very sea of vivid, unearthly brilliance. Now concentrated into white, then rose—the intense rose at the heart of a burning log; now paling, sinking into ashes; then flushing, suffused with orange as with a flame, or burning into crimson again. As if in the spacious twilight, imprisoned by their mighty boughs, these hoary Titans held the very



AZALEAS IN THE MAGNOLIA GARDENS
PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY ANNA WHELAN BETTS



Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

A VISIT ON THE LAWN IN THE OLDEN TIME

sunset captive, and, except for the purple which escaped to the northern hills, had melted its hues by a mystical alchemy, and transformed them into this marvelous, soft flood of pulsing, rose-red flame. And still the color struggles to escape, now stealing along the margin of silent water, only to flare back; lighting the dreaming surface, sunset-fashion, then flashing into scarlet; leaping up into the trees, and blazing out, a crimson torch, from the somber, dark-foliaged magnolias. And upon all this wild, strange revel of color, hushing it into an awed stillness, lies heavily a ghostly twilight; over it brood the gigantic forms of the aged oaks.

Over their bowed heads, swathing the huge limbs as silently, as inexorably as if it were the gray dust of the ages, has spread the mistlike festooning of moss—a ghostly, aerial drapery. Since they slept, young saplings have sprung up about them; slender magnolias push their tall, dark beauty up into their very branches; but the great trees, deep sunk in their enchanted sleep, heed them no more than they heed the burning azaleas. Here and there the silent water, deep amber and strangely transparent, has stolen close about their feet; but the mirrored images of the great boughs, the shadows of the drooping moss, lie motionless on its surface; and the Cherokee rose trails on the water its fragrant loveliness.

Absently, dreamily, the stranger tried to recognize the country. What enchanter's hands were potent to hold its wild, strange brilliance bound fast in this charmed sleep? She pushed her way through a thicket, only to find herself beside a pool, dark, silent, mysterious, closely shadowed by crowding trees, while over it, like a beautiful sorceress, bent an azalea, dropping scarlet petals one by one on the motionless surface, as if performing a mystic rite.

A flash of crimson wings, and the joyous burst of a cardinal's song shattered the stillness for a moment, but it was impotent to break the spell. A turn of the path, and the stranger had come out upon a grassy level



Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts

A GOOD PLACE TO HIDE

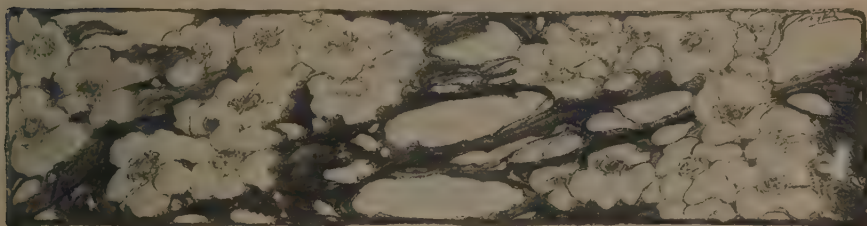
from which the great trees had withdrawn a space, and the azaleas, retreating, had formed a mystic circle. What rites took place here? What fairy race came hither on summer nights to hold high carnival? It would be the aged Merlin one would find seated on the knotted roots of the great oak yonder, while beyond, where the sunlight sifted through the high-arched trees, flecking the greensward, would come Vivien, lithe and beautiful and evil, and within that magic circle wreath her stolen spell of woven paces and waving hands.

There was a sound of approaching footsteps; then the shriek of a whistle, long and strident, tore the silence. It was no wizard or enchantress that parted the thicket, but the ancient negress, who, displeasure in every line of her face and figure, had come to look for the truant escaped from her safe convoy. Absently the stranger followed her back to the flock, walking along the broad path beside a bayou, shadowed still by the great trees, and bordered, not now by magic fire, but by Indian azaleas of unusual beauty. Half-unconsciously she heard her fellow-pilgrims, wondering which variety such

an one might be, and regretting that the camellias had passed. She was vaguely annoyed by the white-painted bridge which arched the bayou. "At least it should have been of stone, 'blackish-gray and mostly wet,'" she murmured discontentedly.

In other azalea-gardens, the most important in this country being that of Professor Sargent at Brookline, the azaleas themselves, in a wide range of color and variety, are obviously on exhibition, and dominate the place. But at Magnolia, although the climate makes possible a wonderful variety of tender sorts inaccessible to Northern gardeners, striking as is the beauty and brilliance, the azaleas are not the masters, but are overpowered by their environment. Hence the peculiar, almost dramatic effect.

There are places in which, considered as a garden, the planting might have been bettered, and young magnolias have sprung up, marring somewhat the lines of the great oaks, and should be thinned out. But I would not have my vision disproved: the business of life and garden-craft is not to dispel illusions, but to keep them.



NOT BY BREAD ALONE

(AFTER HIPPOCRATES)

BY JAMES TERRY WHITE

IF thou of fortune be bereft,
And in thy store there be but left
Two loaves—sell one, and with the dole
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul.



Drawn by A. B. Wenzell. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"EVANSTON AND HIS WIFE WERE SITTING SIDE BY SIDE UPON THE COUCH"

THE CASE OF THE EVANSTONS

BY DAVID GRAY

Author of "Gallops"

CARTY CARTERET went into the club one June afternoon with the expectation of finding Braybrooke there, and selling him a horse. Braybrooke was not in the club, but Carteret came upon three men sitting in the bow-window. They had their backs to the avenue, and were apparently absorbed in discussion. As Carteret approached, Van Cortlandt, who was speaking, glanced up and stopped. At the same moment Carteret drew back. They were not men with whom he cared to assume the familiarity of intrusion.

"Sit down, Carty," said Shaw. Carteret hesitated, and Shaw rose and drew another chair into the circle.

"Go on with the story," he said to Van Cortlandt. Carteret hesitated a moment, and then sat down.

"I dare say Carty has heard it," observed Van Cortlandt, apologetically, as he was about to resume his narrative; "he's a pal of Ned's."

Carteret looked at him inquiringly.

"I was telling them about the Evanston affair," said Van Cortlandt. Carteret opened his cigarette-case and took out a cigarette.

"What is the Evanston affair?" he said shortly. He was more interested than he cared to show.

"They've caught Ned Palfrey," said Crowninshield, with a laugh. Carteret turned to Van Cortlandt. "What do you mean?" he said.

"It's a fact," said Van Cortlandt. "It seems that last Thursday Frank Evanston came home unexpectedly, and found Ned there. Exactly what happened no one knows, but the story is that the gardener and the footman threw Neddie out of the house and into the fountain." Carteret threw away his

cigarette, and straightened himself in his chair.

"And they say," observed Crowninshield, "that his last words were, 'Come on in, Frank; the water's fine.'" There was a general laugh in which Carteret did not join.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"That's the cream of it," replied Van Cortlandt. "The rest is purely conventional—separation and divorce proceedings."

"That's an interesting story," said Carteret, calmly, "but untrue."

"How do you know?" said Shaw.

"Because," said Carteret, "on Thursday, Ned Palfrey was at my house in the country."

"Dates are immaterial," said Crowninshield. "Very likely it was Wednesday or Friday."

"I say," said Van Cortlandt, "I'll bet you even, Crowny, it was Friday as against Wednesday."

"I'll take that," said Crowninshield; "but how shall we settle it?"

"Leave it to Ned," said Van Cortlandt. There was another laugh.

"In the second place," continued Carteret, disregarding the interruption, "I know for a fact that last evening the Evanstons were still living together in the country."

"Well, I know there is going to be a divorce," said Van Cortlandt. "I got that from a member of Emerson Whittelee's firm, and he's Evanston's lawyer."

"A lawyer who would tell a thing like that ought to be disbarred," said Carteret. "If I could find out who it is, I should try to make it unpleasant for him."

"Why?" said Crowninshield.

"Because," said Carteret, "the three people concerned in the story that he has furnished a foundation for, are my friends."

"So they are his," said Van Cortlandt; "so they are ours. That's what makes it interesting. What's the use of friends," he went on, "if you can't enjoy their domestic difficulties?"

Carteret rose. "That is a matter of opinion," he said stiffly.

"Well," retorted Van Cortlandt, "there's nothing one can do about it."

"Have you ever tried?" said Carteret.

"Have you?" said Van Cortlandt.

Carteret made no reply. He turned on his heel and left the room. Half-suppressed laughter followed him into the hall, and he went on to the billiard room to "cool out," as he expressed it. He was very angry. He paced several times to and fro beside the pool-table; then, with a sudden determination, he walked rapidly out of the club and got into his motor.

"Go to Mr. Palfrey's," he said to the chauffeur. "Hurry." A few blocks up the avenue the car drew up to the curb, and Carteret got out. He crossed the sidewalk, and disappeared into the great apartment house where Palfrey had his rooms. Half an hour later he came out and hurriedly entered the car. He motioned to the chauffeur to change places. "I'll drive," he said. "How is your gasolene?"

"The tank's full, sir," said the man.

"Good," said Carteret.

He started the car, and began to thread his way up the avenue. At 59th street the clock on the dash-board said ten minutes to six.

He turned into the Park and ran through the avenues at a speed which made arrest imminent, yet he escaped. The Park was a miracle of flowering things, of elms feathering into leaf, of blossom fragrances, of robins at their sunset singing; but Carteret was unaware of it all. At ten minutes past six he was in the open country. Here he opened the throttle and advanced the spark. He called upon the great machine for speed, and the great machine lifted its shrill roar and gave generously. The clock and the trembling finger of the

speedometer showed that many of the miles and minutes passed together. At ten minutes of seven he turned into the gateway of a great country-place, and a few moments later came upon its master on the west terrace. Evanston greeted him pleasantly, but was evidently surprised to see him.

"Did you motor down?" he asked.

"Yes," said Carteret; "sixty minutes from 59th street."

Evanston gave a low exclamation.

"It was n't difficult," said Carteret, "the road's very good." An awkward silence followed, which both men felt.

"Lovely view," said Carteret, looking off across the lake toward the sunset. Then there was another silence.

Evanston broke it. "Have you still got that horse that you wanted to sell me?" he said.

"I think so," said Carteret; "but I'm not trading horses this afternoon." His voice changed and he looked at Evanston.

"Frank," he said, "can you keep your temper?"

"I've had some practice," said Evanston. "Why?"

"Because," said Carteret, "I'm going to irritate you. I'm going to butt in. I'm going to mix up in a matter that is none of my business. If you want to knock me down, I sha'n't like it, but I won't resent it."

Evanston looked at him suspiciously. "What do you mean?" he said.

"From what I've heard," said Carteret, "your private affairs are in a tangle."

"So you've heard?" said Evanston.

"Yes," said Carteret, "I have heard a good many things which are probably not so. I want to know the facts."

Somewhat to his surprise, Evanston made no show of resentment.

"The facts are simple," he said. "I'm tired of this thing, and I'm going to put an end to it."

"I've heard that," said Carteret; "but if you don't mind telling me, I'd like to know why. I like you, Frank," he added; "I like your wife; I like your children—I don't want to see you bust up."

"You are very good, Carty," said Evanston, "but nothing can be done about it. It's a long story, with rights

and wrongs on both sides; but at the beginning it was my fault, and I am ready to pay for it."

"What do you mean by 'your fault at the beginning?'" asked Carteret.

"I married her," said Evanston.

"Well, did n't you want to?" asked Carteret.

"I wanted to too much," said Evanston; "that was the trouble."

Carteret looked puzzled. "I don't think I understand," he said. From his point of view the more complex personality of Evanston had always been baffling.

"It was this way, Carty," Evanston went on. "Her mother—you know her mother?"

Carteret nodded. "Always for the stuff," he observed.

"Exactly," said Evanston. "Well, to put it bluntly, she made the match."

"But I thought you were rather keen about her."

"So I was," said Evanston; "but Edith was n't keen about me. The mother forced her into it, and I was foolish enough to believe that if she married me, she would care for me. The fact was," he added, "I was walking on air, with my head in a dream."

"I understand," said Carteret.

"Well, we were married," continued Evanston, "and then suddenly out of a blue sky came the panic and the T. & B. failure, and I was flat broke and a defaulter."

"Defaulter!" said Carteret.

"Defaulter as to my side of the matrimonial bargain, which was to provide the establishment," said Evanston. "The realization of this fact was sudden and painful."

"Sudden? How do you mean sudden?" asked Carteret.

"Something happened," said Evanston, "that opened my eyes."

"Do you mean the loss of your money?" said Carteret.

"No," said Evanston, "you know the money end of it came out all right. My uncle died, and I inherited more than I had lost; but I had already learned how much and how little money could do. And so things drifted along, and now the only course open seems to be to call it all off." Evanston was silent.

"Is that all?" asked Carteret.

"Yes," replied the other.

"Frank," said Carteret, "you have told me everything but the facts. Don't interrupt," he went on, as Evanston made a gesture of protest. "The essence of the matter is this—you think that your wife is in love with Ned Palfrey; you believe Palfrey in love with her, and you are jealous of him."

"I don't see the need of going into that," said Evanston. "There is no scandal. I trust my wife and I trust Palfrey."

"The need of going into it," said Carteret, "is to set you right on two points. First, your wife does n't care for Palfrey except as a friend, and if I am any judge of what is going on in a woman's mind, she cares more about you than you will allow her to show you. Secondly, except as a friend, Palfrey does n't care for your wife."

"Carty," said Evanston, "you are wasting your time and mine. I know that a man is foolish to be jealous of any other man, and I know that Ned Palfrey is a good sort. I'm sorry for Palfrey. He has as much cause for resentment against me as I have against him. If it had n't been for me he would have married her. If he marries her later on, I shall have no feeling about it. But I can't stand the situation as it is, and I don't care to have you tell me there is nothing in it."

"You have no proof," said Carteret, "that there is anything in it."

"No proof?" said Evanston. He smiled bitterly. "Only the proof of my eyes."

Carteret threw away his cigarette. "The proof of your eyes," he said.

Evanston nodded. "Perhaps you remember," he went on, "that just after the crash I disappeared for a week."

"Yes," said Carteret; "it was two years ago, just before Christmas."

"People said that I was hiding from my creditors; that I had gone to Australia; and some that I had killed myself."

"That was what Edith believed," said Carteret. "It nearly killed her."

Evanston laughed scornfully. "Women don't die of such things," he said. "Well, to go on, it happened that, the

day I disappeared, Palfrey called upon my wife. We were at the house in 70th street then." He paused uneasily, and Carteret began to wonder. "I came up-town late in the afternoon," he continued, "and let myself in with a key. I heard voices in the drawing-room and went down the hall. The curtains in the drawing-room doorway had fallen apart, and I looked in. Palfrey was there. They were standing by the fireplace and had dropped their voices so that I could n't make out what they were saying, but I saw him take a step toward her, and then he took her hand." Evanston stopped. "And then," he added, "the sawdust dropped out of my doll."

"What happened?" asked Carteret.

"He kissed her," said Evanston.

Carteret started inwardly. Then an illumination came to him. "No," he said; "she kissed him."

"As a gentleman," said Evanston, "I would rather put it the other way."

"As a gentleman," said Carteret, "you must put it the way it was."

"Does it make any difference?" asked Evanston.

"The difference between right and wrong," said Carteret. "Listen to me. You knew, I suppose, that Palfrey wanted to marry Edith's sister Louise."

A look of wonder came into Evanston's face. "No," he said.

"Well," said Carteret, "he did. I know it, and when you saw him at their house and thought he was after Edith, you were barking up the wrong tree."

Evanston had risen, and was listening apprehensively. His face had grown white.

"What has this to do with the case?" he demanded.

"The afternoon that you speak of," said Carteret, "Louise told Palfrey that she was going to marry Witherbee. With that piece of news he went to your house, to the woman who had been his friend and confidante—your wife. He was a good deal cut up, and when he said goodbye—you know he sailed for Europe the next day—I presume she was sorry for him, and, being the right kind of woman, she showed her sympathy in the right kind of way."

Evanston made a strange gesture, as if

to put away by a physical action the thoughts that were forcing themselves into his mind. "No," he said huskily; "it is n't true, it can't be true."

"Do you think I would come to you with a lie?" said Carteret.

"But you were n't there," said Evanston. "How do you know?"

"Neither were you," said Carteret. "Why did n't you go in like a man and find out your mistake?"

For a time Evanston made no answer. Then his voice sank to a whisper. "I was afraid," he said. "If I had gone in, I should have killed them." He dropped into his chair again, and turned his face away. His body shook convulsively, but he made no sound. Carteret stepped awkwardly to the terrace balustrade and stood gazing at the sunset. The silence lasted for several minutes. Then Evanston spoke; his voice was still uncertain. He rose and walked unsteadily toward the balustrade.

"Carty," he said, "I believe you. What shall I do? It's awful," he muttered; "it's awful."

"It's awfully lucky," said Carteret, "that we have straightened things out."

Evanston shook his head wearily. "But we have n't," he said; "we can't. It's too late."

"Look here," said Carteret, impatiently, "don't be an ass."

"But don't you understand," said Evanston. "If what you say is true,—and I believe you,—then I have acted"—he stopped and thought for the right word, but it did not come. "I left her that afternoon without a word. A week later, without explanation, I came back, and for two years I have treated her—God knows how I have treated her!" he murmured. "If she did care for me at the first," he went on, "if she cared for me after the failure, the end of it must have come when I went away and came back as I did. And now to put an obstacle in the way of her freedom, to try to buy her again, would be the act of a blackguard."

"But suppose she loves you?" said Carteret.

"That," said Evanston, "is impossible."

"It ought to be impossible," said Carteret. "If she put rat poison in your tea,

any jury would acquit her; but, fortunately for us, women are not very logical."

"No," said Evanston again; "it is impossible."

"That is your view of it," said Carteret. "Would anything convince you that you are wrong?"

Evanston was silent a moment. "If the thoughts she had about me in those days," he began,—“in those days after I had come home,—if they could come back like ghosts, and should tell me that all that time she cared for me, in spite of what I was and did—” He paused.

"Then it is impossible," said Carteret, dryly.

He turned away toward the sunset again and looked at his watch. It was a quarter past seven. In the last twenty-five minutes his hopes had flown high and fallen dead. Evanston's point of view was beyond his comprehension. He felt that the man was mad, and that he had come upon a fool's errand.

He turned back toward Evanston. "I must be going," he said. At that moment a servant came from the house and approached them.

"Mr. Whitehouse is on the telephone, sir," the man said to Evanston. "He says his cook has been taken suddenly ill, and may he come to dine to-night and bring Professor Blake."

Evanston looked helplessly at Carteret. "That 's odd," he said, "is n't it?"

"He evidently has n't heard," said Carteret.

"Evidently," said Evanston. "But why should n't he come?" he added. He turned to the man. "Tell Mr. Whitehouse that Mrs. Evanston and myself will be glad to have him and Professor Blake." The man bowed and went back to the house.

"It 's better that way," continued Evanston. "We 'll have a party. I don't know who Blake is; but Whittlesea 's coming down, and you 'll stay."

"I can't; I have no clothes," said Carteret.

"That does n't matter," said Evanston. "Dine as you are."

"No," said Carteret, "I must go. I'm of no use here."

"Don't say that," said Evanston. He held out his hand. "Carty, you are the

only human being that understands or wants to understand."

"Then," said Carteret, "I 'll stay."

It was nine o'clock, and they had finished dinner. From the dining-room the men went to the library to smoke, and Whitehouse's friend, the Professor, began to talk. He was an Orientalist, and had recently discovered a buried city on the plateau of Iran. Carteret was not interested in buried cities, so he smoked and occupied himself with his own thoughts. From the distant part of the house came the music of a piano. He knew that it was Edith playing in the drawing-room. It occurred to him that it would be pleasant to go out upon the terrace and listen to the music. He was meditating the execution of this project when he saw Whittlesea slip out; the same idea had occurred to the lawyer.

Carteret watched him go with chagrin, but he felt that it would be rude for him to follow, so he sat where he was, and bore up under the buried city. The talk went on until suddenly the cathedral clock in the hallway began to strike in muffled arpeggios. Whitehouse started up and looked at his watch.

"It 's half-past nine," he said to the Professor. "If you really must take the night train, we ought to be starting."

"I 'll ring," said Evanston, "and have somebody order your trap."

"Thank you," said Whitehouse, "I would rather order it myself; I want to speak to my man. I know where the stable telephone is." He went out.

"I am sorry you have to go," said Evanston to the Professor.

"So am I," the Professor replied. "This has been a most delightful evening."

Just then Whitehouse put his head in the door. "The stable telephone is out of order," he said, "I 'll have to ask you to send some one, after all."

"The telephone 's all right," replied Evanston; "the trouble is, you don't know how to use it." He rose, and joining Whitehouse, left the room.

As he went out, the Professor started to rise, but something held him, and he sat back awkwardly. His sleeve-link had caught in the cord of the cushion on which his arm had been resting. He stooped to disentangle it, and turning the

cushion over, his eyes rested on a curious pattern worked in gold. He gave a low exclamation of surprise, and carried the cushion into the lamplight.

"Anything the matter?" inquired Carteret. To him the Professor was a curious beast, but he felt that it was civil to show an interest in him.

"There 's a verse," replied the Professor, "embroidered in Persian characters on this cushion. It 's the work of a poet little known in Europe. It 's very extraordinary to find it here."

"Very," said Carteret, suppressing a yawn.

"I 'll make you a translation of it," said the Professor.

"Thank you," said Carteret.

There was a silence, during which the Professor wrote on a stray sheet of paper, and Carteret speculated on the chance of his horse Balloonist in the Broadway steeplechase. The Professor was handing the slip of paper to Carteret when Whitehouse and Evanston came hurriedly into the room.

"I 'm afraid you 'll have to hurry," said Whitehouse. "We have very little time."

"All right," said the Professor; "but I must say good-by to Mrs. Evanston." He nodded a good-night to Carteret, and went out of the room, followed by Evanston and Whitehouse.

Carteret heard the music stop in the drawing-room, and he knew that the Professor was taking his leave. He heard it begin again, and he knew that the guests had gone.

"I must go myself," he thought. "Evanston wants to talk with Whittlesea."

He was about to rise when he glanced idly at the sheet of paper which the Professor had given him. Carteret was not fond of poetry. He considered it a branch of knowledge which concerned only women and literary persons. But the words of the translation that he held in his hand he read a first time, then a second time, then a third time.

He rose, with a startled sense of discovery, and then Evanston came in.

"You are not going," said Evanston.

"No," said Carteret, vaguely. "Frank," he went on, "do you know anything about that sofa pillow?"

"What sofa pillow?" asked Evanston.

Carteret took the cushion with the strange embroidery, and held it in the lamplight.

"That?" said Evanston—"Edith gave me that."

"When?" asked Carteret.

"It was a Christmas present," said Evanston—"the Christmas after the failure."

"After you came back?" said Carteret. Evanston nodded.

"Do you know where she got it?" asked Carteret. "I mean the embroidery."

"She worked it," said Evanston.

"Well," said Carteret, "it 's Persian."

"Very likely she got the design from her uncle," said Evanston. "She used to be a great deal with him. You know he was Wyeth, the Orientalist."

Carteret gazed fixedly at Evanston. "The design," he said, "that is embroidered is a verse." Evanston looked at him uncomprehendingly.

"Well," he said, "what of it?"

"I want you to ask Edith what it is," said Carteret.

"Why?" said Evanston.

"Don't ask why," said Carteret. "Do it."

"What use can there be in calling up the past?" said Evanston. "It can only be painful to both of us."

"Never mind," said Carteret; "do it as a favor to me."

"You must excuse me, Carty," said Evanston, somewhat stiffly.

Carteret moved to the wall and rang the bell. Neither man spoke until the servant appeared.

"Please say to Mrs. Evanston," said Carteret, "that Mr. Evanston and Mr. Carteret wish very much that she would come to the library." As the man left the room, Evanston came forward.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"My meaning ought to be plain," said Carteret. "I intend to have you ask your wife what is on that cushion."

There was something in Carteret's tone, in the look in his eyes, which made Evanston's protest melt away, then transfixed him, then made him whiten and tremble.

Carteret heard the rustle of a woman's dress in the hallway. "Do you under-

stand?" he said quickly. "You must ask her. You must force it out of her. If she refuses to tell you, you must choke it out of her. The ghosts have come back!" Then he hurriedly crossed the room to the French window that opened upon the terrace. As he reached the window, Edith stood in the doorway.

"Do you want me?" she asked.

"Frank wants you," said Carteret, and he stepped out blindly into the night. He groped his way across the terrace, and from the terrace went on to the lawn. Overhead the stars looked down and studded the lake with innumerable lights. The night insects were singing. The fireflies glimmered in the shrubbery. The perfume from the syringa thicket was heavy on the still air. Ordinarily these things did not appeal strongly to Carteret; but to-night it was different. The air was gratefully cool upon his bare head, and he felt the cool dew upon his shoes. A few steps across the grass and he stopped and looked back. The house was silent. From the library windows the lamplight streamed out upon the terrace. He turned away again and stood listening to the night things—the measured chorus of the frogs in the distant marsh, the whippoorwill that was calling in the darkness on the point. Then he resumed his progress across the lawns. Suddenly he came upon a figure in the darkness, and started.

"Has that fellow gone?" It was Whittlesea's voice.

"Yes," said Carteret.

"Then I must go back," said the lawyer. "Carteret," he went on, "this is wretched business. One would think that, in a spot like this, on such a night, people ought to be happy."

"You are right," said Carteret. "Whittlesea," he added, "come with me. Don't speak." He slipped his arm

through the lawyer's and guided their steps toward the terrace. They mounted it and stealthily approached the library window. From the darkness they could see into the lighted room, and not be seen. The lawyer gave a low exclamation, and drew his arm away.

Evanston and his wife were sitting side by side upon the couch. His arm was about her, and his face was bent close to hers. They made no sound, but her body shook a little, and trembled as if she were weeping silently. Carteret turned away. Then he stole across the terrace and down upon the lawn again.

The fireflies still were glimmering in the syringa-bushes, the night voices still were chorusing, but Carteret was unaware of them. He looked vaguely into the heavens. The Milky Way glimmered from horizon to horizon.

"Has the singing nightingale a thought of the grainfields?"

he began to murmur.

"If I love you, oh, my beloved, what are poverty or riches?"

It was the verse upon the cushion.

He stumbled on something in the darkness, and brought his eyes down from the heavens.

"Carteret, you're an ass," he muttered. Then he fumbled for his pocket handkerchief, and wandered on across the lawn till he came to the path that led to the stables, where his motor was waiting. Here he stopped and looked back at the house. The lamplight was still streaming from the library windows, and the silence, save for the night things, was still unbroken. For perhaps a minute he stood and gazed, then he turned and went up the pathway.





THE WATERWAYS OF AMERICA

BY CHARLES D. STEWART

Author of "The Fugitive Blacksmith" and "Partners of Providence"

THE NEW "OLD TIMES"

WHEN the newly invented steam-power whistle was given its first trial on a boat that was making the landing at Washington, Missouri, the passengers were panic-stricken, and captain and crew had much work to dissuade them from jumping overboard. They had heard something to the effect that there was an ingenious attachment on top of the boilers which would give signals when necessary, and they had naturally supposed that the whistle was a long-needed improvement in safety-valves—a kind that would give an alarm just before the boat was going to blow up. Hence their haste. Now it is my opinion that if a big boat were to make a call at certain Missouri "river towns" to-day, there would be as much consternation as when the first whistle blew. Washington, when I knew it, was a gala-place to make a landing; but long ago the last boat sank, and no one built another.

The upper Mississippi is in a scarcely more prosperous way. While the lakes have prospered, the waters of the Mississippi, especially above Cairo, have been murmuring mostly of old times. In the early 80's they used to talk about "old times"; but in 1880 the freight on the St. Louis levee amounted to 2,130,525 tons. Since then it has dwindled to about one third, and last summer, on going back, I discovered that the 80's had in

turn become the good old times, and these latter days the low-water mark of history. In fact, freight statistics will show that the early 80's were the days of real prosperity. When I knew the Missouri as a navigable stream, it brought wheat down, and gave it over to the big Mississippi tow-boats, to be forwarded on its way to Liverpool. Now no wheat goes down the Mississippi. They consider the Missouri innavigable. The panegyrics of the river were undertaken too soon.

But the real "old times" on the river took place thousands of years ago, and these are the ones that are of immediate importance to us. They are just beginning to take on a practical meaning in these days of denser population, freight congestion, and car shortage.

It has not been long, in geological time, since the Great Lakes had their outlet by way of the "Chicago portage" and flowed in a voluminous stream, thirty feet deep, diagonally across Illinois to the Mississippi and on to the Southern seas. The Illinois river is the decadent relic of that old connection between the Mississippi and the lakes. In those days the Mississippi was more steady-going than it is now. Having the lakes for its constant reservoir, it was like a big canal, such as might have been specially designed for a vast, steady-going population. But the East won the lakes away, scarifying a more attractive route to the

sea—Niagara. While yet the West was busily engaged in completing its cut across the ridge that surrounds the lake plateau, the East prepared a deeper bed to the Atlantic, and the lakes (almost forty feet deeper than they are now), suddenly gave themselves away to it. This was to be its union forever; and so there was a gay marriage of the water, with the ever-jeweled Niagara hung upon its front. The Mississippi was left alone, outstretching an arm to the lakes in the shape of the Illinois River, but not quite reaching them. The "divide" was high and dry, and stood between.

The very short Chicago River, which drains the lake-ward side of this divide, has been in everlasting doubt as to which way it should flow; it has gone forward and back according as the wind blew. Whenever the wind on the lake has made a *seiche*, or hollow in the waters, and crowded them out of their normal shore level, the delicate equilibrium of the Chicago River has been upset, and it has turned back as if in remembrance of the long lost and barely separated Illinois. According as Chicago wind has changed, it has tended to its northern allegiance and then to the southern. I have never seen a stream more hesitant and undecided than the Chicago River.

Therein is the whole explanation of what is ailing the decadent and unprosperous Mississippi: it needs something that the lakes can give it.

The Illinois River, with its forks, reaches diagonally across the State almost to Lake Michigan, but flows away from it to the Mississippi. Near its headwaters, another and very short river, the Chicago, has its source, and this river empties into the lake. This parting of the waters means that there is a general slope of the land toward the Mississippi, and that there is a ridge around the lake. The Illinois drains the long slope toward the Mississippi; the Chicago drains the lake-ward side of the ridge. The fact that the Chicago River hardly flows at all shows that the lake-side slope is very gradual—that the ridge is not high between the headwaters of the rivers; in fact, before Niagara changed its depth, the water used to flow across a low part of the ridge. Before the level of the lakes dropped, the low ridge at this point was

a mere submarine feature in the course of the outflowing waters; but now it is a land feature, shedding water on the one hand toward the Mississippi and on the other hand toward the lake. The Chicago River would as lief flow one way as another, but the Illinois is very decidedly bound for the Mississippi. Why not, therefore, make a cut from river to river, turning the Chicago backward into the Illinois, and thus letting the lakes empty into the Mississippi again? As the Great Lakes are a water plateau, such an opening to a lower level would cause the Chicago River to turn about and flow briskly in the opposite direction, having its source at its mouth. The channel to be excavated through the ridge would be about thirty miles in length; and if it were made from twenty-four to twenty-six feet in depth, it would pass large vessels bound for the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico, and on by way of Panama to Japan. Such a cut, under modern conditions, would cost fifty million dollars, a small price for such an alteration of the map. It would be a feasible strategy in hydraulic engineering; and the reader will hardly question this day-dream when I say that it is merely my way of explaining what Chicago has already done by means of the Chicago Sanitary and Ship Canal.

The Chicago Ship Canal is not at present passing the big ships it will hold, because it is waiting for the Illinois River to be deepened to the Mississippi. Neither has the full flow of water been turned on; but when this is done, and the vast population is making use of the route to the gulf, the fortune of the Mississippi will have been made—the prehistoric undertaking will have been completed by machinery. The Mississippi is a river that is waiting.

DIVIDED WE STAND

THE largest inland cities of the United States are in two grand divisions, which might be called transportation groups: they are either on the Great Lakes or on the Mississippi River system. The Great Lakes have never had a ship passage to the sea. The St. Lawrence route is too shallow; the Erie Canal is still shallower; the Chicago Ship Canal to the Mississippi stands unconnected; the Lake Erie and

Ohio River Ship Canal is still on paper—the charter of private capital.

The Mississippi, although it throws up "bars" which, in seasons of slack water, would prevent the passage of all vessels except those of the lightest draft, is a deep waterway from five to seven months in a year; and it has given passage to a war vessel for twelve hundred miles. There is no reason, except a commercial one, why ships should not come up as far as Memphis. But the river needs some permanent improvement as far as St. Louis to make it of full commercial importance to the country in these days of large "ton mile" freight units. And this has not been done.

Not only do these inland cities lack an outlet to the sea, but the two waterway systems have not been given adequate connection with each other. The iron ore is on the lakes and the coal is on the rivers, and yet there is not a way in this age of steel for the ore boat to get to the coal. Our wheat must go abroad or at least to the Atlantic seaboard, and yet the big lake vessels cannot keep on with it to either place. The far-seeing De Witt Clinton, having the welfare of New York in mind, looked westward in the early 'twenties, and even then wanted the Government to build a canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi, as a western extension of the Erie Canal. But Clinton, like John Fitch with his steamboat, and like Gallatin with his plan for internal improvements, was ahead of his time. In the Erie Canal, Clinton brought much of the future to pass, but not all of it.

While the Mississippi, especially above the mouth of the Ohio, has fallen upon hard times, the lakes have prospered greatly. It is within the memory of men not far advanced in years, when the traffic of the lakes was, to a large extent, carried on in small schooners. Now the freight goes in the 10,000-ton ship. The traffic of the lakes amounts to upward of 90,000,000 tons a year, mostly ore and wheat. The iron ore comes from the upper lake region and stops midway of Lake Erie, where it takes the cars for the overland trip to Pittsburg; the wheat keeps on to the end of the lake at Buffalo, where it finds the Erie Canal and the railroads competing for the haul to New

York. The wheat comes in big cargoes from Duluth, which is the natural "funnel" to the hard-wheat regions of Minnesota and the Dakotas; it comes in large shiploads from Chicago, and even draws upon the fields of Canada. Besides this, there is an immense lake tonnage in coal. It is estimated that the freight for 1906 will have passed that of the year before by 10,000,000 tons, but the official returns are not to be had at the time of this writing.

The territory containing the Great Lakes and the Mississippi Valley is really America, the vast treasure-house of the continent, guarded on each ocean-side by mountain chains. Here is the granary of the country, the alluvial cotton tracts to which Europe is beholden, the raw material of the age of steel and the food of its enginery. And yet it is virtually a land-locked treasure-house. The lakes are the home of imprisoned fleets, and the railroads hold the key.

THE SITUATION AS SEEN BY CHICAGO AND NEW YORK

THE Chicago Sanitary and Ship Canal was completed in 1900 and has cost about \$50,000,000. Through it the drainage of the city flows to the Illinois and thence to the Mississippi. But it is not only a sanitary canal; it is also, as I have said, a ship canal over thirty miles long. As it now stands, it ranks in possible tonnage with the largest canals in the world. It is as deep as Suez, and more capacious. But it is, as I have said, a ship canal on which ships cannot go anywhere, the reason being that it comes to an end in that prairie country near the headwaters of the Illinois. This river needs to be dredged in order to float a ship or a fleet of barges on the way to the gulf. At present the Illinois merely suffices to carry away the water brought to it by the canal. As such a deep waterway connection of the two waterway systems of the great interior would be of far more than local significance, the general Government is looked to for the necessary deepening of the Illinois. The costly canal, which has a normal depth of twenty-four feet, and the State river, which is easily deepened, have together been offered to the Government at any

time Congress may see fit to give the canal a connection with St. Louis of at least fourteen feet in depth.

This present summer sees practical operations well under way on a larger Erie Canal. It will cost \$101,000,000 and will be a bigger work than Panama, in the sense of cubic measurement of dirt removed and masonry installed. The appropriation of so much money was a matter for the people of New York to decide; and not only the money, but another important matter, was to be settled at the polls. Should this deeper outlet of the lakes to the ocean be a ship canal or should it be only a bigger barge canal? When New York asked herself the question, Chicago began to hearken and to be interested.

Just as De Witt Clinton, when the old Erie Canal was finished in 1825, looked westward and wanted the Government to build a canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi as a western extension of the Erie, so Chicago now looked eastward. All the cities about the lakes were interested, too; but Chicago, being the biggest, became spokesman, in a very disinterested way. Having had modern experience, she pointed out, for instance, that the price of a canal does not increase in proportion to its size. Neither does the expense of operating boats increase in proportion to their tonnage. Therefore, the bigger the canal the cheaper it is for the present and the future. New York ought to consider her interests and build a ship canal, and Chicago offered this information on the best authority. When confronted with these facts, Father Knickerbocker was seen to wink his eye. And when the truth was further obtruded, he said, with a frankness surprising in New York, "Why should we build a ship canal for Chicago?"

The people at the polls voted for all the size wanted in the new Erie, but it is to be of a discreet shape. It will be very capacious, but not over twelve feet in depth. Grain going abroad must take to the barges at the end of Lake Erie and be handled again in New York City. Thus the great commission merchant arranged to remain at his bigger toll-gate, and make profit for revenue only. But it is well to remember that when the old Erie Canal was built, the rest of the

country refused to give government assistance, saying it was purely for "local benefit." And New York has very consistently continued to make it so. This is the largest practical joke I know of at the present day.

CHICAGO'S FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE Chicago Canal has a capacity of 14,000 cubic feet a second, but the Chicago River is at present being allowed to flow backward at the rate of from only 4000 to 5000 cubic feet a second; and the trustees of the sanitary district are contemplating the addition of two other feeders, north and south of the city, one of which will make a reversal of another river, the Calumet. But the city is awaiting a decision as to how much water may be used out of the lakes. In the short time since the canal was built the city has grown so rapidly that plans are being laid for the future—a future already amply provided for in the ship canal itself. Anything which draws upon the water of the lakes concerns Canada as well as the United States, and therefore falls within the cognizance of the International Waterways Commission. As I write, the news comes that the commission has advised the Government to place the limit permanently at 10,000 cubic feet a second. This would not affect the big canal as regards navigation, for it has the stated depth, regardless of flow; but the limitation of water supply affects the dilution of drainage, and therefore the amount of sewage that can be turned into the stream. This is of moment to the sanitary problem of the future. The Chicago Drainage Board is arguing the matter at Washington, in opposition to the International Waterways Commission, and if the advice of the Commission is taken by the Government, Chicago will some day have to find additional methods of sanitation.

The maximum flow at Chicago, would slightly decrease the flow over Niagara Falls, and this has already shrunk greatly because private capital has been given so much water out of the Niagara River by New York and Canada. But the principal reason for limiting the western outlet is that the full capacity of the canal would lower the lakes a few inches; and

as this would subtract from the depth of the locks between the lakes, it would have a bearing upon navigation which must be closely looked after. The power plants at Niagara, while they spoil the falls, do not have this effect of lowering the lakes, for they merely use the water in passing, not diverting it out of the lakes. The general public, and many newspapers, not considering this, view the matter entirely from the standpoint of Niagara, being exercised over the spoiling of the "scenery." Water is yearly becoming a more important element for navigation, sanitation, and power, and the saving of Niagara Falls, while in itself an admirable purpose, is the least important of all the interests.

The whole matter could be more than remedied by damming and regulating the Niagara River. In fact, the Government made an exhaustive examination of the possibilities a few years ago, and it was found that it could be done at moderate expense. This would virtually store up as much as is wanted of the season's rainfall of the lake region as in big reservoirs, giving unlimited water for power, navigation, and sanitation—in fact, conserving the summer's energy of the sun and using immense power at will. What is most important, it would increase the depth of Lake Erie, the shallowness of which embarrasses the big boats. But it would be a matter in which the two governments would have to balance their respective benefits.

Whatever the future may be, the Chicago Ship Canal is in no way affected, for its depth is assured, regardless of the speed of the current. It is expected that Chicago will grow to a population of over four millions before her limit is reached, and a big health problem will have to be solved in one way or another.

THE ERIE CANAL

GOETHE said he was always glad that God gave him the ability to laugh at certain things. The Great Lakes have been from the beginning the big *cul de sac* of the continent. New York early saw the meaning of the map, and built her future in a ditch. That ditch to tide-water, four feet in depth, was all the lakes needed to decide which city they should make

the metropolis of the coast. The lakes were a veritable magician's bag of wealth, needing only the touch of commerce to bring forth endless riches from where there had been none. The Erie Canal was the magic touch. When that much distrusted pick-and-shovel waterway was built, Buffalo grew big at the Lake Erie end of it, and along its 363 miles of transportation sprang up the cities of central New York. In 1825 the United States became suburban to New York City, and since then the golden treasures of the West have been going every autumn to that metropolis. From the truly philosophic standpoint the United States is a country lying west of the Island of Manhattan. It is connected with New York by the Erie Canal.

At first New York wanted the partly united States to build the canal; but the Southern States-rights sentiment being in the political ascendency, it was pointed out that the Government should not spend money on anything that was to be of merely local benefit. So it was that New York State, with De Witt Clinton to the fore, built the canal herself. If the whole state of affairs were intelligently viewed from this distance of time, it would be plain that New York City had her renowned "provincialism" thrust upon her.

THE STEAMBOAT—ITS ALARMING DOINGS

THIS ditch, four feet deep and forty feet wide, was built to run in opposition to the Mississippi. And, what is more, it successfully did it.

When Fulton, a hundred years ago this 4th of August, succeeded in going against the current of the Hudson "by fire and steam," it seemed to be a good thing for New York and her stately river. But it turned out to have unforeseen and most alarming results. At that time the freight and passenger route to the West was from Philadelphia or Baltimore over difficult mountain roads in "Conestoga" wagons, or from New York up the Hudson and thence across the center of the State in light "Schenectady" boats that had to be poled up the almost innavigable Mohawk in the direction of Lake Erie. The fact that the other coast cities were fenced off by the Alleghenies was New York's advantage from the beginning.

The further advantage of having such a route-maker as the Hudson—and it supplemented by the Mohawk Valley running across the State almost to the lakes—has made New York's transportation history. Those Schenectady boats were running on the New York Central of that time. Various freighting companies ran on these routes to the West, and it was a sufficiently difficult and expensive mode of transportation for even light and valuable merchandise. This Western commerce was the prize for which the Eastern cities competed; and transportation was an important factor in price then as now. While the manufactured products of the East could bear such transportation to the Western market, it was quite a different matter for the bulky farm products to go to market by such means. Then as now it was a case of "what the traffic will bear." So it was that the merchants in the West, buying the produce at Pittsburg or Cincinnati or Louisville, would drift with it down the Ohio and the Mississippi in flatboats to New Orleans, where a market awaited, and whence it went to the open ports of Jamaica or other parts of the world.

Drifting down the Mississippi has always been the cheapest kind of power transportation. The Western merchants, having arrived at New Orleans, had before them the problem of returning home with a stock of merchandise to trade for produce again; and to go up the Mississippi with freight was quite a different proposition. Keel boats went up by manpower in a few months, and rates were high; so the traders found it preferable to take ocean passage to Philadelphia, New York, or Baltimore, buy their goods there, and return home by the westward freight routes. Thus they swung around the circle, receiving money at New Orleans and leaving it in the East.

Such was the very satisfactory state of affairs when, only four years and five months after the *Clermont* steamed up the Hudson, the steamboat found its mission—the Mississippi. Fulton opposed the Hudson in August, 1807, and the beginning of 1812 saw Captain Roosevelt, the first "Cap" of them all, going up and down the Mississippi, also "by fire and steam." There the steamboat began to evolve and propagate and bring forth

a new race, and at once the merchants at New Orleans saw a better way home. It was much easier thus to float up-stream than to skirt the continent by sea and be jolted homeward over the Alleghenies or poled up the shallow Mohawk; moreover, New Orleans had axes and such things to sell, and so the Western merchants returned with them immediately, forgetful of such cities as New York and Baltimore and Philadelphia. It seemed to the East as if their Western trade had been killed at a blow. Better for them had the steamboat never been invented.

New York saw that the only salvation would be a route which could deliver merchandise in the West as cheap, or cheaper, than it could be had from New Orleans. A reading of the map now showed that New York had a natural monopoly pointing itself toward her. While the other cities were shut off by mountains, there was a practicable canal route across New York; and the Mohawk explored the way. To build a canal 363 miles long, carrying the artificial waterway by masonry over and across natural streams, was all an impossible Utopian idea to the rest of the country. It would be too expensive, if practicable at all. They considered Governor Clinton of New York a dreamer. He even found opposition in his own State, for the southern tier of counties did not see how the route across the middle of the State to the Hudson would be of benefit to *them*, who were also taxpayers. But Clinton was a diplomat. This southern row of counties had long had the idea of an "Appian way" over the mountains to the West. This roadway had, indeed, been suggested to them by the elder Clinton himself when he saw the possibility of it during an expedition against the Iroquois. The younger Clinton now promised that if the lower part of the State would help him with the canal, he would in turn help them to get the highway directly westward from the city of New York. In 1817, just ten years after the appearance of the steamboat on the Hudson, the work began. It was not only completed, but was a success at once.

OPPOSITION CANALS

THE whole aspect of commerce was changed again. The West belonged to

New York; farmers across the mountains, in the lake regions and in the valley of the Ohio, wanted the things that came so cheaply by the Erie Canal. It took passengers west, and increased the demand; it brought their produce to the seaboard. New York went ahead at a leap, and became the metropolis of the country. The other cities took alarm, and were now suddenly interested and willing to believe almost any undertaking worth while.

It was in 1825 that the Erie was finished. In 1826 Pennsylvania fell to work, determined to build a canal from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, despite mountains. In 1827, Baltimore, seeing that Philadelphia was stealing a march, decided to build a horse railroad,—a new idea,—and in three years had it operating as far as Ellicott's Mills.

While Pennsylvania was engaged in the big canal undertaking, the horse railroad proved such a success that she took new thought, and abandoned the idea of an all-water route, seeing it would be easier to get over the heights not only by horse-power, but by inclined planes. Each inclined plane was operated by a stationary engine winding a rope around a drum, the freight trains moving up the slopes after the manner of moving a house. By the time Philadelphia's combination route of canal, horse-railway, and inclined plane was completed, something else had taken place which was to change it all again. In 1829 the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company tried an imported locomotive, and found it a failure; but in 1831 the South Carolina Railroad, which had tried sails for power and had a disastrous runaway, had a locomotive built in New York. It proved so tractable that the day of the horse was past. The route from Philadelphia to Pittsburg became the Pennsylvania Railroad of to-day; the horse-railroad to Ellicott's Mills grew into the Baltimore & Ohio; the long-dreamed-of "Appian Way" through southern New York became the Erie Railway; the New York Central struck out along the route of the Erie Canal.

Despite the coming of the locomotive, canals did not immediately lose that prestige which the Erie gave them. The West was building them, too. They were so

profitable in fairly level country that the building of them continued for several years on both sides of the mountains. There came to be about forty in all. What might be called the canal-building era came to an end in the early 40's. Ohio began in 1825, immediately following the success of the Erie, and did not subside till 1842. The ever-growing railroads, although they could not haul so cheaply as could these public waterways, gradually superseded them for reasons which we shall come to later. These old canals have been long neglected, never enlarged, and many of them have been entirely abandoned. But the Erie was an exception.

NEW YORK'S FOREIGN AFFAIRS

WHEN the New York Central paralleled the Erie Canal over fifty years ago, it looked very much as if canals were a thing of the past. When the West Shore hemmed it in on the other side, canals had fallen in public opinion to the "ragging canawl" of the humorist. But the truth is, the Erie did not rage at all. It kept growing—slowly, as befits a canal. When it was completed in 1825 it was four feet deep and forty feet wide; in 1835 it was deepened to six feet, and took barges of 240 tons burden. Later it was given another foot, and was enlarged to a width of seventy feet at the top and fifty-six feet at the bottom; and there it remained. And while the railroads competed strenuously, its boats kept appearing at Buffalo and hauling the treasure by the only and original route to the sea. As late as 1897 it is said to have carried as much through freight as did these two trunk-lines together; and it kept on doing it, despite the long-drawn jeers of locomotives.

It was not only hauling wheat, but it was also, in its quiet way, regulating the railroads. David Harum, when he went to New York to visit his rich friends,—those whose knives "would n't hold nothin',"—felt quite at home among millionaires after he observed that the elder ones were the kind that would duck heads if you called out "Low bridge!"

But again things have been taking a turn. In recent years New York noted with alarm that other cities on the seaboard were growing in trade, and, what

was worse, they were shipping wheat. It was all due to the fact that the coöperating railroads, when they took wheat in the West, would bill it to foreign markets by way of any Atlantic port the shipper might choose at a set price; they did not bother about the little differences in distance. In this way the heavy traffic was distributed; and, anyway, the roads all prospered to the limit of their capacity. The canal had become only a single factor in New York's prosperity, quietly tending to its own business, not big enough to be a threat. And anything that does not threaten is not really competition. It was evident that the growth of the country had made the canal smaller; and New York, being used to her old-time advantages, began to think of enlarging the canal's influence a few feet.

As it was Captain Roosevelt who was the first to loom up on the Mississippi and start the destruction—which was the making—of New York's commerce, it was now a Roosevelt to the rescue. In 1899 there appeared a large volume called "Report," the same being "authorized by Governor Roosevelt." The new Governor, having examined the facts, advocated an enlarged canal which would take nothing less than thousand-ton barges and have plenty of width to multiply its capacity many times. This would be very costly; but from that time the idea of heroic measures began to take hold.

It so happens that since New York began to take notice of the new state of affairs, civil engineering has developed new methods in making waterways, and this has given a new significance to the Mohawk River. It thus came about that what New York needed was not an enlarged Erie, but a new one. It took some time for the estimated \$101,000,000 to become familiar to the public mind; but it has been voted, and is now being put into the new waterway.

New York's purpose, as she sees it, is to do away with "railway discrimination." But from the standpoint of the other cities New York is going to make the railroads discriminate in her favor. And this is probably the truth, too, for the truth depends upon where you live. So Chicago wanted the new canal much deeper, and the other cities wished it even smaller or

entirely blotted out of existence; but, after all, they are merely interested observers. The real player in the game is Montreal.

There was another reason why the people of New York changed their minds from nine millions to a hundred and one millions.

Canada had slowly been working around the Thousand Isles, developing the St. Lawrence route to the ocean in connection with her Welland Canal. Just recently the worst obstructions had been removed between Montreal, on the deep water of the St. Lawrence, and the outlet of the lakes. Way had been opened for boats of 2200 tons, and then Montreal invited the wheat to come that way to the sea. Immediately it was done, capital, which knows no country, noted the new shift in affairs. Men in Buffalo and Chicago made offers to the harbor commissioners of Montreal regarding the construction of elevators and wharfs and a fleet of 2200-ton boats. This scheme would result in annually subtracting 35,000,000 bushels of wheat from the New York elevators.

However, New York has an inherent advantage which at present insures her against heroic loss as regards Montreal. Our Eastern seaboard, with its large manufacturing cities, poor soil, and dense population, makes a steady demand for the food-stuffs of the West, whereas the St. Lawrence route would be mainly feasible for the foreign trade. The foreign trade is spasmodic, depending upon the world's crop failures; and it is the steady traffic that builds up a route commercially and makes it the habitual thoroughfare.

The St. Lawrence route to the ocean is calculated for only a fourteen-foot depth, and while it would take boats so much larger than those of the new Erie, they would not be ships in these days. So it also is only a barge route. On the other hand, it has been calculated that Montreal, with half the expenditure now being put into the Erie, could have a thirty-foot channel—enough to give the largest ocean-going steamers access to the lakes. This would put a different complexion on lake navigation. As it is, the lakes now have two barge outlets to the ocean, but no deep waterway commensurate with modern ships. And will traffic show any favors to Canada? Will Montreal some

day have the thirty-foot channel, and what effect will it have?

Chicago is pressing the Government to unite her ship canal by deep dredging with the gulf. When Panama is done, Chicago will be about 500 miles nearer the Orient than New York will be. What effect may this have on the habits of ships? It will be seen that there is considerable intricacy, and a call for master players, in the game of "Water, water! Who has got the water?"

Country-building is now a science. Take a rule and draw the shortest possible line to connect Lake Erie with the Ohio River. At one end of it we find Ashtabula and at the other end Pittsburgh. To this relation Ashtabula owes much of her importance—it is the route of iron to coal. Each of the two cities is on its waterway, Ashtabula on the lake, and Pittsburgh at the head of the Ohio, and, luckily, at the river gateway of the Pennsylvania coal. If the coal were on the lakes or the iron on the river,—if they were both, in other words, on one waterway, without that 100-mile barrier of land between,—steel would cost much less than it does. Transportation is much cheaper by water than by rail, and reloading is a still larger consideration. Nature would have been very considerate had she put coal and ore on one waterway, and it seems almost a special providence that she came so near doing it as she did.

But God helps those who help themselves, as corporations long ago discovered; and things being as they are, what might one expect? Naturally, that a ship canal be built to make that connection. That is exactly what the Fifty-ninth Congress chartered a company to do. The canal, as proposed, will cost about \$35,000,000. As the Government improvements on the Ohio, now being pushed forward, provide for only a slack-water depth of nine feet, and that with much lockage, the Lake Erie and Ohio River Ship Canal will not be the desired outlet to the oceans. It is only a canal from the lakes to Pittsburgh. The lakes have yet to be given the connection with salt water. Such is the peculiar state of our waterway anatomy to-day. In the meantime Chicago has a disdain of New York's forthcoming canal with a depth of only twelve feet, and

New York is at present quite unmindful of that big blind alley of commerce in the West. Besides these, the future holds other waterway enterprises; but before considering the times at large, let us look at the means of fulfilment.

The hydraulic dredge is a machine-boat,—a product of the American mechanic for the purposes of the civil engineer,—and it is a comparatively recent development. It had its beginnings about fifteen years ago, and shortly afterward achieved some success on a short stretch of the Chicago drainage and ship canal, since when it has been growing, and is now assuming its full import, mostly in foreign countries. The largest, or sea-going type, such as we send abroad, has the indicated horse-power of an average battleship. Russia is using this new American boat in deepening the Volga; another had a successful test on the Scheldt in Belgium, and was bought by Russia; another, of Chicago manufacture, is in the service of the Queensland government. It has done good work in opening bars on the Mississippi, and was really instigated, I might say, by our headstrong rivers.

It is a boat with a powerful centrifugal pump and a suction pipe leading down to bottom, in combination with a rapidly revolving cutter which works in the dirt in much the same manner that the screw of a ship works in the water. The water, heavily laden with the loosened dirt, comes up through the whirling pump and goes to shore through a discharge pipe. In wide channels, the discharge pipe is floated in pontoons to the point desired. It is an elephantine sort of boat, throwing the water out of its long trunk; it makes the channel and builds a levee at one operation. Instead of dredging in the usual sense of the word, it virtually washes a river out.

Our forefathers got themselves a new waterway by digging a channel and then turning the water into it; they had to build their canals on dry land. When they repaired and cleaned the canal, they let the water run out. But now, instead of building in convenient nearness to a stream, we go right into the innavigable channel, deepen it, and make a proper river out of it. Water, instead of forbidding us, becomes the very means of

handling the dirt—and a cheaper one. The hydraulic dredge washes out the detritus and throws it up on shore in the same manner that Nature would do were she turning her forces to our special benefit. We accept what Nature has partly done, and use her methods to finish the job. Lyman J. Cooley, a noted hydraulic engineer, in writing the preliminary report of the Chicago Canal, sixteen years ago, said: "The future canals should be built on a different model from those of the past; must have more depth for speed, and, in the great purpose of the future, they should be so located and designed as to be like a feature of Mother Earth, persisting indefinitely, self-maintaining." The present practice is in line with that forecast.

There are two other ways of managing rivers, which might be called reformatory rather than creative. Where the river has width to spare and the bottom is alluvial, dams are built partly across it, compelling the volume of water to crowd and hurry through the narrower way, in which case the river makes room for itself by scooping out more depth, becoming, in fact, its own hydraulic dredge. This is wing-damming. It is the method used on the upper Mississippi, where it is not too big and powerful to handle in this way.

But there is the case of the spendthrift Ohio. Last January it was up fifty feet and over, and this summer one will no doubt be able to wade across it. The Ohio will scarcely hold water at all, and does not do so any longer than is necessary. And that is not long, because the Ohio will not have anything to do with water a moment after it can possibly get rid of it. In the case of a river which has such a declivity that it spills itself, emptying its flood-water into the sea, and then having no steady reservoir, as has the St. Lawrence, a mere deepening of the channel would not be the remedy. The problem on the Ohio is to make it save for a rainy day, and this is done by building a series of dams, holding the water back in long stretches which are virtually elongated lakes, not allowing it to escape. This is the nature of the Federal work

that is now being forwarded on the Ohio. The dams, when completed, will give slack-water navigation of nine feet throughout the river. The dams are passed by short canals, with locks, which take the boats around. When the Ohio is on a fifty-foot rise, the "improvements" disappear entirely: the boats go over the dams regardless of their existence. Then, when the Ohio's busy season is over, the works of man come to light, and the boats make use of them.

While these two ways of temporizing with a river are old, and good as far as they go, our new way of working under water enables us to make something out of a river which has been so negligent of its opportunities that our forefathers saw no hope in it; and it is alike applicable to a Mohawk or a Mississippi. The embankment, or levee work, of the Mississippi progresses year by year. When it is considered that the Mississippi has some 600 tributaries, and among them such impulsive contributors, some idea may be had of the forethought necessary to conquer and control it. It needs all of its river-bed and more. A levee is, in effect, a dam all along the shore—not an obstructing, but a confining of it. Formerly the levees were entirely made by inhabitants with pick and shovel throwing up the dry land; but now the hydraulic dredge takes the material from the bottom of the river itself, and while deepening the channel, throws up the embankment; and by throwing up the confining embankment, it gives the river a tendency to deepen itself.

At present there is a movement all over the country which manifests itself in many river-improvement associations; and since new methods have arisen, and transportation problems have made themselves felt, and Panama has given a new commercial vista, there is scarcely a river too obscure and unambitious to rise up and call for modern advantages. All together they raise their voices for the improvement of the Mississippi.

The Fifty-ninth Congress, heeding the new demand, this year contracted for an outlay for rivers and harbors of more than eighty-six million dollars,¹ the

¹ The River and Harbor appropriations approved March 2, 1907, totaled \$37,108,083. In addition to the above, contracts were authorized

to be entered into, subject to future appropriations by Congress, aggregating \$49,829,349, which raises the total for such improvements to \$86,937,432.

largest allowance in our history, and, as it chances, a fitting celebration of the centenary of the steamboat and the maturity of its new-found and much-needed friend, the hydraulic dredge.

We Americans have each pawned our fortunes with this city or that; and ever since we began to make dots on the map we have, in one way or another, been engaged in playing geographical checkers. The location of cities is a contest of judgment regarding our intricate and lengthy waterways. All the great cities are founded on the reaching-out possibilities of transportation, which is the means of getting. And as water has always been the cheapest means of fetch-and-carry, the city which is to grow must be at a strategic point with reference to waterways and undeveloped wealth. An American city is indeed a great imagination surrounded by a continent.

Duluth, a dream of the early 70's, has come to pass. To-day a greater tonnage passes through the outlet of Lake Superior than through any other ship canal in the whole world. It is iron and grain—and the grain comes from Duluth. As to her relations to the Mississippi, that dream, too, may some day come to pass, for now civil engineers tell us that right there is where Nature has prepared another great route for a canal from the lakes to the big river. But Wisconsin points to a still better connection by way of Portage; and the last session of the State legislature memorialized Congress to that effect.

Twenty years ago, the wheat from Kansas and westward of St. Louis assembled in the St. Louis elevators and went down the Mississippi in 1000-ton tow barges on the route to New York or Liverpool. To-day there is no such wheat movement on the Mississippi. As the growing Western railroads spread out to newly discovered vantage-points, Texas kept settling and growing crops where the cattle ranges had been until she was bursting with cotton and needed a port; and so the railroads struck out for the port at Galveston. After that it was better for the railroads to take the wheat south, instead of hauling it to St. Louis, for in this way they could set it down on the seaboard at once. Thus the great port of New Orleans lost a large share of her

trade to a port that was opened by the dredge.

In recent years the size of vessels on the Great Lakes has greatly increased, following the rule that the greater the tonnage the cheaper the cost per ton. As the vessels grew, they reached a point where they would stick and come to a standstill on the backs of the tunnels in the Chicago River. Finally the largest would not attempt the Chicago passage at all. Could money have remedied this state of affairs it would have been done immediately, at whatever cost; but Chicago had cable street-car service, and it goes by way of the tunnels. A cable-system cannot cross a bridge; therefore the only way to get rid of the tunnels was to electrify the roads. This was undesirable, because electric trolley-wires are a menace in time of fire in the crowded, sky-scraper district; and, moreover, the political contingent that has been working for municipal ownership opposed the giving of such privilege to the street-car company. Here was a condition which took a long while to solve by the necessary political methods, and in the meantime lake commerce favored Milwaukee, much to the discommodity of the larger city. Chicago has moved heaven and earth, and, despite the fire problem and despite politics, is now tearing out the tunnels and preparing to woo back the ships.

Time was when many thought that Milwaukee was destined to be bigger than Chicago, and cast their fortunes with her. She had a good harbor and was 85 miles nearer New York by the all-important water route, being that far up from the end of Lake Michigan. But from the railway standpoint that water was an obstruction on the way to and from New York; and in getting to the Northwest by the nearest route, they aim for the foot of Lake Michigan, at Chicago. In this way Milwaukee and a large part of the West is suburban to Chicago. Milwaukee has to come to Chicago to go East. But cities do not easily give up to natural disadvantages. For that reason we see the immense car ferries plying out of Milwaukee across Lake Michigan; they run freight trains on the water.

Chicago hangs like a busy bee to the lower lobe of Lake Michigan, having at

once a straight land route to New York, and the cheap water transportation; and from there she stretches out iron arms to the coal-fields of Illinois. In like manner that the Alleghenies are an obstruction between the seaboard cities and the lakes in favor of New York, so the lake is an obstruction, and at the same time a means, in favor of Chicago. The ships can reach her at a point where the land-currents of commerce swing around to the northwest; for a multitude of reasons, all foreseen by her founders, she is the great composite metropolis of the country. Duluth hangs far out in the hard-wheat regions, where the crops take to the nearest ship; but, being in a coal-less district, she has not the inherent wealth to make her a manufacturing city, and thus a speculative city: she is a forwarding point. Pittsburg is founded on the fact that it is cheaper to carry ore to coal than to take coal to ore; and were this not the case, the steel mills would be on Lake Superior. Pittsburg, being where the ore comes to meet the coal, is a strategist in the logic of transportation.

Pennsylvania early found herself in command of the West because she held the head-waters of the Ohio, and was thus the starting-point for the Mississippi and all its water pathways to the far country. With the growth of communities it is always true that to him that hath shall be given; and Philadelphia had command of Pennsylvania because she had got a start by her inland position on a navigable arm of the sea. Being thus the outfitting place for the West, she had another impetus to wealth; but she could not get waterway connection with the river and the lakes, as could New York, and we see the difference to-day.

From the first, the business man, who is essentially a commercial geographer, and his right-hand man—the civil engineer, have kept their heads together and neglected no move that would make a city's dreams come true. Railroads we must have, because others have them; but it has always been by water that our ship comes in. As the waterway is bent, the commerce is inclined.

The stage of water in the Delaware is such that for a modern deep-draft ocean vessel to visit Philadelphia it is necessary to come in on the tide, and then

await the pleasure of the ocean to get out. This summer Philadelphia will have a thirty-foot channel in the Delaware, so that vessels will be free to come and go at any time. Last summer there was launched at Clydebank, England, the *Lusitania*, 790 feet in length and 37½ feet in depth, loaded. This makes the entrance to New York harbor three feet too shallow for the times. The Government must deepen the harbor to fit the ship. Thus we see that cheapening of freight rates, and the greater comfort of ocean travel attained by the building of larger ships, is dependent upon our ability to dredge. The Union Pacific is preparing to build to the State of Washington, which is rapidly developing its resources. Seattle and other cities have a wonderful harbor on Puget Sound; the recently built Great Northern liners, the largest ships ever built on the Pacific, are plying from it, and the north Pacific coast is otherwise assuming importance, so that Canadian railroads are reaching out to it. Although one would not think it in comparing Seattle and San Francisco with regard to their distance west on a map of the United States, Seattle is much the nearer to the Orient, as can be seen on a globe with the meridians converging toward the pole. Oriental trade, instead of pointing directly across to San Francisco Bay, now seems to have V-shaped intentions on the future—in one direction toward Puget Sound and in the other toward Panama. A large share of the last appropriation by Congress for rivers and harbors went to Puget Sound, harbor improvement being the thing necessary in order to reap the benefit of these natural advantages.

THE FUTURE

It is not unlikely that in a hundred years, when they are looking back at us as we are now looking back at the 4th of August, 1807, we shall be called an era, the record of which will have been written in the handwriting of the steam shovel and the hydraulic dredge. It will no doubt take some time for mud-lifting machinery to appear as romantic as does Fulton's *Clermont* proceeding with breath of fire against the will of Nature,—we are too addicted to the spectacular to see so much in a mere day-laborer

machine,—but see what it is doing. The old Ohio and Erie Canal, so long neglected, is now being rehabilitated. Long ago it had grown shallower from disuse, and when, twenty years ago, it was completely crippled by flood, it fell into utter neglect; but the times have called it into being. It is being repaired and deepened by appropriation from both the State and General governments. This refers to what is known as the northern division of the canal and the Muskingum River, which, to quote from the report of 1905, "will have opened a waterway for the shipment of unbroken packages from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico." There is a reawakened interest, a new meaning, in all the Ohio canals, and regarding the other branch of the Ohio and Erie, which would give a like connection by way of Portsmouth, on the Ohio, the board of public works, in its last report, recommends the repairing of that also, "inasmuch as there is a proposition before the General Government to improve the Ohio River from Cairo to Pittsburg, and turn it into a *great canal*." In view of the fact that the Ohio and Erie will give this connection between lake and river, there is a question in the State as to whether another canal, the Miami and Erie, reaching from Toledo on Lake Erie to Cincinnati on the river, shall be abandoned or improved. The filling up of such a canal makes a most valuable property as a right of way, especially as a railway route. Between these two alternatives, canal or other highway, the board of public works says "The Board stands for the permanent improvement of the canal."

"Private capital," as usual, has a finger on the pulse of the times. There is every reason to believe that the ship canal from Ashtabula, Ohio, to the improved Ohio River will soon be under way. Another canal company has started to cut off Cape Cod, the vermiform appendix of Massachusetts—a work long needed because of the loss of life and time and property incurred by the rounding of the dangerous cape: this will be the Panama Canal, as it were, of the Eastern coast.

Although the Chicago Ship Canal did not get its desires from the last Congress, it is being backed up by a multitude of

interests in the Mississippi Valley, and an appropriation was made for the Government engineers to survey the route. The administration itself is carving its initials across Panama, a transcontinental canal, and the big passage across New York is at last under way.

It took a poet to discover that "things are not what they seem," meaning that they are not what they seem to most people; but many commercial prophets are now saying that as the last century was the railroad-building era, the present will be, by way of distinction, the era of canal-building, and this includes not only the deepening and damming of rivers, but the dredging of harbors and seaboard approaches.

Throughout the Mississippi Valley are associations the object of which is to be attorney for the rivers and plead their deserts before Congress. It is not a sudden manifestation, but one that is just beginning to achieve its objects, the first annual convention of the Deep Waterways Association having been held at Cleveland in 1895. And it would be a mistake to infer that the movement is a mere matter of associations, with anticipative theories regarding Panama, for though that surgical operation on the continent sent a thrill up all the tributaries of the Mississippi, the present movement is only a more active manifestation of what has long been felt.

Since we began the neglect and abandonment of canals, France has quadrupled her waterways. According to figures furnished by commercial associations, the British Isles have 8000 miles of canal, and it does not all antedate the railroad. The Manchester Canal was built at a cost of \$75,000,000 to reduce freight rates for a distance of 35 miles, and while it did not prove a good interest-bearing investment on such a large expenditure, its indirect and more permanent benefits are said to have warranted it. Germany has 3000 miles of canal, carefully maintained, besides 7000 miles of other waterway. France, with an area less than we would consider a large State, has 3000 miles of canal; and in the northern part, where the canals are most numerous, the railways are more prosperous. England, Germany, France, Holland, and Belgium are all contem-

plating further extension and improvement of their canal systems.

Any class of water transportation is incomparably cheaper than land transportation, unless something better than the modern railroad is invented. For this reason the greater part of our domestic, or inland tonnage has been and is carried by water and not by rail. For that reason the railways own the largest steamers on the lakes. The wheat trade was lost to the Mississippi, not by competition, but because the railroads did not bring it there. The Mississippi above Cairo is decadent not for lack of ability to compete, but for lack of commerce, which is to say, accessibility by means of its own tributaries.

Last summer I stood on the levee at St. Louis and solemnly contemplated the Mississippi. Solemnly, I say, because I was thinking of the twenty years that had flowed by since last I saw it. Having now returned after so long an absence, I felt that it would be proper to announce myself; and so I went down the levee in hope of meeting some one who might be connected to me by water relationship, for the river was evidently suffering hard times, and something needed to be said about it. I found a number of such, all willing to help me deplore; and several boats were offered for my private use by solitary care-takers who had nothing to do but stay aboard and "watch."

Here was a big side-wheeler in the general unkempt condition that befalls a boat which is not making money. Her Texas doors were open to the winds, and betrayed a single cot and olden blanket that were nevermore to be "made up"; her cabin was a bar-room and dance-hall, with the state-rooms torn out, and was entered by a door over which was a sign reading, "Please do not throw chairs overboard." She eked out enough coal to keep the breath of life going by an occasional excursion. I duly deplored, and then "reminisced" my way along till I came to one of the big Stacker Lee stern-wheelers, which was laid up in idleness while her sister did all the work. The watchman, betimes a mate, was a big, hearty, hospitable river-man who was hard on "niggers," and told me of the fabulous wages they demanded in these

days. But he was good for the soul of a white man.

"The Atlantic and Mississippi Line has gone up," I remarked.

"Long ago," he said.

"Where are the Mississippi Valley boats—that used to take the wheat down?"

"Gone up long ago."

"What became of the big elevator where we used to come?"

"That electric power-house is on the place. They don't tow down any more wheat."

"Where is old Captain A—?"

"Him? Oh, he 's up on the Yukon. Had to go to Alaska."

"Where 's B—?"

"Him? He 's on the ferry-boat."

"When does the boat leave for up the Missouri?"

"There ain't any."

"What! Is n't that river navigated?" I had come for the purpose of that trip.

"Not any more."

"Why don't some of you idle boats try it?"

"Like as not we 'd never get back."

"When does the boat leave for New Orleans?"

"There ain't any."

"No boat to New Orleans from St. Louis?"

"Not clean through. You can take the boat to Memphis; then you change to Vicksburg; then you change to Natchez, I think, and,"—but here he had to go and ask some other river-man whether it was necessary to change at Baton Rouge. This was so far away from his present-day interests that he had not thought of it lately.

We talked a while about boats that were dead and gone, and then, thinking I might have an intention of trying the way to New Orleans, he told me that I would not find Vicksburg on the Mississippi any more. The river had moved two miles away, and *was* going to move from Memphis, but they got it fixed.

I could scarcely believe that one of my years could be so completely the Rip Van Winkle of a situation. It had seemed to me entirely natural that boats should be running on the Missouri. That was what a river used to be used for.

Because of certain things which brought

me there I had a whole mindful of statistics, and now having nothing else to do, I inwardly repeated them over: "The Mississippi has 600 tributaries, of which 45 are navigable; the tributaries stretch their arms 4300 miles east and west; it has a drainage area of 1,267,454 square miles, and with its branches it has a navigable length of 15,000 miles. On a like area China supports 400,000,000." But under the circumstances the figures seemed impertinent. The whole business appeared like Miltonic imagining. However, while we were sitting there, I mentioned to my river-man some of the money that was being put into the Erie Canal.

To a man sitting on the upper guards of a steamboat out of work, with a Mississippi passing useless before his eyes, a mere canalful of water seems to come high at the price. Where there is such a large well-planned route running to waste, it seems mere folly to build a little river at so much expense. Likewise,

times have so steadily gone from bad to worse on the river that there does not seem to be much hope for the Father of Waters itself. The steamboat man at St. Louis has got pretty comfortably settled into the idea that things have gone to the dogs. The chain that lifts the California cut-off is patched with a piece of wire and a piece of twine, on which the whole engineering depends. It is not worth while spending much time or money on a steamboat. All he knows is that the railroads have got the upper hand, that they have cut into him with malice prepense, that they have got traffic bound with iron bands. Times have changed, and any remedy or "revival" at this late day seems an idle dream.

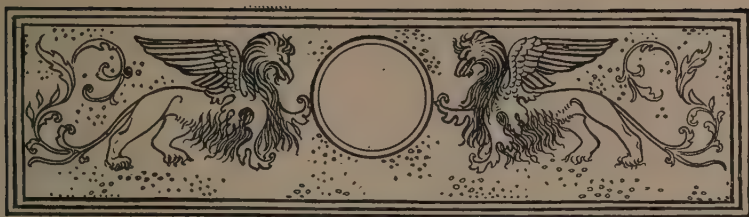
He is the opposite of the Commercial Association man. The life of a steamboat man on the Mississippi is a great panorama of climes, customs, and characters; but a map-reformer must have more of a bird's-eye view of the situation.



WHAT WOULDST THOU MORE?

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

THE sun and all the stars shine on thy head,
 The grass and blossoms all are at thy feet;
 Nature's glad pageantries for thee are spread,
 Her winds loosed for thee, seminal and sweet;
 For thee young morn binds his bright sandals on;
 Pale evening leads thee to the mother-fold;
 The patient seasons serve thee: none are gone
 Of all the glories thronging from of old.
 Hoar silence sings thee her primeval lay;
 Apt dream wraps round thee her enchanting light;
 August companions walk with thee by day,
 They share thy bed in darkness of the night:
 The full years pour upon thee of their store,
 They gather for thy lap, What wouldst thou more?



HEART'S DESIRE

BY ANNIE E. P. SEARING

SHE was young, with all the hall-marks of youth's freshness and beauty upon her, and the garden on the hillside that looked over the city wall toward the Tuscan hills was very old, and held within its small inclosure the charm and mellowness of age. The ilxes that formed the sheltering arbor where she sat were planted when Ghibelline and Guelph watered those same green hills with the best blood of Italy. The marble table on which her elbow leaned had been carved before Dante went to sing his exiled songs in sad Verona, and the grim box-trees that sentinelled the path took on their semblance of beast and bird before the upstart nation of her parentage came out of its birth-throes. Far out over the landscape before her the pulsing July haze hung like a curtain. She could see the distant Castello, hung like a bird-cage on the craggy peak where she and her husband sometimes drove to talk a little with the *contadino*, and sip his matchless wine, while they looked, and drank deeper draughts of the subtler vintage of time. Beyond, the white ribbon of the road wound down into a cool, green cave of verdure, where the water slipped along over the stones in the depths of the Val d'Este.

But none of these pictures now made a conscious image on her mind. For the first time in months her heart was strangely filled, to the exclusion of other claims to interest, by the insistent thought of her mother. In some indefinable way her whole being was absorbed in a new and yearning sympathy. Very often, in the intervals of her busy mornings, she

would lay aside brush and palette and come here to look out through the framework of the arbor into a Siennese landscape that might have been a background for a Cima or a Bellini Madonna. But not to-day. The thought became like a tangible presence, and blotted out all visible objects. The well-known grace of that tall figure three thousand miles away would have seemed more real at her side than the outline of the beloved hills before her. It was almost oppressive, and it was with something like an effort to readjust herself to realities, to dispel a fantasy, that she began to go painstakingly backward over the years and to review their family experience. She felt as if she were in the clutch of some inexplicable possession, and so she forced herself to a calm, impersonal consideration of the facts of that fecund past of theirs, and her mother's story.

Josephine Poindexter had been left a widow with three small children to rear. Her scanty assets were a ready pen for fugitive journalistic work, and a courage that never recognized defeat. Poverty, weakness, fatigue, rejection, she had a way of laughing them all away that somehow soon proved to have very much the air of success. After a while it passed as success; then it was success. Her best friends never knew how she did it, but after a while they came to admit it as a thing done—two sons and a daughter put through college and established in life. The boys were now pegging away on their long climb up the ladder of the law, not arrived, but steadily mounting; and the girl, the baby, after two years of art

work, had made the ideal marriage, and had come to Italy with her artist husband. Everybody said, "How perfect!" and "Was there ever any one so wonderful as Josephine!" and "Such a *lucky* little family!"

The girl sat dreaming back into the years, with her chin in her hands, seeing visions of that "wonderful" mother during the long, long time of the triumphant work and its rewards. She felt suddenly overwhelmed with visions of things unnoticed at the time of happening—long days and half nights of arduous efforts; hollow-eyed mornings, when the unflinching brightness of expression blinded them to her fatigue; winters when she did without things; and the seasons she lived in cheap boarding-houses while they were away at college. For the first time there flowed over the girl a great wave of the loneliness the mother must have felt during the time when she had them only in the summers, and even then there had been no surcease of the constant writing. Sometimes they had taken tiny houses not too far from the editorial offices where she must report daily, and sometimes, if the children had other plans or invitations or summer courses, she just stayed on in town. Had she let them use her up, in their selfishness, or rather their self-absorption? It was very bitter to think of. But she had seemed always so gay, so instinct with life and vigor, so absorbed in her work and its demands on her time; she had ever been so dominating in mapping out the way in which they each must walk that it had probably never occurred to one of them that duty required of them aught but to walk undeviatingly therein, wherever it led.

There came to the girl with sudden and new illumination some words she had once overheard a distinguished literary man who was her mother's friend say of her: "A remarkable woman, and with a curiously dynamic personality. She could, I believe, have achieved greatness, if she had ever had time to develop her own power." That was it. She had never had time to be herself, to carve out her own career. She had spent all the best years of her life making a way for her children to live their commonplace lives. The impetus that she put upon them

was so passionate as to be irresistible, and any refusal or reluctance would have seemed base indeed to their youth and compliance. To the daughter, in her new maturity, there was a shock in this review, a sense of things distorted and awry. Then it came as a sequence of natural and ordered events; now it all seemed the history of a hideous sacrifice. So much rich and rare character and talent fairly done to death in the drudgery of the days! Why, oh, why had she given them so much! Why spent heart's blood when less was enough! She saw her through a blur of tears as she had looked on her for the last time—and now for the first she felt sure that it was the last time, indeed—the slender figure waving gay good-by from the pier as the steamer slid out,—was it a year ago?—thin and pale, but, as always, the illumination of the smile that kept the face young in spite of its lines. They had not thought of her as being ill, but urging her to come with them for a long rest, she had made answer: "First months are better alone. But perhaps—another year. Yes, truly, on my word, it shall be next year, if I may."

"Ah," was the fierce cry of revolt, "why did she let us do it! We sucked her life like vampires."

She reached out for an American magazine that lay on the table, and turned the leaves over to some verses of her mother's that she had not seen till they came to her recently in print.

"There's no time left for any wasteful doing,
Nor to get fame or gold!
No time for mocking mummeries,
And none for growing old!

"There may be coming yet some heavy
weather,
No shrinking soul, no fears!
No whining, and no showing the white
feather,
No vain regrets, no tears."

She felt that she stood on the threshold of a great inner life of that mother to which she had had no entrance during the trivial egotism of her youth. It came to her with the poignancy of a fresh discovery that here was a woman like herself who had had the cream of her early life and ambition, who had

dreamed dreams and dared projects, and just in the time of joyful promise had without a word or sign harnessed her Pegasus to the plow and gone patiently to the drudgery of bread-getting. And through all the years of their loving companionship, the only knowledge and understanding between them had been a one-sided sacrifice, a one-sided comprehension. She could always recall the mother effort to understand and help over the difficulties and instil into each a special aspiration. She had no recollection, not one, of any reciprocal understanding, of any sympathetic interest in the work of the mother hands or in her aims or hopes. Proud of her in a vague way they all were, as somehow different from other women, stronger and braver than other mothers, and a rare combination of father and mother combined; but they accepted it as natural to their state, and not worthy of note. The loneliness, the utter isolation, within her own little family-circle, of that brave soul fighting through the years a single-handed battle, came over this child of the sacrifice with such a wave of bitterness that she bent her head on her folded arms and wept in very anguish.

There was a stir of air, a breath like a sigh, and a touch on the bowed head, while a delicate pervasive odor passed. It was as if her mother had leaned and kissed the little curl on her neck as she was wont to do.

She lay still for a long time in wonder and awe, suffused with strange peace and the sense, gradually stealing over her, that all was well.

A step came down the tiny, graveled path, and she looked up into her husband's pitying eyes. She put up her

hand and pushed aside the blue envelop he held, and clung to him.

"You need not tell me," she said, and her voice was hushed with the wonder of a glimpse into the Unfathomable. "I seem to know it. I think—I am sure she came herself."

Later, when the last letter reached them, it told that she had known for a long time—knew on that summer day a year ago that the end was in sight.

"You must think of me 'always,'" she wrote, "without sorrow and without regret, as one who attained her heart's desire. I wish I could in any way make you understand the elation that filled my soul that day I saw you two sail away together into the beautiful new life that is to be yours. The finishing touches were put upon my life-work. Think what that means! I know now how it feels to have completed a great statue, written the last line of an epic, put *finis* to a book that contains the researches of a lifetime. I could have sung aloud there on that pier, have danced in the madness of my triumph and exaltation. The last of these three children that were entrusted to me accounted for in the schedule of life's reckoning. All three of these trusts fulfilled. All of them established, all of them happy. Forgive me, dear heart, but the aching loss of you was blotted out and gone in that sense of ecstatic victory, of achievement. I had won a race with Death, and triumphed in my finished task. Now I am very tired, and his friendly face has no terrors, but the smile of the angels. Here or there, child of my love, is but the distance of a breath, and if it may be, I shall keep my promise, and be with you ere the year is gone."



SALT MEADOW TYPES



PAINTED BY
EMIL HERING



THE RIVER-BOAT CAPTAIN
THE SNIPE-SHOOTER
THE FISHERMAN
THE SQUATTER



Painted by Emil Hering. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE SNIPE-SHOOTER



Painted by Emil Hering. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE SQUATTER



Painted by Emil Hering. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE FISHERMAN

THE WILLING MUSE

BY WILLA SIBERT CATHER

Author of "The Troll Garden."

VARIOUS opinions were held among Kenneth Gray's friends regarding his approaching marriage, but on the whole it was considered a hopeful venture, and, what was with some of us much more to the point, a hopeful indication. From the hour his engagement was an assured relation, he had seemed to gain. There was now a certain intention in his step, an eager, almost confident flash behind his thick glasses, which cheered his friends like indications of recovery after long illness. Even his shoulders seemed to droop less despondently and his head to sit upon them more securely. Those of us who knew him best drew a long sigh of relief that Kenneth had at last managed to get right with the current.

If, on the insecurity of a meager income and a career at its belated dawn, he was to marry at all, we felt that a special indulgence of destiny had allowed him to fix his choice upon Bertha Torrence. If there was anywhere a woman who seemed able to give him what he needed, to play upon him a continual stream of inspiring confidence, to order the very simple affairs which he had so besottedly bungled, surely Bertha was the woman.

There were certain of his friends in Olympia who held out that it was a mistake for him to marry a woman who followed his own profession; who was, indeed, already much more within the public consciousness than Kenneth himself. To refute such arguments, one had only to ask what was possible between that and a housekeeper. Could any one conceive of Kenneth's living in daily intercourse with a woman who had no immediate and personal interest in letters,

bitten to the bone as he was by his slow, consuming passion?

Perhaps, in so far as I was concerned, my personal satisfaction at Kenneth's projected marriage was not without its alloy of selfishness, and I think more than one of us counted upon carrying lighter hearts to his wedding than we had known in his company for some time. It was not that we did not believe in him. Had n't it become a fixed habit to believe? But we, perhaps, felt slightly aggrieved that our faith had not wrought for him the miracles we could have hoped. We were, we found, willing enough to place the direct administration, the first responsibility, upon Bertha's firm young shoulders.

With Harrison, the musical critic, and me, Kenneth was an old issue. We had been college classmates of his, out in Olympia, Ohio, and even then no one had questioned his calling and election, unless it was Kenneth himself. But he had taxed us all sorely, the town and the college, and he had continued to tax us long afterward. As Harrison put it, he had kept us all holding our breath for years. There was never such a man for getting people into a fever of interest and determination for him, for making people (even people who had very vague surmises as to the particular eminence toward which he might be headed) fervidly desire to push him and for refusing, on any terms, to be pushed. There was nothing more individual about Kenneth than his inability to be exploited. Coercion and encouragement spent themselves upon him like summer rain.

He was thirty-five when his first book, "Charles de Montpensier," was published, and the work was, to those who knew its author intimately, a kind of

record of his inverse development. It was first conceived and written as a prose drama, then amplified into an historical novel, and had finally been compressed into a psychological study of two hundred pages, in which the action was hushed to a whisper and the teeming pageantry of his background, which he had spent years in developing and which had cost him several laborious summers in France and Italy, was reduced to a shadowy atmosphere, suggestive enough, doubtless, but presenting very little that was appreciable to the eyes of the flesh. The majority of Kenneth's readers, even those baptized into his faith, must have recalled the fable of the mouse and the mountain. As for those of us who had travailed with him, confident as we were of the high order of the ultimate production, we had a baffled feeling that there had been a distressing leakage of power. However, when this study of the High Constable of Bourbon was followed by an exquisite prose idyl, "The Wood of Ronsard," we began to take heart, and when we learned that a stimulus so reassuring as a determination to marry had hurried this charming bit of romance into the world, we felt that Kenneth had at last entered upon the future that had seemed for so long only a step before him.

Since Gray's arrival in New York, Harrison and I had had more than ever the feeling of having him on our hands. He had been so long accustomed to the respectful calm of Olympia that he was unable to find his way about in a new environment. He was incapable of falling in with any of the prevailing attitudes, and even of civilly tolerating them in other people. Commercialism wounded him, flippancy put him out of countenance, and he clung stubbornly to certain fond, Olympian superstitions regarding his profession. One by one his new acquaintances chilled, offended by his arrogant reception of their genial efforts to put him in the way of things. Even those of us who had known him at his best, and who remembered the summer evenings in his garden at Olympia, found his seriousness and punctilious reservations tedious in the broad glare of short, noisy working days.

Some weeks before the day set for Kenneth's marriage, I learned that it

might be necessary for me to go to Paris for a time to take the place of our correspondent there, who had fallen into precarious health, and I called at Bertha's apartment for a serious talk with her. I found her in the high tide of work; but she made a point of accepting interruptions agreeably, just as she made a point of looking astonishingly well, of being indispensable in an appalling number of "circles," and of generally nullifying the traditional reproach attaching to clever women.

"In all loyalty to you both," I remarked, "I feel that I ought to remind you that you are accepting a responsibility."

"His uncertainty, you mean?"

"Oh, I mean all of them—the barriers which are so intangible he cannot climb them and so terrifying he can't jump them, which lie between him and everything."

Bertha looked at me thoughtfully out of her candid blue eyes. "But what he needs is, after all, so little compared with what he has."

"What he has," I admitted, "is inestimably precious; but the problem is to keep it from going back into the ground with him."

She shot a glance of alarm at me from under her blond lashes. "But certainly he is endlessly more capable of doing than any of us. With such depth to draw from, how can he possibly fail?"

"Perhaps it's his succeeding that I fear more than anything. I think the fair way to measure Kenneth is by what he simply can't do."

"The cheap, you mean?" she asked reflectively. "Oh, that he will never do. We may just eliminate that from our discussion. The problem is simply to make him mine his vein, even if, from his fanciful angle of vision, it's at first a losing business."

"Ah, my dear young lady, but it's just his fanciful angle, as you so happily term it, that puts a stop to everything, and I've never quite dared to urge him past his scruples, though I'm not saying I could if I would. If there is anything at all in the whole business, any element of chosenness, of a special call, any such value in individual tone as he fancies, then, the question is, dare one urge him?"



Drawn by Paul Julien Meylan. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"'DID N'T I TELL YOU,' SHE CRIED, 'THAT WE SHOULD DO FINE THINGS?'"

"Nonsense!" snapped Bertha, drawing up her slender shoulders with decision,—I had purposely set out to exhaust her patience—"you have all put a halo about him until he dare n't move for fear of putting it out. What he needs is simply to keep at it. How much satisfaction do you suppose he gets out of hanging back?"

"The point, it seems to me, my dear Bertha, is not that, but the remarkableness of any one's having the conviction, the moral force, just now and under the circumstances, to hang back at all. There must be either very much or very little in a man when he refuses to make the most of his vogue and sell out on a rising market. If he would rather bring up a little water out of the well than turn the river across his lands, has one a right to coerce him?" I put my shaft home steadily, and Bertha caught fire with proper spirit.

"All I can say is, that it's a miracle he's as adaptable as he is. I simply can't understand what you meant, you and Harrison, by keeping him out there in Ohio so long."

"But we did n't," I expostulated. "We did n't keep him there. We only did not succeed in getting him away. We, too, had our scruples. He had his old house there, and his garden, his friends, and the peace of God. And then, Olympia is n't a bad sort of place. It kept his feeling fresh, at least, and in fifteen years or so you'll begin to know the value of that. There everything centers about the college, and every one reads, just as every one goes to church. It's a part of the decent, comely life of the place. In Olympia there is a deep-seated, old-fashioned respect for the printed page, and Kenneth naturally found himself in the place of official sanctity. The townswomen reverently attended his college lectures, along with their sons and daughters, and, had he been corruptible, he might have established a walled supremacy of personal devotion behind which he could have sheltered himself to the end of his days."

"But he did n't, you see," said Bertha, triumphantly; "which is proof that he was meant for the open waters. Oh, we shall do fine things, I promise you! I can just fancy the hushed breath of the

place for wonder at him. And his rose garden! Will people never have done with his rose garden! I remember you and Harrison told me of it, with an air, before I had met Kenneth at all. I wonder that you did n't keep him down there forever from a pure sense of the picturesque. What sort of days and nights do you imagine he passed in his garden, in his miserably uncertain state? I suppose we should all like well enough to grow roses, if we had nothing else to do."

I felt that Bertha was considerably keeping her eyes from the clock, and I rose to go.

"Well, Bertha, I suppose the only reason we have n't brought him to a worse pass than we have, is just the fact that he happens to have been born an anachronism, and such a stubborn one that we leave him pretty much where we found him."

II

AFTER Kenneth's wedding, I left immediately for Paris, and during the next four years I knew of the Grays only what I could sense from Kenneth's labored letters, ever more astonishing in their aridity, and from the parcels I received twice a year by book-post, containing Bertha's latest work. I never picked up an American periodical that Bertha's name was not the first to greet my eye on the advertising pages. She surpassed all legendary accounts of phenomenal productiveness, and I could feel no anxiety for the fortunes of the pair while Bertha's publishers thought her worth such a display of heavy type. There was scarcely a phase of colonial life left untouched by her, and her last, "The Maid of Domremy," showed that she had fairly crowded herself out of her own field.

The real wonder was, that, making so many, she could make them so well—should make them, indeed, rather better and better. Even were one so unreasonable as to consider her gain a loss, there was no denying it. I read her latest, one after another, as they arrived, with growing interest and amazement, wholly unable to justify my first suspicion. There was every evidence that she had absorbed from Kenneth like a water plant, but none that she had used him more violently

than a clever woman may properly use her husband. Knowing him as I did, I could never accredit him with having any hand in Bertha's intrepid, whole-hearted, unimpeachable conventionality. One could not exactly call her unscrupulous; one could observe only that no predicament embarrassed her; that she went ahead and pulled it off.

When I returned to New York, I found a curious state of feeling prevalent concerning the Grays. Bertha was *la fille du régiment* more than ever. Every one championed her, every one went to her teas, every one was smilingly and conspicuously present in her triumph. Even those who had formerly stood somewhat aloof, now found no courage to dissent. With Bertha herself so gracious, so eager to please, the charge of pettiness, of jealousy, even, could be too easily incurred. She quite floated the sourest and heaviest upon her rising tide.

There was, however, the undertow. I felt it even before I had actually made sure of it—in the peculiar warmth with which people spoke of Kenneth. In him they saw their own grievances magnified until he became symbolic. Publicly every one talked of Bertha; but behind closed doors it was of Kenneth they spoke—*sotto voce* and with a shake of the head. As he had published nothing since his marriage, this smothered feeling had resulted in a new and sumptuous edition of "Montpensier" and "The Wood of Ronsard"; one of those final, votive editions, suggestive of the bust and the catafalque.

I called upon the Grays at the first opportunity. They had moved from their down-town flat into a new apartment house on Eighty-fifth street. The servant who took my card did not return, but Kenneth himself stumbled into the reception hall, overturning a gilt chair in his haste, and gripped my hands as if he would never let them go. He held on to my arm as he took me to his study, telling me again and again that I could not possibly know what pleasure it gave him to see me. When he dropped limply into his desk chair, he seemed really quite overcome with excitement. It was not until I asked him about his wife that he collected himself and began to talk coherently.

"I'm sorry I can't speak to her now," he explained, rapidly twirling a paper-cutter between his long fingers. "She won't be free until four o'clock. She will be so pleased that I'm almost tempted to call her at once. But she's so overworked, poor girl, and she will go out so much."

"My dear Kenneth, how does she ever manage it all? She must have nerves of iron."

"Oh, she's wonderful, wonderful!" he exclaimed, brushing his limp hair back from his forehead with a perplexed gesture. "As to how she does it, I really don't know much more than you. It all gets done, somehow." He glanced quickly toward the partition, through which we heard the steady clicking of a typewriter. "I scarcely know what she is up to until her proofs come in. I usually go at those with her." He darted a piercing look at me, and I wondered whether he had got a hint of the malicious stories which found their way about concerning his varied usefulness to Bertha.

"If you'll excuse me for a moment, Philip," he went on, "I'll finish a letter that must go out this afternoon, and then I shall be quite free."

He turned in his revolving-chair to a desk littered deep with papers, and began writing hurriedly. I could see that the simplest kind of composition still perplexed and disconcerted him. He stopped, hesitated, bit his nails, then scratched desperately ahead, darting an annoyed glance at the partition as if the sharp, regular click of the machine bewildered him.

He had grown older, I noticed, but it was good to see him again—his limp, straight hair, which always hung down in a triangle over his high forehead; his lean cheek, loose under lip, and long whimsical chin; his faded, serious eyes, which were always peering inquiringly from behind his thick glasses; his long, tremulous fingers, which handled a pen as uncertainly as ever. There was a general looseness of articulation about his gaunt frame that made his every movement seem more or less haphazard.

On the desk lay a heap of letters, the envelopes marked "answered" in Kenneth's small, irregular hand, and all of them, I noticed, addressed to Bertha. In

the open drawer at his left were half a dozen manuscript envelopes, addressed to her in as many different hands.

"What on earth!" I gasped. "Does Bertha conduct a literary agency as well?"

Kenneth swung round in his chair, and made a wry face as he glanced at the contents of the drawer. "It's almost as bad as that. Really, it's the most abominable nuisance. But we're the victims of success, as Bertha says. Sometimes a dozen manuscripts come in to her for criticism in one week. She dislikes to hurt any one's feelings, so one of us usually takes a look at them."

"Bertha's correspondence must be something of a responsibility in itself," I ventured.

"Oh, it is, I assure you. People are most inconsiderate. I'm rather glad, though, when it piles up like this and I can take a hand at it. It gives me an excuse for putting off my own work, and you know how I welcome any pretext," he added, with a flushed, embarrassed smile.

"What are you doing, anyhow? I don't know where you'll ever learn industry if Bertha can't teach you."

"I'm working, I'm working," he insisted, hurriedly crossing out the last sentence of his letter and blotting it carefully. "You know how reprehensibly slow I am. It seems to grow on me. I'm finishing up some studies in the French Renaissance. They'll be ready by next fall, I think." As he spoke, he again glanced hurriedly over the closely written page before him; then, stopping abruptly, he tore the sheet across the middle. "Really, you've quite upset me. Tell me about yourself, Philip. Are you going out to Olympia?"

"That depends upon whether I remain here or decamp immediately for China, which prospect is in the cards. Olympia is greatly changed, Harrison tells me."

Kenneth sighed and sank deeper into his chair, reaching again for the paper-cutter. "Ruined completely. Capital and enterprise have broken in even there. They've all sorts of new industries, and the place is black with smoke and thick with noise from sunrise to sunset. I still own my house there, but I seldom go back. I don't know where we're bound

for, I'm sure. There must be places, somewhere in the world, where a man can take a book or two and drop behind the procession for an hour; but they seem impossibly far from here."

I could not help smiling at the deeply despondent gaze which he fixed upon the paper-cutter. "But the procession itself is the thing we've got to enjoy," I suggested, "the mere sense of speed."

"I suppose so, I suppose so," he reiterated, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief. "The six-day bicycle-race seems to be what we've all come to, and doubtless one form of it's as much worth while as another. We don't get anywhere, but we go. We certainly go; and that's what we're after. You'll be lucky if you are sent to China. There must be calm there as yet, I imagine."

Our conversation went on fitfully, with interruptions, irrelevant remarks, and much laughter, as talk goes between two persons who have once been frank with each other, and who find that frankness has become impossible. My coming had clearly upset him, and his agitation of manner visibly increased when he spoke of his wife. He wiped his forehead and hands repeatedly, and finally opened a window. He fairly wrested the conversation out of my hands and was continually interrupting and forestalling me, as if he were apprehensive that I might say something he did not wish to hear. He started and leaned forward in his chair whenever I approached a question.

At last we were aware of a sudden slack in the tension; the typewriter had stopped. Kenneth looked at his watch, and disappeared through a door into his wife's study. When he returned, Bertha was beside him, her hand on his shoulder, taller, straighter, younger than I had left her—positively childlike in her freshness and candor.

"Did n't I tell you," she cried, "that we should do fine things?"

III

A FEW weeks later I was sent to Hong-Kong, where I remained for two years. Before my return to America, I was ordered into the interior for eight months, during which time my mail was to be held for me at the consul's office in Canton,

the port where I was to take ship for home. Once in the Sze Chuen province, floods and bad roads delayed me to such an extent that I barely reached Canton on the day my vessel sailed. I hurried on board with all my letters unread, having had barely time to examine the instructions from my paper.

We were well out at sea when I opened a letter from Harrison in which he gave an account of Kenneth Gray's disappearance. He had, Harrison stated, gone out to Olympia to dispose of his property there which, since the development of the town, had greatly increased in value. He completed his business after a week's stay, and left for New York by the night train, several of his friends accompanying him to the station. Since that night he had not been seen or heard of. Detectives had been at work; hospitals and morgues had been searched without result.

The date of this communication put me beside myself. It had awaited me in Canton for nearly seven months, and Gray had last been seen on the tenth of November, four months before the date of Harrison's letter, which was written as soon as the matter was made public. It was eleven months, then, since Kenneth Gray had been seen in America. During my long voyage I went through an accumulated bulk of American newspapers, but found nothing more reassuring than occasional items to the effect that the mystery surrounding Gray's disappearance remained unsolved. In a "literary supplement" of comparatively recent date, I came upon a notice to the effect that the new novel by Bertha Torrence Gray, announced for spring publication, would, owing to the excruciating experience through which the young authoress had lately passed, be delayed until the autumn.

I bore my suspense as best I could across ocean and continent. When I arrived in New York, I went from the ferry to the "Messenger" office, and, once there, directly to Harrison's room.

"What 's all this," I cried, "about Kenneth Gray? I tell you I saw Gray in Canton ten months ago."

Harrison sprang to his feet and put his finger to his lip.

"Hush! Don't say another word!

There are leaky walls about here. Go and attend to your business, and then come back and go to lunch with me. In the meantime, be careful not to discuss Gray with any one."

Four hours later, when we were sitting in a quiet corner of a café, Harrison dismissed the waiter and turned to me. "Now," he said, leaning across the table, "if you can be sufficiently guarded, you may tell me what you know about our friend."

"Well," I replied, "it would have been, under ordinary circumstances, a commonplace thing enough. On the day before I started for the interior, I was in Canton, making some last purchases to complete my outfit. I stepped out of a shop on one of the crooked streets in the old part of the city, and I saw him as plainly as I see you, being trundled by in a jinrikisha, got up in a helmet and white duck, a fat white umbrella across his knees, peering hopefully out through his glasses. He was so like himself, his look and attitude, his curious chin poked forward, that I simply stood and stared until he had passed me and turned a corner, vanishing like a stereopticon picture traveling across the screen. I hurried to the banks, the big hotels, to the consul's, getting no word of him, but leaving letters for him everywhere. My party started the next day, and I was compelled to leave for an eight-months' nightmare in the interior. I got back to Canton barely in time to catch my steamer, and did not open your letter until we were down the river and losing sight of land. Either I saw Kenneth, or I am a subject for the Society for Psychological Research."

"Just so," said Harrison, peering mysteriously above his coffee-cup. "And now forget it. Simply disabuse yourself of any notion that you've seen him since we crossed the ferry with you three years ago. It's your last service to him, probably."

"Speak up," I cried, exasperated. "I've had about all of this I can stand. I came near wiring the story in from San Francisco. I don't know why I did n't."

"Well, here's to whatever withheld you! When a man comes to the pass where he wants to wipe himself off the

face of the earth, when, it's the last play he can make for his self-respect, the only decent thing is to let him do it. You know the yielding stuff he's made of well enough to appreciate the amount of pressure it must have taken to harden him to such an exit. I'm sure I never supposed he had it in him."

"But what, short of insanity?"

"Insanity? Nonsense! I wonder that people don't do it oftener. The pressure simply got past the bearing-point. His life was going, and going for nothing—worse than nothing. His future was chalked out for him, and whichever way he turned he was confronted by his unescapable destiny. In the light of Bertha's splendid success, he could n't be churlish or ungracious; he had to play his little part along with the rest of us. And Bertha, you know, has passed all the limits of nature, not to speak of decorum. They come as certainly as the seasons, her new ones, each cleverer and more damnable than the last. And yet there is nothing that one can actually put one's finger on—not, at least, without saying the word that would lay us open to a charge which as her friends we are none of us willing to incur, and which no one would listen to if it were said.

"I tell you," Harrison continued, "the whole thing sickened him. He had dried up like a stock fish. His brain was beaten into torpidity by the mere ham-

mer of her machine, as by so many tiny mallets. He had lived to help lessen the value of all that he held precious, to disprove all that he wanted to believe. Having ridden to victory under the banners of what he most despised, there was nothing for him but to live in the blaze of her conquest, and that was the very measure of his fall. His usefulness to the world was over when he had done what he did for Bertha. I don't believe he even knew where he stood; the thing had gone so, seemed to answer the purpose so wonderfully well, and there was never anything that one could really put one's finger on—except all of it. It was a trial of faith, and Bertha had won out so beautifully. He had proved the fallacy of his own position. There was nothing left for him to say. I'm sure I don't know whether he had anything left to think."

"Do you remember," I said slowly, "I used to hold that, in the end, Kenneth would be measured by what he did n't do, by what he could n't do? What a wonder he was at not being able to do it. Surely, if Bertha could n't convince him, fire and faggots could n't."

"For, after all," sighed Harrison, as we rose to go, "Bertha is a wonderful woman—a woman of her time and people; and she has managed, in spite of her fatal facility, to be enough sight better than most of us."



WADDY'S AUTO RIDE

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

Author of "When You Were a Boy."

BECAUSE he firmly intended to buy an auto, for three weeks Mr. Waddy, his mind soaked with auto lore, had been riding experimentally in machines embracing all types and colors, it seemed to him; yet here was an outfit absolutely unique.

The chauffeur wore evening clothes made of yellow oilskin. The trousers were tucked into bright-red, flaring-topped jack-boots, reaching almost to the thigh, and his hands, and arms to the shoulder, were encased in bright-red, equally flaring gauntlets. On his shirt-front was the name of the auto, an obscure, very odd name which Waddy furtively studied and never quite mastered, while upon his head was a fireman's helmet with a miner's lamp set in it. He was further protected by a student's eyeshade and a veil of mosquito-netting. Yes, assuredly he was a queer-appearing chauffeur.

"Wait a moment," he bade; whereupon he wrapped Waddy's neck with a huge fur boa,—much like the seventy-five-dollar gray boa which Waddy had presented to Mrs. Waddy as a pacification when she protested against the extravagance of an automobile,—and carrying the ends up across the ears, knotted them securely over Waddy's hat.

"Our patent muffler," explained the chauffeur. "This is the only car—" His voice died away.

The car itself, a cross between an undertaker's wagon and an omnibus, was high and square, and black, with yellow polka-dots. It had a bowsprit, and beneath the bowsprit was of course a figurehead, a mermaidish woman whose countenance resembled that of the Waddys' latest domestic, Lizzie.

The car was entered by crawling un-

der and squeezing up through a hole in the bottom. During the squeeze, Waddy's clothing accumulated considerable grease from a mass of machinery; but he knew that he should not complain about such a little thing. He sank down upon the upholstering within; down, down he went to his chin! He felt like a currant in dough. The cushion fitted about his form, holding him fast.

"Our patent clutch," explained the chauffeur, in a strange, faint voice. "Impossible for any one to fall out—"

The chauffeur cranked with an instrument like an old-fashioned coffee-grinder, attached to what might be termed a dashboard. Immediately there was a whirling rattle, and a shrill ringing as of an alarm-clock. The auto started. The figurehead began to sing "Dearie."

"Ah," thought Waddy, "that is the siren, of course."

He noticed that the car was steered by the bowsprit. Wherever the bowsprit pointed, the car followed. The bowsprit appeared to swing from angle to angle, as it was manipulated by the chauffeur.

Looking beneath his feet, through a glass window, Waddy descried, far below, the backs of many horses, rising and falling in perfect cadence, as if all the horses were pacing. It struck him that this was a very convenient method of demonstrating the horse-power, and he tried to count the backs, but failed. However, he estimated that it was probably a forty-horse-power car. He wondered if the car rested upon the backs, or if there was a treadmill arrangement. The chauffeur must have observed that the horses were attracting attention, for suddenly he said, "Rear!" and instantly the horses, with one accord, ran or paced backward.

"Reverse speed," explained the chauffeur, in his thin, unreal voice.

It was a beautiful and inspiring sight—those forty or so backs, rising and falling together.

Waddy was astonished to find that he was not sunk to his chin any more, but was perched high on a stool with long, unsteady legs. The seat of the stool slowly and regularly turned on a pivot, as stool-tops of a screw nature do, and turned him with it.

"Our patent revolving-seat," explained the chauffeur, thinly.

Waddy deemed it a very precarious kind of seat, so high and so spindly and so befuddling. Giddy, he hung on with both hands, and endeavored to view the scenery as he slowly spun.

An electric car was bearing down toward them; at the street intersection they would meet. The chauffeur did not slacken, and Waddy fruitlessly called his attention to the peril. The stool was so very, very high, and the patent muffler kept getting into Waddy's mouth, obstructing it. Should there be a collision, what a fall he would have from that stool! thought Waddy, agonized. Horrors! Desperately he clung, but with a soft, mushy sound they passed right through the car, and kept on going. There was no shock perceptible at all.

"Our patent jar-absorber," the chauffeur was explaining. "You see, we scarcely felt—" His voice, floating upward, died away.

Waddy relaxed his grip, the danger being past. The siren figurehead was still singing "Dearie." *She* was not harmed, then. He was glad, because if she *was* Lizzie, that new domestic of theirs, even though she would not wash or cook or sweep, and they were nevertheless paying her forty dollars a month, it would be terrible should anything happen to her.

What a wonderful auto this was! If only he might recall the name of it!

The street dipped abruptly—a long hill. The chauffeur pulled a lever, which evidently opened a valve, for a turgid curtain of oil spread in front, as from the pipe of a watering-cart. The oil drifted back in a fine spray, and Waddy comprehended why the clothing of the chauffeur was of impervious material. He wished

that he himself had worn his mackintosh; but the elevation of the stool was a wise provision.

At the crest of the hill the wheels of the auto curiously flattened, and, as if upon runners, the machine, its path lubricated by the oil-curtain, proceeded to coast.

"Our patent sliding-gear," explained the chauffeur, far away. "We are the only—"

The speed waxed terrific. What a swoop! On his high revolving-stool Waddy swayed dizzily. If he fell off he would break his neck, because they were going at least a mile a minute. The hill (was this Main street?) was lined with people, watching. He saw his wife. Did she recognize him, and realize his predicament?

Thank Heaven! the car slowed. They were in the country, with no sign of habitation near them. The car stopped, and the chauffeur got out. He touched a button, and the revolving-seat telescoped, with a motion like a pneumatic chair in a barber's shop; and Waddy, relieved, also got out.

"What 's the matter?" he inquired.

"It 's a long distance tire," explained the chauffeur; "but it 's the quickly detachable."

He snapped a front tire off as easily as one snaps a rubber band from a fruit-jar, and leaning it against a tree beside the road, hung upon it a label, "Bien-olionufsky." Waddy recognized this as being the name of the auto, but he could not determine whether it was French, Italian, or Russian.

He walked about the machine, with wise manner, inspecting. The figurehead was still persistently singing "Dearie," but he did not dare look at her, lest she might be Lizzie, and would think that he was spying upon her. Domesticities of to-day are so sensitive. It was none of *his* business that she was here.

"What is the motive power of this machine. Gasoline?" he asked, of the chauffeur.

"Gasolean or gasofat—it depends upon the feed," informed the chauffeur, gravely.

"Oh," responded Waddy, a little nonplussed. The matter never before had

been put to him thus, but it sounded reasonable. "And what is the style of body? I don't think that I ever saw a machine just like it."

"I tonneau," replied the chauffeur.

While Waddy puzzled over whether the man said "I dunno," or meant that it was an "I" tonneau, whatever variety of tonneau that might indicate, the man crawled back through the hole in the bottom. Waddy hastily followed, and perched upon the stool. It occurred to him that another tire should have been placed, but off they started.

"It seems to run just as smoothly as ever," he ventured to remark, for the bare rim was not in the least noticeable.

"Smoother," corrected the chauffeur. "Only three fourths as tired, you know."

"The poetry of motion," murmured Waddy.

"Right you are," agreed the chauffeur. "I had forgotten. Excuse me."

He let his fingers wander over a piano keyboard, which somehow appeared in front of him. Every time that he pressed a key, the auto squawked. He recited:

"Why waits that magnate, oh, so long,

While dark it grows, and darker?"

"To take upon a run-about

Some lovely little sparker."

The worm gear raised his beady head:

"And think you that he'll get her?"

"No, no," the strut-rod proudly said.

"You know, a car-boor et her."

Waddy hoped that car-boor did not refer to himself. He had tried to treat the chauffeur politely.

"Water cooled?" he found himself asking.

The chauffeur opened a cock in the base of the keyboard, and a stream gushed forth.

"Full springs," he declared. "See?"

The demonstration was convincing; but the water suddenly came steaming hot, and then ceased altogether.

"Watch out!" cried the chauffeur, excitedly. "Turn on the fourth cylinder! The dry battery is leaking, and has dried up the springs!"

Waddy struggled to obey. Where was

the "fourth cylinder?" The boa muffler hampered his vision as he essayed to search about him for something indicating a valve. The stool had shrunk, and was doll's size, not more than six inches high; his knees were elevated; the boa was crowded up by them, and he retained his seat only with utmost difficulty.

No, he did not want *this* machine. It would not suit his wife, he was certain. It called for too much stress.

Behind rang out a hoarse shout.

"On torpedo deck! On torpedo deck!" yelled the chauffeur, madly.

Beneath him Waddy instantly beheld the decked-over bows of a torpedo-boat, and he himself was atop of a conning-tower. Mounted police were galloping furiously after them. They had exceeded the speed limit!

Forward rushed the auto, while in its stern stood the chauffeur, in fireman's helmet, through a nozzle discharging round balls—torpedoes! Or was that the exhaust?

"Bang!"

Whenever a ball struck a policeman, there was a report, and the policeman and horse vanished. At each "hit," an instrument in the auto counted harshly: "One!" "Two!" "Three!"

"That must be the annunciator," thought Waddy.

Faster and faster flew the auto. From the exhaust-nozzle poured the torpedoes, like small India-rubber balls, annihilating the pursuers. The ride was most exhilarating, but Waddy wondered if they would be hanged when caught.

"Dearie! My dearie!" sang the siren, piercingly. Louder it sang, and more insistently. Why, it was his wife! With a distinct shock the auto stopped. Waddy blinked about him.

"DEARIE! Dearest!" appealed his wife, shaking him. "You've been having the most awful dream here in your chair!"

"Well, I don't want *that* auto," stammered Waddy.

"I'm glad there's one you don't want," retorted his wife.



Bust of Forbes-Robertson. By Emil Fuchs

Ever yours sincerely
J. Forbes-Robertson

THE NON-RESISTANCE OF AMOS

A STORY OF THE "PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH"

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

Author of "The Things That Are Cæsar's," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER

THE farm-house, which was red, two and a half stories high, with flat gables, and shutters of a brilliant green, stood in a neat little yard, shut off from the gleaming pike by a pale-fence of equal whiteness. From the gate a narrow brick pathway, bordered by parallel rows of inverted clam-shells, led straight to the pale-blue porch, which was a mere platform, seven, or at most eight, feet square, with twin benches, hard and narrow, nailed fast at each side of the doorway, where the house-wall was economically employed for the back.

Amos Driesbach sat on one of these, and his neighbor, Daniel Schlegelmilch, on the other. When one adds that there was to be neither immediate funeral nor wedding on the farm, one has shown clearly that the late afternoon was that of a Sunday; since in no other case would the front porch have been in use and its master enabled to sit there, with his large, hard hands clasped in his lap, and his mild brown eyes gazing idly toward the distant, wooded hills and over the rolling fields of yellow wheat, ready for harvest, and of green tobacco just beginning to tremble in the first perceptible breeze of the summer day.

To the Philistine from the city, Amos would have seemed in few particulars different from his guest, or, for that matter, from any of a hundred other farmers in the Lancaster County country-side. From the black, low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats of each—to an uninitiated eye they were almost shovel-hats—the customary locks of deep brown were cut

square across the forehead and, behind, fell below the collar, where they ended in the precise line that is eloquent of home-barbering, guided by the useful earthen bowl. Each man wore coarse, brown woolen clothes, with short coats secured by hooks and eyes and cut in almost clerical fashion, and with waistcoats which, at the neck, were scarcely cut at all; and each had strong, regular features, brick-red from the warm sun above and the healthy blood beneath; a straight mouth, very determined, yet very ready to smile; and cheeks clean-shaven to the line of the lower lip, where the dark-brown beards began, and curled downward, hiding the throat. Amos, of course, had an obvious advantage in age,—he must have been ten years the junior of his neighbor,—and, though a small man, was a little straighter, a little easier in the carriage of his muscles, and while not perhaps stronger, certainly more pliant,—a little "snappier," as an athlete might put it, but nothing beside.

Schlegelmilch raised the edge of his waistcoat with his right hand, to permit the laborious extraction of his left hand from the horizontal opening to a trousers-pocket in which it had been buried to the wrist.

"So-o," he said, "*die Mabel ist todt.*" He sighed, though whether from physical exertion or mental reflection it would be difficult to determine, since Mrs. Driesbach's demise had occurred fully a month before.

Amos's brown eye softened, and he permitted himself only the briefest nod.

"Yes," pursued Schlegelmilch, this time raising the waistcoat-edge with his left hand in order to permit a possible symbolic interment of the right—"yes, she was a good Mabel; but she *ist todt*. Her schnits und knep was the bes' I ever et, and my Sarah she says the same still. She was a good cooker of the meat, too, if I *have* had besser wedgables a'ready. How are you gettin' *on* wisout your woman yet, Amos?"

Amos cleared his throat.

"Ok," he answered, "about as well as you 'd sink fer. Martha Lutz she 's yet a good housekeeper fer me, but it ain't what it used to. I want to bow to the Lord's will, Daniel, but it ain't what it used to."

"Oh, I give you right, Amos; I give you right. But it must be a great comfort that you felt the call a'ready."

"It is," Driesbach assented. "I get a lot of good out of church yet. But that 's because die Mabel wanted me to join."

Schlegelmilch raised the thick, black eyebrows, which nearly joined above his aquiline nose. - He was a pillar of the faith, and in this sentiment of his neighbor's he dimly heard the bell of heterodoxy.

"A man don't join for no such reasons as them, Amos," he said severely; "or if he does, he does it to his own damnation."

But Driesbach remained undisturbed. He shrugged his broad shoulders, and even smiled pleasantly.

"A man ought to love his wife, ain't?" he inquired.

"Yes, but—"

"We-el," Amos concluded, disregarding the interruption, "I guess, then, the Lord ain't goin' to damn no one for doin' what his wife wants—specially if it 's joinin' the house of the Lord."

He spoke with an air of finality and with a glitter in his eye which Schlegelmilch, remembering the high esteem in which Amos had always held the lightest whim of the dead woman, decided had better be met with silence. Consequently there was a long pause, such as was not so uncommon between them as to seem strained to either, and during which both men sat gazing idly at the far-off hills, lighted now with the departing rays of the early July sun.

It was Amos who broke the pause. His

remark seemed, at first, apropos of nothing at all, but was, in reality, the logical outcome of thoughts awakened by Schlegelmilch's recent attitude.

"And I am goin' to buy one of them sewin'-machines," he announced.

Daniel's eyes bulged large with horror.

"Are you goin' to buy one of them sewin'-machines?" he echoed.

Again the unruffled Amos nodded.

"But, Amos," cried Schlegelmilch, "it ain't right, them sewin'-machines. They ain't Ghristian. They 're a wanity."

"Mebbe," said Amos, placidly.

"Why, it 'll be li'snin'-rods next you 're gettin'," continued Daniel.

"I was sinkin' about li'snin'-rods some, too," confessed the widower.

But there Schlegelmilch felt himself upon sure ground.

"*Kook amul to!*" he exclaimed. "Li's-nin'-rods won't help you still if the Lord means fer to strike you; and if He don't mean fer to strike you, it 's just rowin' money away a'ready."

"Perhaps," assented Amos; "but what if He ain't still sinkin' about you one way or anoizzer? But that makes nussing," he continued, his firm mouth tightening above the chin beard until two deep dimples were shot into the brick-red cheeks. "About that sewin'-machine, I 'm fer gettin' it."

Schlegelmilch's faith could bear no more. He rose, and faced his seated host, one hand still deeply pocketed, but the rude forefinger of the other shaking a warning emphasis.

"Amos Driesbach," he said, "man an' poy I have knowed you yet. I knowed your fazzer and your muzzer. And not these sixty year have I had hard words wis you. But right here our two roads run away against each other. It 's all because you worked oncet on the railroad and got 'em city ways. Ten year pack it may be, mebbe, but you 're a wordly man. Them orrick sewin'-machines is a wanity. Next it will be a puggy with springs, and then suspenders, and puttons on your front coat!"

The dimples deepened in Driesbach's two cheeks.

"I 'm fer gettin' a sewin'-machine," he reiterated so emphatically that the statement might have been a fresh one.

"But w'at fer good will it do you,

Amos Driesbach? Lizzie Lutz she can't run no sewin'-machine."

"Na."

"And there ain't no uzzer woman on the farm, ugh?"

"Na."

Schlegelmilch's imprisoned hand had broken jail with a general convulsion, and his arm spread wide in wonder.

"Then w'at fer are you goin' to get a sewin'-machine?" he gasped.

Amos did not move. His gaze continued calmly beyond his interlocutor, but there was a moment of pause.

"Because," he said at last, "die Mabel she always was fer wantin' one."

Schlegelmilch's wonder only deepened. "But die Mabel," he began—"what good is a sewin'-machine? Why, die Mabel *ist todt!*"

"Yes," nodded the widower; "die Mabel *ist todt*; but she always was fer wantin' a sewin'-machine, and I balked her, like, about it. And now she *ist todt*. It was all I ever balked her fer; so I 've bin studyin' over it still. I 'm fer buying a sewin'-machine."

Once more Schlegelmilch raised his bulky hand and opened his wide mouth to protest. But he got no further; he got, indeed, only so far as a sight of Driesbach's brown eyes, and in those usually quiescent depths saw a gleaming phosphorescence which stopped him short. The hand fell to his side, the mouth closed slowly, and Daniel turned and shuffled off the porch.

"*Gutenobit*," he said.

"*Gutenobit*," replied Amos, and continued to gaze out into the gathering twilight across the fields. It was there, half way to the woods, that the family graveyard lay.

Yet, quietly as Amos sat pondering and inoffensive as he seemed, Daniel Schlegelmilch's expressed opinions of him were, in truth, only those which the large Amish community had, for some years, silently held concerning him. At best he was regarded as a brand snatched from the burning, and snatched none too soon. Every one agreed that there had been some severe, if not irremediable, charring in the flames of the world, and there were



Drawn by Frederic R. Gruet

"HE, AS AN INFIDEL, HAD TO HANG ABOUT THE OUTER DOOR"



Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"IN THE EARLIER DAYS AT THE RED SCHULHAUS
ON THE PIKE"

not a few who suspected that, deep beneath these singed edges, there yet glowed some sparks of the evil fire.

Amos had, in fact, seen the city. As a wild young rake he had even descended toward the pit as far as the railroad,—the young Amishman's one way of escape from the estate of his ancestors,—would take him. He had become a brakeman in the freight service; had lived for a while in Lancaster, for a while in Downingtown, and for five whole months in Philadelphia itself. Worse than this, he had joined the road's Young Men's Christian Association. Heaven only knew what false doctrines he had imbibed at such a font; but certain it is that, at the association's gymnasium, he had taken, and made brilliant success in, a course of physical development, which, since it included thorough instruction in the art of fisticuffs, was enough to bear horror to the hearts of all *wehrlos*.

But that was all ten years ago. Here

and there the old Teutonic *Wanderlust* reappears among this quiet people, and, with a pagan voice that will not be denied, calls a young man away from home and the home traditions; away from the habit and the occupation of his fathers; away even from the faith for which his forebears once walked calmly to the stake. Such a call had come to Amos, and he had obeyed it as one must. Yet the wisest call cannot long hold any good Pennsylvania German from his own; for the *Wanderlust* is only the beginning of the *Heimweh*; and so, like all the others, Amos, a decade ago, had, in every sense of the word, returned.

Perhaps it was of what followed that he was thinking as he sat there in the twilight, while the long, purple shadows crawled over the yellow fields, and the lamps were lighted in the house behind him. Certainly he had never yearned again for the glories of the town; and so it must be that now, as the evening drew



Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"THEY INSISTED THAT HE MUST FORSAKE THE WORLD"

its gray veil between him and the silent burying-ground, his thoughts reverted to that day of his home-coming when he, still the rustic on the city street, but in the country lanes a swaggering, flashy, light-stepping, quick-moving villain of twenty, had met Mabel Leidy at that *Liebesmahl* which, though he, as an infidel, had to hang about the outer door, had proved so veritable a "love-feast" for him.

A child he had left her and a woman he found her again, demure and sweet, with the patient hazel eyes, the cheek like the peaches in old Yeager's sunny orchard, and the voice that, at the "sing-in's," was as fresh and sweet as in the earlier days at the red *Schulhaus* on the pike. But Mabel was a woman of her people. Across her breast the modest kerchief met, and under her dimpled chin, where were tied the ribbons from her brown sun-bonnet, there peeped forth the thick, white strings of the hidden cap which bespoke the Amish faith. Amos sought the elders of the church, as a man must do before he seeks even the maid

herself, and when they insisted that he must forsake the world before they would consent to his suit, forsook it with a free heart.

Perhaps he was thinking of these things that evening, and of the *Glücktrinke* at the wedding and the games of the infare; but more likely it was of the ten quiet years that followed, during which slowly—very slowly, as it seemed to his fellows—he reverted to the hereditary type, and, after his parents' death, took up the prosperous farm that had been the Driesbachs' for a century and a half. It must have been that now his mind was full of that time of undisturbed contentment—undisturbed, save that, to the neat, well-ordered, scrupulously clean farm-house, no little children came—a circumstance as rare in the country-side as Driesbach's quondam flight cityward, for which, indeed, it was generally supposed to be a punishment. Surely the quiet man with the brick-red face and the hard, folded hands was thinking of these things, and of how the gentle woman had gone her patient way, and then at

last had died, and her first little baby with her.

The Amish is a silent being, both in his sorrows and his joys, though he feels deeply and keenly. Amos, therefore, bore this blow as becomes a man and as was the habit of his neighbors. But he thought much, and the determination which had excited Daniel Schlegelmilch's righteous ire may have been the outcome of some surviving primitive faith demanding sacrifices to the departed. At any rate, it was fixed, and, since Chance works swiftly when she turns a hand to the dramatic, opportunity dawned with the next morning.

On the pike, by the side of the field where Amos was working, there paused a light wagon, driven by a thick-set man in a shepherd's plaid suit of clothes, a gaily decorated straw hat, and a pink negligée shirt into which had been screwed a large diamond stud. The man's face matched his shirt, and his nose went it three shades better. He had a black mustache, and another diamond glittered from his big right fist; but these things did not impress Amos, whose whole attention was absorbed by a bright, brand-new sewing-machine, which, in all the

glory of its "latest modern improvements," stood in luring novelty in the wagon.

The event was so pat upon his invitation that the racial caution of Amos Driesbach took the wings of the morning and went as far as they would carry it. Natural hesitancy, the dread of the strange, the sense for a bargain—all these were his birthright, and all forsook him in the instant of need. Scarcely pausing timidly to finger the curious engine of domestic industry, he replied in the affirmative to the agent's question as to whether he wanted to buy a sewing-machine. Regretting only that the instrument in the wagon was a sample, he trudged quiescent to the house, his hypnotized eyes constantly on the wagon, and there, without reading it, he signed and returned the partly blank "order" which was offered him by the resplendent agent, who straightway thanked him, mounted again into the wagon, and, in a retreating pillar of dust, disappeared down the pike.

That was the second of July. By the second of August Amos had not yet received his sewing-machine, but on the second of September he received—what was



Drawn by Frederic R. Gruet

"THERE PAUSED A LIGHT WAGON, DRIVEN BY A THICK-SET MAN"



Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley

"WHAT IS THIS HERE NON-RESISTANCE
WE PELIEVE IN?"

almost as rare—a letter. It was from a particularly disagreeable note-shaver in Lancaster, and, in the briefest and most businesslike manner, it informed Amos Driesbach that, two months previous, the writer had bought up the said Driesbach's note of hand to James Conners, and that the five hundred dollars acknowledged therein would be due on the second of October next following.

An Amishman may not go to law, and, in spite of the sore doubts of his neighbors, Amos was as faithful as his somewhat flickering lights permitted. He knew so little of things legal that he had some difficulty in understanding the letter; but he consulted with the ecclesiastical authorities, and as the ecclesiastical authorities, precisely after the manner of the legal ones, decided that there was nothing for him to do but to pay the money, he paid it, though not one minute

before the time specified in the detestable note of hand.

It was on the way back from Lancaster that he stopped at Schlegelmilch's farm. Daniel, just fresh from the day's work, was quitting his hard ablutions under the pump by the shed at the rear of the farm-house. His shirt was open at the neck, exposing his hairy chest, his sleeves rolled up above knotted arms, his face gleaming redder than ever, and the fresh water sparkling on and trickling from his beard.

"Hooliay," greeted Amos.

"So-o," drawled his neighbor, smiling broadly, "you 've been an' paid that little note a'ready, Amos?"

"Driesbach nodded.

"Ok, we-el," continued his neighbor, "I venture now you see you should ought to go the Lord's way still. I give you warn, remember. The Lord ain't got no

love fer them, I says. Sewin'-machines it 's a wanity, I been told you, but you would n't nefer listen oncet."

Amos waved this aside.

"Daniel," he said quietly, "I 'm still fer gettin' a sewin'-machine."

Schlegelmilch's hands paused in the midst of rubbing the long hair which rose now in a mop on his round head.

"Wha-at?" he demanded.

"Yes, die Mabel wanted the house should have it, and I 'm fer *gettin'* one. But that ain't what I come fer to talk with you still. I want to know what is this here 'non-resistance',"—he found the word with difficulty,—“what is this here *non-resistance* we pelieve in?"

Daniel pondered. Like many other articles of faith, this, he found, was easier to repeat than to explain.

"Why, don't be so *dumm*!" he at length ventured. "Non-resistance, that means not to *resist* like." Then he paused.

"Yes?" Amos encouraged.

"Yes," pursued Daniel, feeling his way; "*wechrlos* they don't make no soldiers."

"And in a fight, Daniel?"

"Ok, there! If a man hits you, you must not hit him pack yet."

"If a man hits me, I must not hit him pack yet?"

"So-o."

Driesbach pondered.

"Is that *all*, Daniel?"

"That is all, Amos."

"*Gutenobit*." And Driesbach turned away.

A week later, however, he created a new scandal in the country-side: he took in a Lancaster newspaper, and not a weekly paper, either, but a regular city sheet, published every evening. True, it was not delivered at Driesbach's farm before the morning following its publication, but that made a difference only in the effect of the evil, and none in the wickedness of the intent.

Yet if Amos suspected the scandal which he was creating, he seemed certainly not to regard it. As long as the autumn weather permitted, he sat on his back porch every evening, with the paper held close to his eyes, and there, to the silent awe of his farm-hands, laboriously spelled out every word of it—news, edi-

torials, and advertisements. And when at last winter set in, he wasted pennyworth after pennyworth of oil pursuing the same course indoors, wholly oblivious to the proud sniffing of Lizzie Lutz. All through January, February, and March he continued in his practices, but not until a day in late April did he find the item of which he was in search. Then, with his clumsy fingers he carefully ripped it out of the sheet, and bestowed it, as if it were treasure-trove, in the great, fat wallet of his brown coat.

The clipping, if one may call it that, read as follows:

(Special to the *New Era*.)

Christiana, Pa., April 20.—A smooth individual who has thus far unfortunately escaped arrest, has been trying a neat bunco-game for a day or two in this portion of Lancaster County. He drives about through the farming district with a sewing-machine which he says is a sample of a line of goods he is offering at a cut-throat price. He gets farmers interested, and then works the old dodge of having them sign a "contract" which turns out to be a promissory note. Up to the latest reports, he has not succeeded in catching any suckers on the note proposition, but there have been one or two instances in which he got a small advance payment from his intended victims. The authorities are on the look-out.

As soon as he had secured this valuable piece of information, Amos routed his employees from bed, and gave them certain instructions for the conduct of the farm. The next day one of them got out the old wagon, covered with yellow oil-cloth, drove him into town, and left him at the railroad station.

It was quite ten days later that Amos overtook his prey. What trials he had endured, what weariness of body and despair in spirit he had borne, it boots little to relate. Suffice it that he scoured a circle twenty-five miles in diameter before he came upon the trail, and that, throughout every mental and physical torture, he had been sustained by that hard sense of justice and inflexibility of purpose which is the heritage of all his race. In the deepening evening he was making his slow way along a deserted stretch of road when he saw the unforgettable wagon, with its mem-



Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"WHOLLY OBLIVIOUS TO THE PROUD SNIFFING OF LIZZIE LUTZ" A

orable driver, jogging jauntily toward him.

They would have gone by him, but Amos quietly stepped forward and barred the way. His firm hand gripped the bridle, and forced the horse's head violently backward, until the red nostrils were high above him.

The wagon came to a sudden stop, and the driver rose in his seat and leaned forward, his thick face half-angry, half-startled. He had been in a merry mood, for a season which had opened inauspiciously had that afternoon turned for the better; he had just sold two notes of hand for six hundred dollars. The money, however, was at this moment reposing snugly in an inside pocket of his gay coat, and the sudden appearance of an unknown man with so strange a form of address contained, therefore, an element of alarm.

"Here, you!" the agent shouted. "What do you mean, anyhow?"

As he spoke, whip and reins dropped from his hand and Amos saw the quick glint of steel in one of them.

"I was kind of sinkin' I'm fer gettin' a sewin'-machine a'ready," he answered mildly, and then, in a voice almost disappointed, he added humbly: "Or are they *all*?"

It was a speech, in spite of the prefatory action, calculated to inspire trust. Mr. Conners—for that was certainly one of his names—noisily dropped his revolver, in sheer astonishment, upon the floor of the wagon.

"You want to git a sewin'-machine?" he echoed. "Well, it's a queer way to go about it, holdin' a fellow up like a regular hand-out man!"

"Are they all?" repeated Amos, carefully retaining his point of vantage at the horse's head.

"What?" asked Conners.

"The sewin'-machines."

"What about 'em, Jake?"

"I said, are they *all*?"

"*All*? All what?"

"*All* any more."

"O-o-oh!"—Conners threw back his head and laughed,—"you mean are they all *gone*!"

Amos began to make his way along the horse's flank, one hand upon the shaft. He was smiling stupidly.

"Su-ure," he responded. "*Are* they all?"

"Well, no; they ain't 'all,' I guess. Anyhow, there 's plenty more where this un come from, that 's sure."

Amos had slowly advanced to the dash-board. Now he stepped around the wheel, between the spokes of which he planted one heavily booted foot, and leaned suddenly forward, reaching a pair of apparently gesticulating hands before him.

"I sought mebbe they was *all*," he explained, "because that one you sold me for five hunnerd last fall I ain't *got* yet."

It was only then that Conners recognized him. With a wild bellow he stooped for the fallen revolver.

But Amos had been too quick for the agent. One dexterous twirl of the gesticulating hands and he had pushed the weapon out of harm's way; another and his arms were about Conners's feet. Three seconds later and the shepherd's plaid gentleman—for he was dressed precisely as on the occasion of their last meeting—was lying flat on his back in the dust of the road.

He was up in a bound, arms raised and fists clenched.

But the mild-eyed farmer raised an open hand, and the swindler, in sheer amazement, came to a pause.

"Just *e-easy* fer a minute," said Amos. "*Ich will dir's explehne*. Mebbe we can *talk* some about it first."

Conners turned an eager eye toward the wagon, in the shafts of which the weary horse stood at ease. But Amos quietly slouched forward and barred the way.

"Well, what d' y' want?" snarled the agent. "You signed the note all right. 'T ain't my fault if you can't read right. The law can't touch me."

"Na," admitted Amos, "the law can't touch you still. I guess it 's had touchin'

enough out of me, a'ready. But I would n't go to na law, annyways; I 'm Amish."

"Are you? I 'm obliged to know it, I 'm sure, whatever it is. But what d' y' want, then?"

Amos smiled genially.

"The damage fer them sewin'-machines," he replied, "you said was forty *dollars*. I want a sewin'-machine an' four hunnerd and sisty dollars. Then my ticket to Ghristiana that was forty cents yet," he continued with the glibness of one who is repeating a well-learned lesson; "and I 've spent sree dollars and fifty cents more fer board and lodgin', goin' after you. Four hunnerd and sisty dollars, and forty cents is four hunnerd and sisty dollars and forty *cents*. Four hunnerd and sisty dollars and forty cents, and sree dollars and fifty cents, is four hunnerd and sisty-sree dollars and *ninety cents*. I want that machine and four hunnerd and sisty-sree dollars and *ninety cents*."

Conners's expression changed from the puzzled to the merry.

"Oh, you 're a fool!" he laughed. "Get out of my way."

He made one step toward the wagon, but a strong, hairy hand met his chest and pushed him back. Amos meant firmness merely, but the result was almost that of a blow. Conners stopped abruptly, panting hard.

"Get out my way!" he thundered again, raising a fist on which the diamond was still flashing.

"Four hunnerd and sisty-sree dollars and ninety *cents*," repeated Amos, in a sing-song. "And if you don't give it, I must make you."

"You make me? I 'd like to know how!"

"I guess I 'll have to *fight* you oncet," said Amos, calmly.

"*You fight!* Why, you clumsy fool—"

And there Conners stopped, for a great, red fist at the end of a long arm was wagging at the tip of his thick nose.

"*Try* it once a'ready," suggested Amos, smiling.

What Conners would have liked to do there is no saying. Perhaps, at the first, he pitied his dupe as thoroughly as he despised him. In any case, however, the presence of the fist served to recall his

recent tumble into the road and to restore him to a saving sense of wrong.

"I *will* try it!" he shouted, and for a third time raised his flashing fist.

Amos, as it descended, caught it fast and, with a leap closed in. Immediately Conners found both his wrists firmly pinned in the farmer's left hand.

"Na," said Amos. "I 'm one of the *wehrlos*, I tell you. If you hit me first oncet I could n't resist you: it would be ag'in' the *Good Book* rule. But there ain't no rule ag'in' me hittin' you first a'ready, so we must start *that way*."

Faith without works Driesbach held in scorn. He translated his text immediately into action, and administered a resounding slap upon Conners's broad cheek.

"Now," he resumed in a matter-of-fact tone, "take your coat off still and come on."

But Conners, taught a new regard for his rustic antagonist, instantly assumed a fighting attitude.

"I guess I can lick you with my coat on," he growled. "Come ahead!"

Not so Amos. "We-el, I 'm fer taking mine off," he said.

With a sweep of the long arm, he cast his brown coat of almost clerical cut by the side of the road, and placed his broad-brimmed black hat upon it. Next, he quietly rolled his shirt-sleeves far above the pliant elbows, ripped open his shirt at the base of his strong neck, and so stood ready for the fray.

Ready, indeed. With the putting aside of that coat, which was the emblem of peace, ten years dropped from his shoulders. His back straightened; his body swayed gracefully; his head, beneath its rounded shock of flowing brown hair, rose proudly, the chin up, and the very hairs of the beard bristling. Again he was breathing, through quivering nostrils, the close atmosphere of the old railroad gymnasium; again he saw its lights and heard the cheers of on-looking friends; again he faced a rival in the ring.

Nor was the antagonist, dimly aware of the change and endeavoring to meet it, wholly unworthy. Conners had swept away his own hat and, though he had not taken off his coat, had compromised by buttoning it tightly about him. He ap-

peared, after all, the fighting animal. Under the bristling, close-cropped, black hair of a bullet-head was a mere patch of forehead, the brows beetling, the eyes twin, glowing beads. His heavy nose was matched by an equally heavy jaw, and under his crisp black mustache he was endeavoring to sneer until he showed fangs as strong and as yellow as those of a wolf. His whole body was a knotted mass of muscle; he must have had an advantage of twenty pounds in weight and six inches in height, and, though his bovine neck puffed out above his collar, he was clearly in excellent trim.

Amos came forward lightly, despite his heavy boots, and the two faced each other, arms extended, fists clenched, sparring for an opening. The swindler's eyes were already red with anger, but the eyes of the Pennsylvania German were not angry. They were worse: they were resolved.

"One arm free," he said, smiling, "and no fighting in the break-aways."

There was a flurry of fists. Amos feinted with his left, followed with his right to his opponent's unguarded cheek, and then the battle had begun.

Snarling, panting, gasping, Conners tried to "rush his man" and overcome by sheer force of weight, but for a while the little fellow, his long hair flying out behind him in a small puff, the pennant of battle, blocked every blow. They met, clinched, and separated.

Again and again was this repeated, and each time Amos was less and less successful in his defense. Once Conners achieved an ugly blow between the farmer's eyes, and immediately afterward placed another almost upon the tingling spot of its predecessor. The fists of each were landing now with a curious *thuck-thuck*, but though Conners had succeeded in evoking a white rage to his assistance, and tried for the face, Amos was perfectly cool, calm, calculating, playing always for the "wind," yet never fouling, never striking a hair's breadth below the waist. And, as the fight progressed, his smile broadened above his wagging beard. In his brown eyes there showed the proud light of battle, of the love of fighting for fighting's sake. The man was renewing his youth and sloughing off the skin of environment. Behind the



Drawn by Frederic R. Gruger. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"I TOLD YOU TO TAKE YOUR COAT OFF YET!"

generations of persecution and restraint stood the old Adam belligerent.

Both were now taking considerable punishment, but, though the welts on the little man's face were the more noticeable, his less frequent but more deadly body-blows were beginning to tell perceptibly upon his big antagonist. Somehow he felt the unfair handicap of a superior knowledge.

"Try oncet fer my *vind*," he cried, hopping nimbly about his heavy adversary, and landing a terrific blow in the short-ribs. "Try oncet fer my *vind*."

It is uncertain whether or not this angered Conners beyond his small powers of endurance. What is certain is that he rushed again into a clinch and clutched Amos fiercely, running in as if to avoid punishment and flinging his arms about his enemy's neck. Amos calmly embraced his opponent, delivering short jabs the while in the small of the fellow's back, and finally pushing himself free, his hands on Conners's chest. And then, in separating, when Driesbach's guard was down, the swindler fouled cruelly with a swinging blow below the waist.

"I 'll get your wind all right, — you!" he gasped, and followed the foul with a smashing bang on the German's nose.

Amos fell back, doubled up and gasping. But before the enemy could once more "rush him," he managed to get up his guard and check the approach. The sweat was in his eyes, but he brushed it away with a free hand. On the pink of his upper lip there sprang a patch of crimson. The blood from his nose got into his mouth, but he spat it out, and kept playing with his fists while the enemy advanced again.

Head down, bellowing and snorting like a bull, Conners hurled himself forward, his arms lashing out in swinging blows, his great fist, with its flashing diamond, moving like a flail. But Amos, white now with pain though he was, sprang lightly aside, and, as the man lurched past him, landed a stinging welt upon the fellow's great, red ear. Conners staggered to the fence and, gripping it hard, leaned there, blowing.

Amos, instead of following, waited calmly in the middle of the road, though

with a tight mouth twisted in pain, left foot forward, crouching, his fists moving gently before him, his head protected by a broad shoulder slightly raised.

Conners eyed him bewilderedly for quite half a minute.

"I told you to take your coat off yet," said Amos.

At that rage again claimed Conners, and with it action. He dashed wildly forward, arms once more flying, and made another attempt to use his superior weight to crowd in and foul. But this time the little farmer was prepared. He met the rush gracefully, warded the vicious blow, and landed a mighty fist, with a full sweep, neatly upon his enemy's chin.

The big man's head shot forward precisely as if his neck were broken. He doubled at the waist and the knees, and so, trembling, with closed eyes, crumbled to the ground.

Amos, his brown eye again alight, hopped about the corpse-like figure, ready to resume the fight, and glibly counting.

"One, two, sree," he began, and so reached ten without a sign from Conners.

Then he dared to turn his back upon his adversary and fetch some water from the meadow-stream across the pike.

When the swindler opened his glazed eyes, his head was in Amos's lap. Driesbach had resumed his coat, and with it the greater part of his faith.

"Well," gasped Conners, "I reckon you can take the purse an' the gate receipts, too."

"Sag!" said Amos; "it would only be fair-like if I knocked off twenty—if I knocked off one dollar fer the fun I had."

"What do I owe ye, then?"

"The sewin'-machine, because die Mabel wanted one in the house—vis a bill of sale fer it—and four hunnerd and sisty-sree dollars and ninety cents. And I 've been sinkin' like, while I was fightin' you yet, that if that money had been in the bank all the way to Lancaster these eight mont's, there 'd be the *ind'rest* on it a'ready. The law says the *ind'rest* would be twenty dollars, but *wehrlos* don't hold by the law none; we lend each ozzer at a lower rate; so I 'll say four per cent., which would be sixteen dollars an' sisty-sree cents. We 'll call it four hunnerd and seventy-seven dollars and twenty-sree cents, wis seventy-five cents off, say, fer the fun I 've had. I brought along a lot of *silver* wis me yet, so I could make *change* a'ready."



SONG

BY HELEN HAY WHITNEY

LIGHT of the World, what are violets but eyes of you!
 Perfume—your hair blowing back on the breeze!
 Ah, but the fugitive, dainty surprise of you
 Pricking in green on the blossomy trees!

Give me the sun of your smile to be fire to me;
 Give me the moon when the passion has gone;
 Give me the light, to be dream and desire to me,
 Down the dark alleys that lead to the dawn!

COME AND FIND ME

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

Author of "The Magnetic North"

LOUIS CHEVIOT was one of those who reached the Klondike in the autumn of '97. A lucky chance brought him the opportunity of going shares in a lay on Bonanza with a man whose fitness for "pardnership" he had tested coming over the awful pass, and shooting the Hootalinqua Rapids.

The two had washed out ten thousand dollars apiece by the end of June, and with the prospect of making an even better thing of it the next year, Cheviot left his partner to carry on the development of the lease, and turned his bronzed face homeward.

He was as certain now as before he had garnered this experience that for wild life, *qua* wild life, he had no taste. That it should be so was partly, strange as it may sound, a result of the cool and balanced mixing of the elements in him. He had no physical sluggishness to be sloughed off by harsh impacts, no mental inertia to be hammered into action by hard necessity, no crust of chrysalis that must be broken before the winged life might emerge, no essential wildness of spirit that needed training, no excess of ungoverned ardor that needed cooling in the Northern frosts. So it was that he was coming home with little gain but bullion, since he had gone forth with smaller need than most, of the lesson learned in chastening the body, or the lightning revelation of some crushing danger.

He could endure hardship with reasonable patience for some reasonable end, but the gains of civilization were, in his eyes, too excellent to be even temporarily abandoned without a sense of heavy de-

privation, which affected him like a loss of common dignity.

Even though he had not one, he loved the idea of home. He loved his friends and all the friendlier aspect of the earth—gardens, ordered communities of his kind, and all man's device for socializing life and regulating the unruliness of nature.

And there was Hildegarde, who had not answered either of his two letters. Why was that? He felt a contraction of the heart as he refused to allow himself to formulate surmise; yet if any one had come and said to him, "Galbraith's in Valdivia," he would have felt it no surprise.

Some friends of his were going out by the Yukon River route. He knew it to be unlikely that he should return to this part of the world. As well see that aspect of it, too, since he might do so in congenial company.

It was really the company that decided him; that was responsible for a circumstance that changed the entire course of his own and several other lives. Instead of going back as he had come, by the shorter way, he found himself at the end of July, with seventeen hundred miles of river behind him, waiting at the mouth of the Yukon for the San Francisco steamer.

He heard with surprise that there was a letter for him at the post-office. The more strange, if true, since his coming to St. Michael was less than mere chance: it had been unlikely in the extreme.

However, upon demand, an envelop appeared in the window of the little post-office. Before it ever reached the hand of the man waiting without, he recognized Hildegarde's writing. He tore it open to



Drawn by E. L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'BRETHREN' HE SAID, 'THE ANGEL OF THE LORD HAS BEEN WITH ME.
HE HAS SHOWN ME GREAT RICHES.'" (SEE PAGE 585)

read a hurried résumé of what she said she had already written him at length to Dyea and to Dawson, and now repeated, on the bare possibility of his taking the American route home; for her father was just setting out by that route to the far North, and by the same ship that carried her letter. His plan of campaign was not generally known, and all she could say with certainty was that he would be at St. Michael some time in August. She greatly hoped that if Cheviot should be passing that way, or even if he found that he could arrange to go there without too great personal cost, that he would look out for her father. She "quite approved," Cheviot read with incredulous eyes (Hildegarde, who had thought the expedition mad for a man young and as sound as an oak)—she quite approved her father's going. At the same time she did not forget that he was no longer young, and being so lame, was at a disadvantage. "Good Lord, I should say so!" The upshot was that she "lived upon the hope" that Cheviot would bring her news of Mr. Mar. The ideal thing would be that they should come home together. If Cheviot brought that about she would be "unendingly grateful."

No syllable about Galbraith.

Cheviot went straight to the Alaska Commercial Company's Hotel and looked through the names registered since the season opened. Not a Mar among them. So the ship that brought the letter had not brought Mr. Mar, for this was the only conceivable place he could have stayed in. It was no small personal relief to Cheviot that wiser counsels had prevailed.

The same afternoon it was noised about the office that a steamer had just been sighted. After all, Mar might only be delayed. While most of the population rushed down to the beach, Cheviot scribbled a hasty note and handed it to the clerk.

"If a man of that name should come in on this ship," he began.

"He has n't gone back yet," interrupted the clerk, studying the superscription.

"You don't mean he's here already?"

"Well, he *was*."

"When? It can't be the person I mean."

"Lame man about sixty? Yes, yes; remember him perfectly. Could n't quite make him out, for he did n't seem to care a tinker's curse about getting to the Klondike. The boys set him down finally as a sort of a missionary, because,"—with a laugh—"he seemed so ready to go the wrong way."

"Which way?"

"Up the coast to Golovin Bay." No, he had n't come back. A trader from Kwimkuk, who had been down for supplies, said Mar was staying up there at the Swedish mission. That was all the clerk knew. He was turning the pages back to the entries of the previous summer. "That's the man."

And there was Mar's unmistakable signature staring Cheviot in the face.

"But that's '97," he said, bewildered. He pulled out Hildegarde's letter, and looked again at the date. It was a year old.

Shortie Hinkson stopped sweeping out the office to say: "One o' them missionary fellers come down here from Golovin Sat'day. No, he ain't gone back yit. I seen him only a little while ago goin' by the A. C. office."

When, a few minutes later, among the crowd down by the old Block House, the missionary was run to earth, Cheviot found him a great, tow-headed Swede, looking as if he had been not so much cut out of wood, as hacked out, and with a very dull implement at that. Close at his elbow, and appealed to now and then for verification of some statement, was a thin, little, dark man, with glittering black eyes and a turn for silence.

The tall missionary was bargaining for some "canned stuff" with the great A. C. Company's agent, Captain Seilberg. This magnate, leaning against one of the mounted cannon the Russians had left behind in '67, was looking through a spyglass at the ship discernible on the far horizon, while between ejaculatory oaths he "did business" with the rugged Lutheran. Waiting for a chance to introduce himself, Cheviot wondered aside to a bystander, why those two talked English to each other.

"Oh, Seilberg's a Norwegian."

"No, a Dane," put in another, over-hearing.

"I thought," said Cheviot, "they could

all understand one another, after a fashion—all Scandinavians."

"Scanda who? Well, anyway, they 're too thick on the ground in Alaska for us to bother about fine distinctions."

"Yes," agreed the customs officer, as Cheviot pressed forward to speak to the missionary, "so far as we 're concerned, they 're all Scandahoojians together."

Yes, Mr. Christianson knew Mr. Mar. Mr. Mar was still at the Mission House up at Kwimkuk. How to get there?

The big missionary turned to his silent companion, who still stood gloomily by. Mr. Bjork and he would n't mind taking back a passenger in their boat. They were going just as soon as they 'd settled matters with Captain Seilberg.

"Vell, I von't keep you," said the great man, cavalierly, shutting up the spy-glass with a snap. "Dat 's not the *Trush*—Got dammer!" He turned testily away. Mr. Christianson followed, with words about rebate on "damaged cans," Mr. Bjork followed Mr. Christianson, deaf to Cheviot's questions about Mar, with eyes fixed in glassy abstraction on the red-brown scoræ underfoot.

THE two "Scandahoojians" and their passenger left St. Michael the next day in the little sail-boat *St. Olaf*, managed with no small skill by Mr. Bjork. It was the rugged Christianson, however, who issued the orders, and, strangely enough, considering his aspect, supplied the social element and the information. If you saw Christianson alone, you would have thought him one of the grimmest works of God; but seeing him beside Bjork, you would find him almost genial.

What chiefly occupied Cheviot, as the *St. Olaf* sped through the windy drizzle, was a growing wonder as to how Hildegard's father had come to be stranded up here all these months, and how a man accustomed to creature comforts, a cripple, and close on sixty, had endured the conditions of life at Golovin. What *were* the conditions at Golovin. Curious to know, for Hildegard would ask; afraid to know, for Hildegard must be answered, he kept seeing in flashes, and as through the eyes of a girl, all the probable harshness of the old man's adventure.

Cheviot's questions about Golovin were

interpreted by Mr. Christianson somewhat narrowly, eliciting an account of how the mission prospered, what the native population was, how many were converts, and other matters not strictly to the point Cheviot had in mind.

"Yes, *oh*, yes; dere is great acti-vitty. You can see in our reports. Ve make great progress. Ve bring de true light to many who sat in darkness. But ve arre poor—meezerable poor. Nobody know, what haf not lief dere, how harrd de life. Eh, Bjork?"

Bjork, sheet in hand, gloomily assented, without aid of speech.

Cheviot caught his glancing eye. "Are you—a—a—at the mission, too?"

The dark man studied the course, and held on his silent way.

"Oh, yes; Mr. Bjork ees von of os. He is not long dere; but he understand. Ve haf great need of vorkers. So he come."

"You mean—you sent home for Mr. Bjork?"

Mr. Christianson stared a moment. "Send home? Oh, it is far to Sveden. Heaven is nearer."

It was Cheviot's turn for mystification.

"Vhen ve need helpers," Mr. Christianson explained, "ve pray for dem. God send os Mr. Bjork."

He spoke with a curious matter-of-factness.

"Oh," said Cheviot. "And—a—how did Mr. Bjork know where to find you?"

"He see Kvimkuk in a vision. He see de mission house, and he see me, too. Eh, Bjork?"

The helper nodded with preternatural gravity.

"Where were you," said Cheviot, "when you had the vision?"

"On board a vhaler. Dat 's vhere Bjork vas," proudly Christianson answered for him. "On de vhaler up in Grantley Harbor, vwhile I am down dere at Kvimkuk praying for help."

"But how could he leave his ship?"

"Little boat," said Christianson, laconic for once.

"Oh, the captain let him off?"

"Christianson shook his pale locks. "You do not know vhat dey are, dose vhaling captains."

"You don't mean—" in his astonish-

ment Cheviot addressed the dumb navigator again, as if given such a theme he must at last find tongue—"you don't mean you"—and then he halted, for there 's something about the impact of the word "deserted" that men shy from—"you don't mean you left the ship without leave?"

Bjork's face never changed; but not so Christianson's. He regarded his acolyte with a somber enthusiasm. "It vas yooost like Bjork—say nodding; yooost follow de call. Dat 's Bjork."

"Pretty big risk I should have thought."

At which, somewhat to Cheviot's surprise, Bjork gave a sharp little nod, and Christianson showed his long, yellow teeth in a rather horrible smile.

Cheviot felt egged on to say: "Don't they shoot deserters up here?"

"Yes," said Bjork, speaking for the first time.

"If dey *find* dem," amended Christianson.

Bjork's little eyes glittered. His thin lips moved faintly, as if they too would have smiled had they ever learned the trick of it.

"And you came straight to Kwimkuk?" persisted Cheviot. "No; he land oop by Sinook," Christianson said. "He see dat not de place he vas shown in de vision, and dose vhaler fellows after him de next day. Bjork hid in de scrub willow, and creep along vid hands and knees. After two days he come to a native camp. Next morning he see out dere dat *Seagull* comin'. But he haf an-odder vision. He know now he haf to get a squaw to hide him in de bottom ob a kyak, and take him like dat down de coast to Golovin. Terrible long journey! I am down dere on de shore vhen de squaw beach de boat. I see Bjork crawl out de hole in de middle, half-dead, and look round. Look all round. Den I hear him say in Svedish, 'Dis de place!' and I say, 'Vad plads?' leedle surprised. And he come right avay up to me, and he say: 'De Lord sent me.' So I see he vas de man I pray for."

"Oh! And when he is n't managing a boat—up at the mission, what does Mr. Bjork do?"

"Oh, he help," said Christianson, with

unshakable satisfaction in the answer to prayer. "Better as anybody he can preach."

"*Preach!*" echoed Cheviot, not believing his ears.

"Yes, Bjork not talk *mooch* except vhen he is in de pulpit, or vhen he haf a refelation."

Well, they were odd *Hausgenossen* for Hildegard's father. How long had Mr. Mar been with them? Cheviot asked. Ten or eleven months. He had got to St. Michael too late last year to reach the Klondike. He just had time to go and take a look at Golovin Bay, when the winter overtook him at Kwimkuk. So he stayed there.

But this summer? Well, he was taken ill just about the time the ice went out of the bay—no, no, he was all right now. Mrs. Christianson had nursed him. Christianson did not know what Mar's plans were,—doubted if anybody did,—though he was laying in supplies for some sort of excursion. He once had an idea of going all the way to Teller Station to see the Government reindeer. That was Mar's stuff there in the boat. Of course it was little use now to go to the Klondike. Besides, what incentive had a man of that age to face the hardships of prospecting in the Arctic? It was no matter if such a man had not great fortune. He would n't know how to use it. He had not—Mr. Christianson was sorry to say it, but Mr. Mar had not the true light.

From which Cheviot gathered that Mr. Mar had not contributed all he might to the cause of righteousness. But it was a relief to know that he had not been in straits.

"He seem to haf blenty to pay his bills." So why had he come up there, caring neither for money nor for missions? Here Cheviot caught the momentary gleam in Bjork's little eyes—a question in them, but unspoken, like all else that went on in the close-cropped bullet head. Cheviot became aware that his old friend had somehow succeeded in making himself an object of intense curiosity to these queer folk.

They all liked Mr. Mar, though (Christianson tried to catch Bjork's eye, but the dark one declined confederacy)—though Mr. Mar had done something a

little while ago that made a great deal of trouble.

"Hein? Vell, it vas like dis. Von of our great deeficoolty is de vitchcraftiness of de natives. Not a season go by vidout dey have to tie up some von." He pursed his wrinkled lips and slowly shook his colorless locks.

"Oh," said Cheviot, feeling his way. "How long do they keep them tied up?"

"Till dey confesses, or till dey dies."

There was need, then, of the missionary in this savage place, where Hildegarde's father had had to spend a year of his life.

"And if they confess, it's all right, is it?" asked Cheviot.

"If dey confess, and if dey go and get a piece of de fur or whatever it is dat dey've cut off de clo'es of de person dey been vitching, and if dey give it back and promise never again."

"And then they're forgiven?"

"Yes. Sometimes dey're stoned, sometimes dey're yooost spit at and den let to vander away; but dey're forgiven."

"Oh, like that? Well, I wonder they trouble to confess."

"Dey like dat better dan to be dead."

"Dead?"

"Burnt."

"Really? They went as far as that?"

But now—you mission people, I suppose, have put a stop to such goings on."

"Ve are not greater at Kvinkuk dan Saul at Endor."

Cheviot stared.

"But Mr. Mar," the missionary went on, "he vill be viser dan de prophets. He t'ink dere are no more any vitches. Not even when he see dat Yakutat girl dey call Omilik—not even when he see what she have done. But von day Mr. Mar hear some noise, and he go down to de beach, and he see de girl tied to de tall stone ve fastens our boats to. He see dey been beating her, and now dey pile up de driftwood round, and he, not understanding,"—the missionary explained, with an air of forbearance—"he not understanding, he try to interfere. Dey very mad, of course. Dey send for me. I tell Mr. Mar I *know* dis girl have vitched a baby and two men. De vomen all know it; everybody but Mr. Mar know it qvite vell. Mr. Mar get very oxcited, and say he not believe it. Dey bring de baby. He say: 'Dat a sick

baby, anyhow.' He not understand at all. Dey go on vid making de fire. Mr. Mar yooost goin' to do somet'ing foolish when de girl cry out: 'I confess. Yes, yes, I do all dem t'ings.' 'Dere, you see!' I tell Mr. Mar. So dey make de vitch go and bring de little pieces what she cut off de baby coat, and off de men's clo'es for to vitch dem vid. Dey all holla vhen dey see dose t'ings—all but Mr. Mar. He say de natives dey all done dat; dey all *steaks* pieces off everybody in de settlement, 'cause dey so 'fraid, anybody get sick, dey be called vitches; and if dey not got any pieces to give up, dey know dey shall be burnt. 'So dey all keeps plenty 'gainst de evil day,' says Mr. Mar.

"He mek so great foos, I tell dem yooost to tie de girl so she not wriggle out, and leave her dere like dey done Chuchuk last year. So dey does dat. Ve all goes away.

"Von day and night, two day and night, t'ree day and night, dat girl yooost de same. Dey cooms to me and says, 'Somebody gif dat vitch to eat.' I say nobody vill do a t'ing like dat. Dey say dey sure. Next night dey vatch. Dey see Mr. Mar go down vid bread and vater. You can t'ink dey are mad. It is good I am dere. I say: 'Vait! I vill talk vid Mr. Mar.' I do dat."

His faded, white-lashed eyes grew sterner still as he recalled the interview.

"Well, what happened?"

"It vas for me a moment of great responsibeeleete. De more ve talk, de more I see it ees for Mr. Mar a mattter of sentiment. *No*, of *nairves*. For os it ees a matter of religion. Ve live vid dose people, ve teach dem, ve feed dem in time of famine, ve nurse dem ven dey are sick; but ven dey do vat the Yakutat voman haf done—"

His low, booming voice went out across the surf, leaving behind a trail of menace, like the deadened roll of a distant gun.

"What then?"

Cheviot's eyes were held by the fiery look on the rugged face; impossible to doubt the burning sincerity that gave its ugliness that moment of almost uncanny power.

"Mr. Mar see it no good to say dere is no more any vitches vid dat Yakutat

voman at our door. So he say ve shall not be crool even to a vitch. Den I tell him: 'A man also or a voman dat haf a familiar spirit or dat is a vizard shall surely be put to deat': dey shall stone dem vid stones; dere blood shall be upon dem.' 'For all dat do dese t'ings are an abomination unto de Lord.'"

After a silence, "What did he say to that?" Cheviot asked.

"Hein—hn—hn!" Christianson shook back the square-cut hanks of tow that fell from under his hat. "Not even Mr. Mar," he said, with an air of triumph,— "not even Mr. Mar talk back to Moses."

But the good man's satisfaction seemed short-lived. He was grave enough as he went on: "Big storm in de night. Next day no vitch dere." He waved a great bony hand toward Kamchatka.

"Vitch gone off vid de vind."

Then lowering his voice, as though out there in the sea hollows listeners might be lurking, he bent forward:

"If dey vas to know Mr. Mar go down in de storm, and cut de rawhide for let dat vitch go!" Again, with grim foreboding, he shook the hanks of tow.

"Ve all like your friend, but ve sorry see any yentleman t'ink he know better as de Bible."

x

CHEVIOT found Hildegard's father virtually a prisoner.

His board and lodging had been too welcome a source of revenue to the mission for Christianson to feel called upon to smoothe the way for his departure, and Mar had been some time in grasping the fact that his plan of hiring a boat and a couple of natives to go up the coast for a "look at the country," was hopelessly knocked on the head since his interference in the matter of the Yakutat vitch. Not a native in the community who felt safe with him since that episode. The lame man was in league with the Powers of Darkness.

Mar's pleasure at seeing Cheviot was genuine, but not as unmeasured as one might expect. And when almost before the first shower of questions and answers had begun to abate, Cheviot flung in information as to when the next ship was leaving St. Michael, Mar assumed the

subject to be of interest only to Cheviot. Pressed further about his own plans, the elder man said evasively they were not very settled, and changed the subject. Cheviot was nonplussed. Was Mar only waiting till they were clear of the mission house? No; for they were out fishing the whole of the next day, and most of the days following, and still Mar talked of any and every thing save of going home. Was he waiting for funds? Surely not now that Cheviot was at hand.

He seemed inexplicably satisfied to sit all day over a trout pool up the river, despite the pestilential mosquitos, or in a boat out in the bay fishing for tomcod, and all the evening playing chess in the bare mission parlor, in the midst of a company sufficiently singular. Shady fellows from the Galena camp above White Mountain; prospectors expelled from Cook's Inlet; lousy, filthy-smelling natives, come upon one pretext or another; weird missionaries, dropped down from places no man but themselves seemed ever to have heard of; a reindeer herder in the Government service, though a Scandahoojian, like the majority at the Golovin Mission, and highly welcome, albeit hardly on the score of his piety. For "Hjalmar," as Christianson called him, was the one who jibbed most at the morning and evening prayers, and particularly at the long grace before meat, with its delicate proposals to the Almighty that he should induce those present to save their souls by giving to the Golovin Mission. With the same breath that thanked Him for "dis dy bounty," the Omnipotent was reminded that if this agreeable state of things was to continue, people must pay not only for the meal, but for the cause.

Mar listened, or did n't listen, with an air of respectful quiescence, and ate his meals, unabashed. But he commiserated Cheviot.

"How this must make you long for your Valdivia luxuries. Well, when do you go back?"

"Whenever you 're ready."

Mar showed as little gratitude as pleasure.

"You must n't think of waiting for me," he answered shortly.

Cheviot was profoundly perplexed as to what he ought to do. Mar was not a

man that any one could comfortably catechize, but to go away and leave him here with public opinion so against him, for Cheviot to present himself to Hildgarde knowing he had left her father on this inhospitable shore, to all intents and purposes a prisoner, it was not to be thought of.

Mar's favorite scheme for a good day's fishing was to row across to the river-mouth, where some Englishmen several years before had made a camp.

In the sheltered hollow, a little way up the stream, they had built a cabin so well that, although long deserted, it still offered refuge from the drenching rain, or from the unshut eye of the sun; even from the greater torment of mosquitos—for Mar had learned the value of the Eskimo use of a "smudge." On the way to the cabin he would gather two handfuls of arctic moss, of straw and some aromatic-smelling herb, twist all together in two wisps, and set one alight on the flat stone that formed the threshold, and the other smoldering in a rusty pan upon the sill of the single window, with the result that the mosquitos fled. In great comfort Mar and Cheviot would proceed to make tea, and eat their sandwiches; at least Cheviot ate his. He noticed that although his friend never disposed of a third of what he brought, he did not the next time bring any less. Quite suddenly, one day, it dawned upon Cheviot why; for although the crackers and cheese and sandwiches that were left were always carefully put away in a tin cracker-box, the box, on their return, was invariably empty.

And Mar never seemed the least surprised.

Was it simply that he could not bring himself to abandon the poor wretch he had rescued—could that be at the root of his delay? But why did he not take Cheviot into his confidence and get the girl out of the country, if she were in hiding hereabouts? Was it conceivable that Mar—

Cheviot got little further in his speculations till the morning when Mar, in the act of making a cast, said under his breath and without moving a muscle: "There 's that fellow again!"

Cheviot turned just in time to see Bjork's head disappear behind a bunch

of tall reeds that grew in the hollow by the little freshwater stream below the cabin. "What 's he lurking about like that for?"

"I 'm 'fraid he 's on the track of a poor, wretched girl." And Mar told the story of the Yakutat witch, but with additions not creditable to Mr. Bjork.

"It 's usually an old woman, here as elsewhere, that 's accused and set upon; but this girl can't be above seventeen, for she had n't been long out of the Bride's House."

"The what?"

"Oh, the horrible igloo where they confine the marriageable girls for half a year. They stay in there, in the dark all that time, never seeing the face of man, and they come out cowed and fat and pallid, and then they 're for sale as wives. Those that no man takes, are looked down upon, and left to shift for themselves, and must earn their own living. The Yakutat girl was pounced on instantly by a man she hated for some reason. He took her off, but she escaped, and made her way to the mission. Nobody was at home at the time but Bjork and me. I saw her come in, and I saw her come flying out of the mission parlor wilder even than she 'd entered it, and go tearing down to the village. She found shelter there, for a while, with the woman who had brought her up. But public opinion was all against her, and when it was found that the reason her 'husband' Peddykowchee did n't come and get her was that he was ill, they said she had bewitched him. His younger brother said she 'd done the same to him, and then a miserable little baby—oh, it was a ghastly business! 'Sh!' And Mar fished in silence for a full hour, with occasional sharp glances through the alder thicket behind him, down among the reeds by the deserted cabin.

The next day the store left in the cracker-box was found to be untouched.

"She 's seen Bjork," said Mar, under his breath; "she 's afraid to come any more."

"Why don't you help her to get out of the country?" Cheviot asked, setting alight the smudge on the window-sill.

"I was planning that when you came, but I don't want to mix you up in any such ticklish business."

"It's no more ticklish for me than for you."

"Oh, I'm blown upon already. The people here have been red-hot about it. They have n't cooled down yet."

"They never will," said Cheviot.

"No," agreed Mar; "but I've made the cause mine, you see. After you're gone—"

"I'm not going till you do."

"That's nonsense."

"If you like."

"It's on account of that letter of Hildegarde's?"

"Whatever the reason is, I'm going to stay if you are, and you may as well let me in for my share of the fun."

"Your share!" repeated Mar, reflectively, and stroked his long, gray mustache. "I was arranging to get the girl away," he went on presently, "when you came. I had bought this boat and made a habit of being out all day."

"Exactly. All we need is provisions."

"No, I sent Christianson to St. Michael for provisions. They're at the mission now."

"Of course; we brought them up with us. Then we've nothing to do but get the stuff into the boat."

"Without exciting suspicion."

"And pick the girl up somewhere on the coast."

"Before they realize we're gone for good."

"Surely you and I could start off on an excursion together without exciting suspicion. Why, you told them, when you first came, you were going up the coast 'to have a look at the country,'" he added, remembering Christianson's phrase.

Mar studied him an instant with uncommon intentness.

"What is it?" laughed Cheviot. "You look as if you could n't make up your mind to trust me."

"No; I'm making up my mind I will." Again he paused for a moment, and then added: "I am too old to do the thing alone."

"Well, I can manage the boat, anyhow."

"Oh, the girl can row as well as a man; but I must have a partner." And sitting there in the deserted cabin, Nathaniel Mar, for the last time, told how a hundred and odd miles farther up the

coast he had panned out gold with a dead man's help when he himself was young.

And when he had said it, that thing befell him that overtook any enthusiast in talking to Louis Cheviot. Mar saw his story on a sudden in a comic light. Clear now, its relationship to twenty "tall stories," fit matter for a twitch of the humorous lip, a hitch of the judicial shoulder.

The unconscious Cheviot had choked off many a confidence just by that look of cool amusement.

"I've always said," Mar wound up, preparing hastily to withdraw again into his shell—"I've always said it would keep—and it *has* kept, close on thirty years."

"Well, it won't keep much longer," said Cheviot, briskly.

"Why not?" A tremor shot through the man with the secret.

"Why? Because it's in the air."

Mar clasped and unclasped his big walking-stick as if about to rise.

"Before another year," Cheviot went on, "the whole of Alaska will swarm with prospectors."

"Do you think so?"

"Sure. Why, it's begun. I don't believe there's a single Yukon tributary where there is n't a man wandering about, this minute, with a shovel and a pan."

"The Yukon! Well, that's a good way to the South!"

"Those men that stopped at the mission last night—they were miners."

"They—they were after galena," said Mar, almost angrily. "They knew that fairly good ore had been brought down Fish River off and on since '81."

Cheviot laughed. "Well, if you imagine they won't so much as *look* for gold—let's smuggle your witch to St. Michael, and take the first steamer home. *I've* had enough of the North."

"You say that because you don't really believe I've discovered a second Klondike."

"Why should n't I believe it? And have n't I turned my back on the Klondike we all know exists?"

"Those men that came to the mission yesterday," Mar said hurriedly—"they—they *were* going to Fish River, were n't they? Not—not up the coast?"

"No, no; that 's all right," Cheviot reassured him. "All I meant was that somebody hereabouts had only to whisper 'Gold!' for this whole country to swarm."

"I know, I know; but we 'll have the start, Cheviot."

Mar pulled himself up by the aid of his stick, and dragged the rude soap-box table out of its shady corner into the light nearer the window—a light but little obscured by the faint smoke-wreaths that curled about the pan, and sent abroad a slightly pungent breath, agreeably acrid except to the summer pest. Mar's excitement found little expression in his face, but, so to speak, came out at his finger-tips. He could hardly hold the piece of paper he had pulled from his pocket. Up to ten minutes ago he had felt almost as far from his ancient purpose as though he still sat on the high stool in the inner room of the Valdivia Bank. Now, and within the last few seconds more especially, fulfilment seemed breathlessly near. Sitting on one side of the soap-box, with Cheviot opposite, Mar traced on the back of an envelop the land-locked inner bay of Golovin, the outer bay, and, from Rocky Point, a broken line on up the coast.

"This," he said, shading a little strip bordering the shore—"this is the sand-spit where I found the Eskimo camp. Here 's the crooked river, with its mouth full of wood. Only six or seven miles to the north is the anvil-shaped mountain."

The two men bending low over the soiled envelop were too absorbed to notice the glitter just above the window-sill—eyes narrowed to evade the smoke; two mere points of light to the right of the rusty pan, with its haze of smoldering incense.

Mar's pencil whispered over the paper in the silence. Then he spoke:

"From this broken range on the north three or four streams come trickling down to the coast. The one on the west, here, winds round from the north side of the Anvil, and it was just at this point, as I remember—just here,"—and the pencil shook, as if in doubt, or refusing to commit itself, till Mar planted the point so firmly on the paper that it made a dent as well as a mark—"just here I found the gold."

When finally Cheviot raised his eyes the glitter was gone from the sill.

WHILE the two in the cabin laid their plans and made a list of provisions and requirements, a man was creeping on hands and knees, through willow-scrub and reeds, down to the boat that lay moored in the cove below the cabin.

Christianson sat talking to Hjalmar, the herder, of the Government project of introducing reindeer among the Alaskan natives, when the door of the private office was flung wide. They looked round to see Bjork standing there.

On the sallow mask a strange light shining; the hard lips twitched in a recurrent rictus, showing a doglike gleam of sharp eye-tooth, while the rest of the mouth held rigid. If the tremendous force that locked the lean jaws was lost upon the onlooker, it must have been the insane light in Bjork's eyes that made the reindeer-herder whisper:

"He 's got a fit."

But Christianson had only flung back his long, straight hair, and grasped the rude arms of his big chair.

"Bjork," he said, "iss it a vision?"

"Ye-h-h," Bjork answered through shut teeth. An instant longer he stood silent, with his hairy hands clenched, and a barely perceptible forward and backward swaying of the tense body. Then, with an effort as of forcing steel to part, he opened his welded lips and said rapidly in Swedish:

"Have we not fed the hungry?"

"Ay," said Christianson.

"Have we not nursed the sick? Have we not preached the Gospel to every creature?"

"Ay, ay," from Christianson.

"Have we not kept the law?" With each question nearer and nearer Bjork brought the black menace of his face.

"Have we not had the faith that moveth mountains? Have we not served in hardship? Have we not waited in poverty till this hour?"

"Till dis hour?" said Christianson, getting up slowly out of his chair.

Bjork arrested his own dreamlike advance with a suddenness that seemed to wake him. He stopped, looked round, and clutched at the back of a chair.

"Shut the door," he commanded.

His chief obeyed. When Christianson turned round again, Bjork was staring over the reindeer-herder's head, piercing the infinite depths of space, while he held tight to every-day existence by the back of a chair.

"Brethren," he said, "the angel of the Lord has shown me. He has shown me great riches."

Hjalmar, the herder, pulled himself together, and shook off his growing nervousness. There was nothing uncanny in this, after all. A vision of riches was only too common since the Klondike had crazed men's brains. Bjork saw that even Christianson looked less moved.

"I tell you," the seer burst out, "this is the answer to all our prayer, the reward of all our work. The angel took me westward up the coast. I see it now." He unlocked his clutching hands, raised them, outstretched, on a level with his eyes, and with hypnotic slowness moved the right hand east, the left one west.

"A sand-spit," he said, "where the heathen gather. Beyond—a flat country, where no tree grows; but the river mouth is choked with sea-drift. A strange-shaped hill, one of old Thor's workshops, where *he* hammered the Sword of the Gods, *we* shall forge weapons against the ungodly—weapons of gold; for the river of that country,—the angel showed me the sands of it,—and the sands, Christianson—the sands were full of gold!"

The herder looked at Christianson, and Christianson looked at the herder. The herder shook his head. Christianson sat down again in his great chair.

"I tell you," said Bjork, solemnly, "I see that 'promised land' plainer than ever I saw Kwimkuk. Plainer,"—he raised his voice—"than I see you two."

But he saw them very plainly. His look leaped from one face to the other, and rage gathered on his own.

"You sit there like stone; you are deaf; you are like dead men. I—I—" he looked about the room wildly, as if he had forgotten where the door was—"I would go alone, but I must have provisions; I must have help with the boat, help with the—"

"Y—yes, yes," stuttered the old missionary.

"And the angel said, 'Go first to Christianson—'"

"Yes, yes. Of course, I—"

"'But tarry not,' said the voice. 'If Christianson receive not the good tidings, go take the news to another.'" He seemed now to locate the door. He made two steps in that direction, saying: "Me, I obey the voice."

"I, too, obey," said Christianson, hurriedly; "I will come. I will come Saturday."

"Saturday!" Bjork's burning impatience blew the end of the week to the end of the world.—"I tell you, *to-morrow* will be too late! It must be to-day. It must be this hour."

"Why?" demanded the herder, but he, too, was on his feet.

"Ha! You will ask questions! No wonder the angel comes to me." Again he turned about and rushed at the door. Christianson intercepted him. Bjork with a convulsive movement flung him off.

"The voice said: 'This is the hour you have prayed for; but if it pass in idleness, pray no more—pray no more.'" Bjork's voice rang out with a tragic authority. "'For this is the hour when your feet should be shod with swiftness and your hands be full of cunning.'" It was the voice said so." Bjork's fingers were on the latch. "Me, I obey." He opened the door.

"Come, Hjalmar," said Christianson.

XI

HILDEGARDE's sense of anxious responsibility had grown with every month that passed after her father sailed out of San Francisco harbor—bound for "the Klondike?" people exclaimed with envy, rather than asked in any doubt.

"N—o—no," he had said, "and then hastily, to keep outsiders off the track, 'well, perhaps. Who knows?' Who did not know! And, after all, why should any man stay at home who was not obliged?"

It was natural that no one else should take Mr. Mar's enterprise as seriously from the start as did his daughter, for she knew how large had been her share in it. She had been the first, the only one, to cheer him on. She it was who had got "the boys" to finance the undertaking; she who had broken the fact to her mother. But for his daughter, Nathaniel

Mar would not now be—where was he? How faring? Many a time Hildegarde's heart contracted sharply, as in silence she framed the question. Her own fault that she could not answer; her fault that half Valdivia could no longer set their clocks by the big lame man's passing; her doing that he sat no more of a morning in the warm, sunny room of the San Joaquin, sending out smoke and absorbing news. Others sat there in peace and safety, discussing their absent townsman; and Hildegarde sat at home, trying to keep at bay the thought: if anything dreadful should happen to him—

It had eased her a little to write to Cheviot, and beg him to look out for her father. She was tempted to say: "Bring him back safe, and there's nothing I won't gladly do to prove—" but she pulled herself up in time, and only promised an unending gratitude.

The steamer *President*, which had taken Mar north, brought, on her return trip, a brief letter from him, saying merely that the journey was safely accomplished as far as St. Michael. His family knew they would probably not hear again till the following summer.

Life was easier when Bella was there. To her one might say: "Will he come back by the first boat in June, or shall we only have letters, do you think?" And say it in one form or another so often that, but for reasons unavowed, the speculation would have wearied friendship.

But Bella was full of sympathy and tonic suggestion, always prepared to pore over Northern maps, always ready to discuss probable conditions "up there."

What a friend was Bella! "I've talked of a standard," Hildegarde thought humbly, "but she lives up to it"—in these days. It was a shame ever to remember the lapses long ago.

And now spring was here.

How natural it was to be looking forward to something great and wonderful that was to happen in June! Hildegarde and her father had done that as long ago as when the girl was in her early teens and Jack Galbraith was expected back from his first Arctic enterprise. What more natural than that Hildegarde and Bella should be doing very much the same today? Calling their expectation by Mar's

name, merely gave it manageability. For apart from Bella's interdiction, the word "Galbraith" was, in this, like an overheated iron. If it were to be touched in safety, some shield must come between you and the too ardent steel. "Galbraith" would scorch, but wrap "Mar" about the forbidden name, and you could use it to significant ends.

Summer and Mr. Mar! Oh, Mr. Mar served well as symbol of that mightier issue that both dared hope for out of this year's opening of the ice gates of the North.

And yet the month of wonder, June, went by without a word or a sign coming down from the top of the world.

July brought a letter—from Cheviot. He had done well, and he was coming home. Hildegarde might look to see him by the next boat. No word of Mar; plain he had not had Hildegarde's news when he wrote. Not the next boat, however, nor the next, brought Cheviot, nor any word of Mr. Mar.

"I don't know how I should get through this time but for you, Bella," Hildegarde and she were seldom apart.

Not till mid-August came the sign from Mar—a letter written from a queer-sounding place in early June, a letter strangely short and non-committal. He had reached St. Michael too late the previous autumn to go any farther than Golovin Bay before navigation closed. He would push on as soon as travel was practicable; he was well; he sent his love. And no more that summer; no more up to the time the boats stopped running in the autumn.

Cheviot had not come, after all; and silence, like the silence of the grave, wrapt the father and that other on the far side of the world.

"I shall burn a joss to those who travel by land or by sea, by snow or by ice," said Bella, one day in December, and she lighted the stick of incense on the flower altar, whence no heathen smoke of prayer had risen for a couple of years now. But more prayers than ever before had been offered up in the little white room. And what need of a face on the wall above the roses? The picture was not really shut away in a drawer. Vivid in each girl's mind, it was borne about as faithfully as in the old days when on Hildegarde's

breast, in a setting of silver, it hung on a velvet string.

Now and then Bella remembered Cheviot, and when she remembered him, she spoke of him. Sometimes she spoke of him when she was thinking of him little enough; as on the night when she was not well, and Hildegarde, sleeping on the sofa in her friend's room, had waked in misery over a dream she 'd had. Bella was lying wide-eyed in the dark.

"A dream about—"

"Yes, a snow-storm in the night, in the wind; a slipping down into blackness. I thought I saw him fall, and I knew it was the end."

"They go by contraries. Your father's quite well and happy."

Hildegarde had not said the dream concerned her father, but she offered no correction.

"Still," Bella went on, "for the moment it makes one feel—I 'll tell you! We must have a little light to comfort us."

"No, no—it will hurt my eyes." Hildegarde was surreptitiously crying. But Bella was already up, and before Hildegarde could forestall her, she had opened the door across the hall, leading into the opposite room, and there she was striking a light. Hildegarde followed her, still a little dazed by the vivid horror of the dream, and when her eyes fell upon her own little white bed, she flung herself down there, and buried her face in the cool pillow.

"You are n't crying, are you, Hildegarde, over a silly dream? Look here, I 'm lighting a joss for Mr. Mar."

A little silence.

"I 've lit another," said Bella's hurried voice, still over there by the table—"one for Louis."

Hildegarde with face half-hidden imagined rather than saw, that three slender smoke-feathers were curling above the flowers, drowning the meeker fragrance of the roses.

She lay there, feeling the oppression of the dream fading and a waking oppression take its place. Yes, they "went by contraries." Galbraith had not fallen and been swallowed in the gaping maw of a crevasse, but when he came back, what was going to happen? He belonged

to Bella. But he had left her. And he had belonged first of all to Hildegarde. What would befall friendship in that coming wrench?

"Go back to bed, Bella; you 'll be worse."

"You must come, too."

Hildegarde made no answer.

"You can't lie there with all these flowers in the room. I did n't know you had n't set them out. The doors can't be left open, either."

"The windows can."

"I sha'n't go unless you come, too."

Hildegarde forced herself to get up. Bella put out the comforting light. But some things show plainer in the dark. Those symbols on the altar they were only tendrils of smoke by day or in the glare of the gas. Now they were sparks of fire puncturing the blackness of the scented room. One fiery eye to watch over the fortunes of Nathaniel Mar, one to shine for Cheviot, and an unnamed third to pierce the darkness that shrouded the fate of that other. Even when the two girls turned their backs, and groped their way to Bella's room, clinging hold of each other in the dark, the third spark not only shone before their inner vision still; it pricked each bosom with its point of fire.

What would happen when he came back? Each wondered, and each held faster to the other with fear in the bottom of her heart.

MEANWHILE life outwardly went on pretty much the same. With Trenn and Harry, Eddie Cox and other swains, the girls went to parties and picnics, to concerts and the theaters, and did all the usual things. The one unusual thing these days brought was the Charles Trennors' fancy ball. It was going to be a great affair, and Valdivia conversation for weeks had begun by some such statement as: "I 'm going as the Goddess of Liberty. What shall you be?"

Of course Trenn and Harry were coming up for the great occasion, and their costumes called for endless consultation with that great authority, Bella. They had, moreover, told their sister she might on this occasion be as glorious as ever she liked; and they would "foot the bill." Hildegarde deeply appreciated such gen-

erosity, but, what was more to the point, did Bella?

She only said: "Yes, Hildegarde 's going to be glorious; but I don't think it 's the kind of glory you can buy."

Before the Mar boys had come forward in this magnificent way, Bella had decided that Hildegarde must go as *Brünhilde*. Her gown was to be white cloth embroidered with silver dragons, strictly adapted from an ancient Norse design. She was to wear silver sandals on her feet; on one bare arm would be a buckle; a spear in her right hand; and on her fair hair a silver helmet.

Bella was going as *Amy Robsart*, and that was easy enough. It was those dragons of Hildegarde's that took the time; and, as Bella had said, they would not have been easy to buy. She and Hildegarde were embroidering them every spare minute, day and night. Even now, though almost, they were not quite done, which was a pity. Trenn and Harry were coming up from Siegel's again this evening, the excuse, the necessary inspection of *Brünhilde*, at Bella's express invitation. For this had been the one costume not ready in time for the "dress rehearsal" two nights before, when Bella and "the boys" had put on their Elizabethan finery, and peacocked about in great spirits.

"I want your brothers to be what they call 'knocked silly' when they first see you, Hildegarde. You must be all dressed and ready, and we can turn up the bottom of the skirt and work at that last dragon while we 're waiting."

In pursuance of this plan, the two girls had gone up-stairs directly after supper, though it was hardly probable the boys could get there before half-past nine.

Mrs. Mar sat waiting for them in the parlor, on that side of the center-table where the book-rest supported an open volume. She rocked while she waited, and she crocheted while she rocked.

Bella had known that Mrs. Mar would sit in the half-light till even she could see no longer; but Hildegarde was not suffered to make her entrance in the dusk. Bella ran in first and "lit up." She did not stop to draw the blinds, she was in too great a hurry; besides, it was nice to let in the mild and beautiful night. "Now, Hildegarde! Look, Mrs. Mar!"

and Bella ushered in a living page from an old Icelandic saga. "Is n't she glorious?"

Mrs. Mar pecked at the regal figure with her hard, bright eyes. "White does n't make her any slimmer," she said.

"Oh, it would n't do for *Brünhilde* to be a mean, little, narrow creature."

"That helmet, too! It makes her look ten feet high."

"She wants to look high. . . And 'mighty,' and she does. No, no! Stop, Hildegarde! You must n't take it off."

"Just till we hear the boys coming. It—it 's—" Hildegarde contracted her broad brows under the helmet's weight.

But Bella flew to the rescue. "Don't, don't! Hands off! What does it matter if it is heavy? You must get used to it. You 've got to be a heroine," she wound up severely; "so don't expect to be comfortable." And Bella pulled a chair under the drop-light. "Sit here where Trenn and Harry can see you the minute they open the door. Now we can go on with the last dragon while we 're waiting."

A ring at the door. Who could that be? Bella jumped up and ran out into the hall. Only the little newsboy outrageously late in bringing the "Evening Courier." Bella returned to her dragon; Mrs. Mar read on.

After all, who could be sure but what that paper lying there—how did Bella know but it had a Norwegian telegram in it, saying word had come of the rescue in the Arctic of a party of Russians under an American leader? Or, no, the leader had done the rescuing, against awful odds. Not Bella alone, but two entire continents were celebrating his name. For this was the intrepid explorer of whom nothing had been heard for nearly four years—who had been given up for dead by all but Bella Wayne.

And this man—oh, it made the heart beat!—this man had discovered the Pole. That was why he had been so long away. It took four years to discover the Pole. But it was done. The whole civilized world was ringing with his name; and naturally enough. It was the greatest achievement since Columbus's own, and the hero's name was—

No, no, it would not be like that at all. He would want Bella to be the first to

know. The next ring at the door would be a telegram for her. Or, no; he would hardly want to break so long a silence in that brusque way. No, he would write her a beautiful long letter, telling her, explaining—No; far more like him just to appear. Without writing, without telegraphing, just take the swiftest steamer across the Atlantic, and the fastest train across the continent, and some evening like this, she, little thinking it the hour that should bring such grace—she would lift up her eyes, and there he would be—standing before her! Not only without a long explanatory letter, without words, her face would be hidden in his breast.

"There!" Mrs. Mar looked up from her book, as Bella started. "They're early! There are the boys now!"

"I don't hear them." But as Hilde-

garde spoke the words she was aware of steps on the graveled path, that wound its rather foolish way round this side of the house, leading nowhere. No one ever walked there but Hildegard herself, cutting or tending flowers. She glanced at Bella, and saw in the wide hazel eyes a light she knew.

On the step came, crunching gravel. Bella's needle arrested itself half through a stitch, and all Bella's face saying: "John! John Galbraith!" and only Hildegard, through her eyes hearing. But even Mrs. Mar was under some spell of silence and strained expectation. Now the firm tread paused, and there—there in front of the low, uncurtained window, above the syringas, showed the head and shoulders of a man. Not Trenn, not Harry. Who? Hildegard held her breath.

(To be continued)

MY DREAM

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

IN dreams I find a gate through which I pass
 Along a path, guarded by hollyhocks,
 That threads the old time garden's tangled mass
 Of tiger-lilies, marigolds, and phlox.

I follow it until at last I stand
 Before a little house, severely white,
 Whose well-worn latch I lift with eager hand,
 And cross its threshold in the waning light.

For it is always evening when I come,—
 An autumn twilight, which the neighboring sea
 Chills with its breath,—and for a welcome home,
 Upon the hearth the firelight laughs at me.

Beside it lies a cat in monkish frock
 Of furry gray, whose drowsy purr is all
 That breaks the silence, save a busy clock,
 Speeding the parting minutes, on the wall.

Wrapped in warm peace I rest, till far away
 In the still house a gentle stir I hear.
 Light footsteps through the distant chambers stray,
 Remote at first, but slowly drawing near.

Breathless I watch, while through the open door,
 The friends I lost and long for, one by one,
 Gather about me in the dusk once more.
 Then my dream fades, and I awake alone.



THE WOODS OF IDA

A MASQUÈ

BY OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

Author of "Lords and Lovers"

WITH THREE PAINTINGS BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

Scene: The Woods of Mount Ida

Time: Forty years before the Fall of Troy

CHARACTERS

VENUS		
ANCHISES	MERLA	} Shepherd maidens
THESTA	COILA	

Enter Thesta and Anchises

Thesta. Here is diviner air. 'T was close amid
Those thick, embracing laurels, thousand-armed.
Anchises. But here our breath is winged. And see, the vale
Is fair with buds ten seasons deep, so long
Since winter from the mountain top descended.
Thesta. Oh, all is fair! This breeze upon my cheek
Slept in a rose's heart, and now steals forth
To whisper of couched delight.

Anchises. It will forget
Its petaled lodging in these sweeter dimples.

[Kisses her.]

Thesta. A song, Anchises! On thy happy eye
Sing but to me, as I were all the world.
Here is a spot with shading ilex cool,
Thyme-breathed, and soft with silvery, crinkled moss.
Come, drop with me upon this sweet-herbed bed
Makes earth a lover's bosom, then thy song.

[They sit; Anchises plays and sings.]

*Beauty, arise and serve my love;
No more 'mong sovereign splendors move,
For comes a queen so fair
That all thy minions to her fly,
And not one fond, observing eye
Waits in thy bowers bare.*

*It is my love, my love it is
Who roameth here like star amiss.
On base and earthly ground,*

*And all about such beauteous stir
As heaven itself had followed her
Still to adorn her round.*

*Look! Hearing her the rocks and stones
Do pray the gods to grant their bones
An eye but to come near.
And, seeing so much wonder pass,
The daisies moan and weep. Alas!
Had they but ears to hear!*

Thesta. Oh, cease! The breeze is loitering cunningly
To steal for leafy loves the honeyed sound.
Play not, but whisper how thou 'rt mine. Ah, me!
I call thee mine, when in yon thicket green
Bides now, mayhap, a nymph whose battenning eyes
Are on thy curls, thy brow, thy lithest form,
While swift she plots how she may steal thy love
And leave me moaning.

Anchises. Doubt me not, fair Thesta.
The night shall ache for all her fallen stars,
The sea go empty of her last green wave,
The blessing-handed Spring revisit earth
With brow unchapleted, nor bring one bud
To dress the hopeful bough, ere I be false.

Thesta. Oh, but the wailing ghosts whose doom was wrought
By violation of great-uttered vows
Prove that Love oft forgets his mighty oath.
Look well to thine. My mother, fair as dawn,
Was loved of Zeus, and he will hear my prayer
For her remembered sake shouldst thou prove false.

Anchises. Let him unbolt what curse he will upon me.
Ease, sweet, thy heart, that ne'er shall know love's wrong.

Thesta. Then doubt be gone. And pray you, dear Anchises,
Make soft discourse of how you saw me first.

Anchises. 'T is what I love to think on. 'T was new morn,
The tender, twittering hour when dew and sun
Hang jewels on the bud, and wimpled dawn
Makes sweet obeisance to the sturdy day.
But hark!

Thesta. (*Listening.*) By the soft laughter of the leaves
It is Silenus comes.

Anchises. Then hide we here
To watch the sylvan play of his wild creatures.

[*They go aside. Enter Silenus, riding an ass, garlanded. Satyrs follow, ivy-wreathed and dancing grotesquely. Silenus sings.*

*Ho, my satyrs, we go mating;
Ho, and away, our true-loves are waiting!
Hamadryads, myrtle-hid;
Sun-haired sylphs, deep mosses 'mid;
Naiads from their cool wells peeping;
Shepherd-maids by waters sleeping,
Fair for love a-sighing,
And they dream, and they dream
Bacchus' men come spying!*

*Ho, my satyrs, we go riding
 Where the drunken bee-moth's hiding;
 Where the night-blue berries lie
 Glowing like our Bacchus' eye
 When he sees fair Nea's tresses
 Shift among the curl'd cresses;
 And the starry hazels shake
 Light above the darkling brake.
 Ho, and away
 To keep Pan's holiday!*

[Exeunt Silenus and satyrs.]

Thesta. Oh, my Anchises, thou alone art fair!
 All other men are as these poor, rude creatures
 Since I have known thee. Love drowns all degrees
 Between the sweet, adored perfection
 And the last, lowest form of mortal kind.

Anchises. And thou, my *Thesta*, art so fair to me
 Not Venus' self could now betray mine eyes.

[Enter Venus as a beautiful nymph.]

Thesta. (*Spying Venus.*) Who's here? A straying piece! Look not
 upon her.

[Places herself between Venus and Anchises.]

Thine eyes shall not enheaven so worn a shrew.
 Arise, my own! The air grows heavy here.
 Come, come! You will not? What? You'd see this trull?
 Nay, then, I'll blind you till the dame goes by.
[Puts her hands over Anchises' eyes.]

Venus. Fair nymph, why do you blind the youth?

Thesta. We play

A game. Pass on. You spoil our sport.

Venus.

Indeed!

Is it so tender?

Thesta. Haste you by.

Venus. I'm weary.

Thesta. Be off, I say!

Venus. Nay, I will rest me here.

[Lies down.]

This is a fragrant spot. A god might woo
 A mortal in 't, nor want for spousal bower.

Thesta. Night-face, be gone!

Venus. Ha! there are sighing hearts

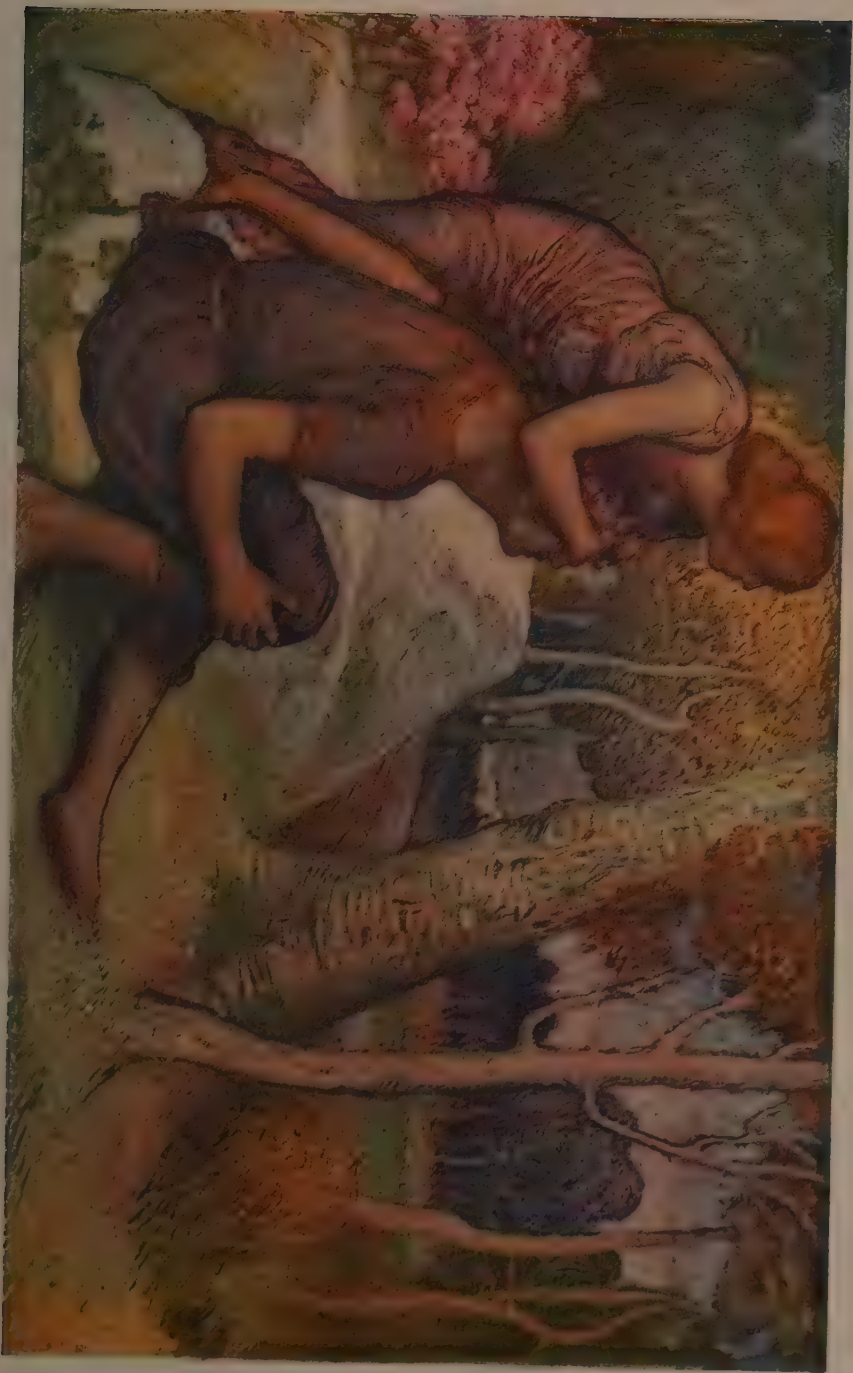
In Ida dells will vow me fair.

Thesta. Bold wench!

Anchises. Nay, by her voice she's gentle. Ah, it falls
 Like silver waters in a Delian shell.

*[Puts *Thesta*'s hands from his eyes, gazes at Venus, rises,
 and kneels before her.]*

Divinest nymph, let me thy pardon sue,
 But do not grant it, for such grace from thee
 Would swell my heart with a too happy storm



"NOW THEN, I'LL BLIND YOU TILL THE DAME GOES BY"
PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY SIGMUND DE IVANOVSKI

That, like the sea caught in ambitious strait,
Would chafe its bounds to wreck.

(*To Thesta.*) How couldst thou say,
Rude maid, she was not fair? Away, false lips,
That I will kiss no more!

Thesta. O ye blue heavens,

If from your boundaries one deity
May look with pitying eye on injured love,
Let him now hear! Ah me, ah me, ah me!

Venus. You 'll yet be happy, nymph, for lover's tears
Must dry, else seas would drown the world.

Thesta. Oh, oh!

What stony heaviness so wearies me?
Now am I gone, false youth. 'T is urgency vain
To plead with love whose wings do feel the air.
But you, proud nymph, make honeyed use of time,
For, by Olympus! you shall weep as I!

[*Goes aside.*]

Venus. Anchises?

Anchises. Ah, you know me?

Venus. Think'st that strange?

What heart beneath a maiden cestus beating
Knows not Anchises, the sun-ringleted,
Whom gods themselves find fair?

Anchises. Mock, if thou wilt.

No praise was e'er so sweet.

Venus. I mock thee not.

I love thee.

Anchises. (*Covering his eyes.*) Oh!

Venus. Believe me, youth.

Anchises. So great

A joy were death. I cannot look on thee

And think thou 'rt mine.

Venus. Nay, turn thine eyes to me.

If I am fair, 't was meant I should be seen;
For Beauty lives in dear reflection's mold,
And has no mirror but a lover's eye.
These closed lids slay all my loveliness.
Come, save me with one look.

Anchises. 'T were too much bliss.

Joy has enfeebled me to weariness.

Venus. Nay, sweet—

Anchises. To ope mine eyes, ay, lift a lash,
Would burden gods. The Titan shoulders stooped
With all the pain o' the seven sister worlds
Were laden less.

Venus. What, not a look? Not one?

Then must my tongue find passage to thy heart;
For there I 've sworn to seat me, and cozen all
Thy hoard of love. Dost think I am a nymph
Of this mount's sweet restriction? Nay, Anchises.
I roam beyond the blue bound of the earth,
And sport beside the coursers of the sea
When old Poseidon farthest rides. Wilt share
My wide domain of joy? I 'll give to thee
A diver's breath that thou mayst pluck up shells
That pearl the bedded countries of the deep,

And from their rosy prison loose the songs
 Of Tethys' maids and every nereid bride
 Since golden Ops and Saturn were till now.
 Or, deep in green sea-grot, set o'er with gems
 That wink upon us like the eyes of night,
 We 'll echo the old waves with our new tale,
 And cast a silence on their antique lips,
 That, garrulous since time, ne'er set a pause
 Unto their chronicles.

Anchises.

Oh, cease, I pray,

Nor break confine of sense!

Venus.

Nay, hear me yet.

I 'll win at times high leave for thee to guide
 The wing-drawn chariot of the Queen of Love
 Through cloud-pavilioned regions of the air,
 Nor stoop for Iris' ring, where, glowing, leap
 The rosy peris of the light. On, on,
 Till far Urania startles from her lyre,
 And in confused circuit fall the spheres;
 Then, slow returning, lie at pause and watch
 From towered windows of gold-piled skies
 Coruscant worlds at dance; and, circling down
 Mark with thy path an exhalation strange,
 Drawing Chaldean eyes as with a star.

Anchises.

No more, if thou wouldst have me live!

Venus.

Ay, more.

Say what thou wishest. No, thou shalt not say.
 They do not give who beggar with an "ask."
 Thy thoughts shall be the couriers of desire
 And to fulfilment speed ere tongue may after,—
 Be it to follow home a dancing wave,
 Or chase through skies the swallow breath of song,
 Or with thy pillowed head where violets
 For mossy nestlings build their fragrant roofs
 Give up thy heart in kisses.

Anchises.

It were enough

To gaze with thee upon a single flower
 Till life were done.

Venus.

Were done? Oh, mortal mine, thou shalt forget
 That life hath end. My beauty shall not pass,
 Wounding thine eyes with an uncouth decay
 Whose only hope is to give love a grave.
 Thou shalt not see youth's soft and rondured grace
 Shrink into hollows guarded by gaunt bones
 That thou must kiss for sake of kisses past,
 Nor court the dim and vacuous eye whose sin
 Is yet to love. Still shall my lips be warm
 And young as a first kiss; and when thine pale,
 I 'll feed their rose with mine; thy clouding eyes
 Shall be re-lustered in my own, and thou
 Shalt clasp me beautiful until no more
 Thou wishest joy anew, and passive age
 Lets slip my youth's eternity.

[Rises.

Anchises.

Oh, stay!

Let me but look on thee, nor ever rise
 From this blest spot.

Venus.

Nay, up and come with me.

The smiling hour glides to a happier goal.
I know this way. It leads unto a bower
Walled with the bright arbutus. There, beneath
The blushing shade of roses on whose cheek
Aurora's tears die not, sweet hyacinths
Lean their soft purple to narcissi bosoms,
A cool stream lies song-near, whose lily-islands
Move with the wind like melodies o' the eye,
And from its banks the veined iris lifts
Her signal head, the naiad's sentinel.
Come, tread with me unto this dear seclusion,
And though 't is old to thee for many a spring,
Thou 'lt vow 't is virgin new as now thou seest it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Thesta. (*Coming forward.*) Oh, why so slow, fond Thesta, to bring down
The bolt of Zeus upon this wicked tryst?
I 'll wait no more. Anchises, oh, my love!
Who comes? And is there laughter in the world?
I 'll hide my weariness from mocking eyes.

[*Retreats as shepherd-maidens enter, singing.*]

*Pipe, pipe for Pan!
Hither throng,
Hither dance,
All ye wood-born children, all,
Of the god whose summer lance
Takes the world for love and song!*

Coila. (*Spying Thesta.*) Oh, here is the nymph that stole our Anchises! Ha, Thesta, what do you behind that poplar? What! weeping? Is it a thorn in your foot? A nymph has but two troubles—a thorn-prick and a false lover, and I am sure Anchises would not leave you.

Thesta. Mock as you please, stony Coila.

Coila. Oh, is he gone? Did he not swear there was no warmth in the world but where your eye cast the sun? He must be cold indeed now so far in the shade!

[*Thesta throws herself face down on the grass.*]

Merla. Every maid must weep an hour, and a nymph has tears, too.
Come, let us find her a new lover.

[*They take hands and sing.*]

*Shepherds, leave your daisied steep!
Who would let a maiden weep?
Satyrs; rouse from tussock green,
Flower-cheeked and soft for maids,
And ye fauns with crownèd heads,
That ne'er tell where ye have been.*

Come, and—

Shepherdess. (*Breaking away.*) Hark! I hear Silenus!

[*They run off.*]

Thesta. (*Rising and lifting her arms to heaven.*)
Crown of Olympus, on thy wrath I call!
Oh, turn the steelèd arrows of thine eye
Upon the mark I set thee! By joys thine

In the sweet season of my mother's spring,
 Hear now my cry that climbs the sky for curses!
 Hear now, O mighty Zeus! Strike not the nymph
 With easy death, but let my fate be hers,
 That when Anchises' eyes do rest upon her
 All beauty is shut out, and he no charm
 May spy, however so he search! . . . They come.
 Must I see this? Be swift, O lightning god!

[*Goes aside as Venus and Anchises reënter.*]

Anchises. Thou soothest me, and yet the fear—the fear!
 I tremble still, and round me cloudy hangings
 The prophecy of gloom without a star.
 No warbler's whistle calls me to the dawn
 To sport my day of life in Phæbus' eye,
 But the drear-noted dove about me sings,
 And even now I seem to make my way
 Through bent, enlacing woods where darkness draws
 Gnarled horrors to embrace in deeper night
 Till eyes no more may struggle.

Venus. Fancy chafes thee,
 Jealous that thou hast drunk reality
 More rare than fills her deep, enchanted bowl.

Anchises. Nay, rather since I know at times thou 'lt leave me,
 I 've fallen such woeful height that middle earth
 Where I was wont to walk doth nadir seem.

Venus. Oh, not a sigh for that, for oft and long
 I 'll be with thee. Cheer, then! Come, sound thy lyre,
 And from yon neighboring dell which courted Pan
 Keeps festive, woo his leaf-crowned rioters
 To dance for our delight. Play, my Anchises.

[*Anchises plays, and in rush fauns, satyrs, nymphs, shepherds, of Pan's train, singing.*]

Pan, Pan, Pan, whose song shall never die!
Wave, ye great oaks, and tremble with his name;
Ye bending yews, drop not a tear to-day;
Sweet myrrh, bleed not, and all thy wounds forget;
And, willow pale, no more thy sorrows rue!
Ye olives that dream though the sun be up,
Ye myrtles now guessing what trees ye 'll adorn,
Ye laurels—

[*Lightning, thunder, darkness. The rioters vanish. Light reveals Anchises prone, and Venus, undisguised, bending over him. Thesta watches aside.*]

Thesta. Oh, she is Venus! Venus, whose soft breath
 Enchanteth whom she will! I blame thee not,
 My poor Anchises. Ah, what does she say?
 Not blind? Anchises blind? Oh, no, no, no!

Venus. Almighty Zeus, how hast thou leveled beauty!
 O dear Anchises, mortal lord of love,
 No prayer of mine may turn this darkness from thee!

Thesta. Oh, 't is the curse of Zeus! He could not mar
 The golden beauty of the heaven-born,
 So takes Anchises' sight. What mockery
 Of faith, that bears the stamp of truth, but marked
 At heart with treachery!

Venus.

Can 't be those eyes

That were my star-ways to the earth, must close
 On vast, unlifting night? And open but
 To ache for day that comes not nor will come?

Anchises. Can naught avail, O goddess?*Venus.*

Zeus himself

May cancel not his bolt, or else would Venus
 Forego all dear, divine disport,—no more
 The courseless azure glide with heart as light
 As the dove-parted air, but, prostrate laid,
 Devote immortal years to anguished suit
 For high, restoring pardon.

Anchises.

Oh, even now

My eyes, like chary, fine ambassadors
 Running before the pleasure of a king,
 Strayed here or there, this spot or that discarded
 As all too meager for their pampered lord,
 Though it did herbage show like earth crowned new
 For Maia's bed, or Flora's tryst with Pan.
 Now, could a leaf its small, green wonder shake
 To these black orbs, I 'd laugh as at the Spring.
 Oh, set my rocky home in frozen seas
 Where I may see the Dawn's mist-robed foot
 Step fearful o'er the waste, and I a god
 Am blest as Bacchus with his routing fauns
 In south-sweet vineyards! But this night, night, night!
 Must ever I in slow, unburied death
 Carry my tomb about me, close as cell
 In hell's confinèd heart? Ah, is it true
 Thou, goddess, canst not aid me?

Venus.

Aid thee? Yes!

Thine shall be all the joys the eyes claim not,
 And through a life made long thou 'lt prove them dear.
 From danger's touch thou art anointed free.
 Forget to tremble, and shake not before
 The crimson harvest of the steel-threshed air
 When Ares blows the Phrygian plain to tempest;
 For e'en when flame enwraps the charring bones
 Of all thy countrymen thou shalt escape,
 And Eryx' mount, fair spot of fairest isle,
 Thy body shall receive, by noblest son
 Consigned; and there I 'll fix my earthly shrine.
 Farewell. Zeus summons me. Through yonder sky
 His lackey wanders like a goalless star,
 For I have veiled me from him. See? Dear eyes,
 What do I say? Farewell. This kiss is all
 That 's left to Venus of sweet, mortal love
 Till her fond eyes ope on thy son and hers.

[Exit.

Anchises.

There is a creature of the sea-beat rocks
 Whose winter-chidden haunt yields not one hope
 Of food, and, gnawing self, it dies to live.
 I am so bleakly lodged, who cannot find
 Within the fostering circuit of the sun
 One sweet, life-nursing ray, but to myself
 Must turn devouring. Night, forever night!

[Echo of Pan's chorus.

*Mountains, shake your leafy hair,
 Wedding concords in the air
 From your foot to cloudy height!
 Sing, ye curled and dimpled floods,
 Till the smiling ocean buds
 With new isles for his delight!
 Lo, Apollo calls the sea,
 And the sea calls to the sky,
 Pan, Pan, Pan,
 Whose song shall never die!*

Anchises.—So runs gay Nature with immortal foot
 O'er her brief loves. The forest dieth not
 When falls the leaf. Nor looks Life for a grave
 When one man weeps, but casts her broken hearts
 As trees their last-year crowns, her root-lips deep
 In earth's strong wine, her bannered beauty flying
 New in the kissing air, while they lie trampled.
Thesta. (*Aside.*) O dearest heart, I 'll give my life to buy
 The sun for thee! What joy hadst thou, O Zeus,
 To steal the luster from young eyes of love?
 [Approaches Anchises.

What dost thou here, fair youth?

Anchises. I am at feast.

Thesta. I see no board nor guest.

Anchises. I am the guest.

Remembrance is my host, who now arrays
 On board invisible long-storèd viands
 That with deluded tooth I seek to pierce
 And find me mouthing air. Look on mine eyes
 And say what seest there. Some hideous, black
 Disfigurement? Swart, open doors to hell?

Thesta. Nay, beauteous lodges of the resting sun,
 That might their beacon throw from Ida's top
 To Crete.

Anchises. Am I still fair?

Thesta. So fair that I,
 A nymph, whose lovers, past a score, now sigh
 And die by mount and stream, would count me blest
 If thou wouldst love but me. Ay, wert thou blind,
 I 'd lead by land and sea and find for thee
 All store of golden joys.

Anchises. Why dost thou say
 If I were blind?

Thesta. It was to deck my oath.

Anchises. 'T is true. Didst hear the thunderbolt that late
 Shook Ida's base? That closed these day-gates here.

Thesta. Oh, heaven! . . . Yet thou 'rt fortunate.

Anchises. How, maid?

Thesta. Sometimes we cannot see for too much sun,
 That drowns the landscape's sweeter variation
 Most clear 'neath shadowing clouds; so does the eye,
 Supreme and arrogant, obscure the worlds
 The modest, meeker senses bring to us,
 Till 't almost seems we are no more than eyes.
 We say the winds make moan, the waters murmur,
 The grass is soft, the bird-song shrill or sweet,



"COME! THROUGH MY EYES FIND THOU THE WORLD ANEW"

PAINTED FOR THE CENTURY BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI

The bough is fragrant and the fruit is lush ;
 But if the eye would spare us beauty's flood,
 What new delights would creep into our joy
 From paths uncovered then ! The forest spirit
 Would to our love betray the tale of winds
 And whisper of the leaf ; the questioned stream,
 No more a gossip, would in holy mood
 Unwind its pilgrim secrets ; birds would call
 The ecstasy expectant when faint feet
 Are trembling to dim temples never seen
 But when the sense o'ertakes the shriven soul ;
 The rose would be an unregarded guide
 To dearer, odorous rivers of the air,
 Stealing from sources sweet and bearing each
 A legend no more sealed ; fruits on our lips
 Would prisoned summers break, nor first give half
 Unto the eye—life's captain forager
 And custom-chartered thief !

Anchises. Art Music's self ?

Thesta. Nay, but herself, dear youth, shall visit thee,
 And sometime cast the last dim barrier down
 Between her utterless meaning and thy heart.
 Her speech shall be thine own ; while men do chatter
 Thy moving lips shall move the marble gods.

Anchises. Thy voice steals up like fragrance on the night,
 [Kissing her.

And here the rose that lost it.

Thesta. If thou 'lt love me
 The world shall bloom to thy attentive sense
 As it ne'er flowers to the thoughtless eye.
 The seasons all shall march them through thy heart
 As 't were the archway to Elysium
 When gods call wonders home. The robing dawn
 I 'll paint unto thy soul till the least cloud
 That casts its infant mantle to her pomp
 May then wear all her olden amplitude
 Thine eyes now mourn. Give me thy heart, thy smiles,
 And love will make me even as the poets,
 Whose words like burning glasses linn in fire
 The truths dull men had passed. Each dear event
 I 'll burnish to a starry hap of heaven,
 And sing old deeds as never harper sang
 Till years that bosomed them lift dusty head
 To learn how they were blest and knew it not.

Anchises. I ne'er met Fortune till she took mine eyes !

Thesta. (*Aside.*) 'T is Venus with him still. Ah, goddess, aid me !

Anchises. Wilt follow me ?

Thesta. No joy could be more dear !
 Even to man's and woman's world I 'll go
 And be a nymph no more. There if thou falter'st
 My arms shall be about thee, flattering still
 Thy doughty pride, as fond, supporting vines
 Pay court and compliment unto the boughs
 They save from kingly wreck. Ay, as the earth
 At last makes all things sweet in her warm mold,
 One winey redolence, one heaving strength,
 My love shall make one radiant quality

Of all thou art. Thy blundering hours and sage,
The virtue that men praise, the fault they chide,
Beauty and blemish, dear in one fair sum,
Shall blend all-lovable. Dost not believe me?

Anchises. Thou 'lt weary of these begging eyes, and I
Shall lose the light a second time.

Thesta. No, no!

Thou think'st of Beauty, the poor gaud of Love.
Hadst yet thine eyes, 't is she thou still wouldst serve,
Passing from face to fairer face, nor find
The dear and everlasting element
The heart must pause to know. And Beauty, too,
Would shift her sovereignty as blew desire.
Each blot upon thee, each wound and slight of time,
Would swell full monstrous to her carping eye.
E'en at the losing of a hair she 'd prune
Her eager wings, and in life's ashen eve
Thou 'dst sit alone 'neath thy regretful stars,
Thy graying locks in pity falling o'er
Thine age-cold cheek, thy slow and laboring heart
Beating unheard unto the silent end,
While Beauty tumbled the gold curls of youth
And mocked thy longing eye. But Love would lay
An April bosom on autumnal chill,
Staying thy foot for yet another June
Hid in the sheltering hollows of her ways,
And of thy snowy hairs make hawthorn bowers
For youth's old dream. Ay, Love, true Love, would lead,
Although thy hand were bone, to bed of peace,
And, dying on a kiss, thou 'dst never know
When Death's kiss ran in Love's.

(*Aside.*) O goddess dear!

Anchises. I would have knowledge. Canst thou give me that?

Thesta. From every flower of truth I 'll bring thee dew
Which thou 'lt distil to honey of the wise.
Thy lips shall feed men for immortal deeds,
And Troy shall stand while Trojans reck thy nod.
. . . Come now with me. Step here. Did'st ever feel
Thy feet 'mong flowers till now? The least of these
That gives its heart up in a silken kiss
Upon the rosy hollow of thy foot
Is yet great Nature's darling and betrays
In every suasive curve the mother-love.
Feel here these beds where mad, inebriate bees
Have swooned to happy death. They glow for thee!

Anchises. I see them. Ah, I see! . . . What is thy name,
Blest nymph and sweet magician?

Thesta. 'T is Fidea.
Come! Through my eyes find thou the world anew.
[*Exeunt.*]

[*Refrain from Woods.*]

Pan, Pan, Pan!
Whose song shall never die!



Drawn by Stanley M. Arthur. Half-tone plate engraved by R. Varley
"RIGHT OF WAY" TO THE AUTOMOBILE

PALLONE THE NATIONAL GAME OF ITALY

BY

F. J. MATHER, JR.

Drawn by C. M. Relyea

WAITING FOR A VOLLEY

Drawn by C. M. Relyea

READY FOR SERVICE

COMING out of the Cascine, the park of Florence, by the eastern gate, I heard cheering, a small but unmistakable imitation of the howl I had helped to swell on many a Yankee ball-field. The thing was so unusual in Italy that I followed the sound back into the park. There I saw a low, roofless building, as could be seen by the heads and shoulders that appeared on three sides above the coping, fixed in intent curiosity. On the fourth side rose a blank and seemingly useless wall to a height of about sixty feet. From within came strange, almost rhythmical thuds, such as one hears when a wedge is being slowly driven home with a wooded maul, or, more exactly, like the thump of the instep against a football when a long punt starts away. The thuds ceased. There was a growl of disapproval as the heads and shoulders wriggled in apparent agony. I had heard the sound on professional baseball fields when the umpire gave a close decision to the visiting team. By this time I had learned that admission might be had at twenty, ten, or six cents, and making a prudent middle choice, I was soon seated on a brick bench, watching my first game of *pallone*.

I have never passed through Florence since without visiting the pallone-court,

or, to give it its proper dignity, the *sferisterio*, and if I had to choose between being excluded therefrom or from the Piazza della Signoria, I should be honestly in a quandary. (After all, one could get into the Uffizi by the back way.) For pallone is the king of ball-games, requiring not merely great strength and alertness in the player, but offering also such a succession of noble plastic poses as may be seen in no other game. Goethe, who saw his first match with delight, at Verona, in September, 1786, wrote that such attitudes were "worthy of being put into marble." Our more enlightened archæology would probably declare for the nobler material bronze, if the pundits could be persuaded to follow Goethe and occasionally exchange the library for the pallone-court.

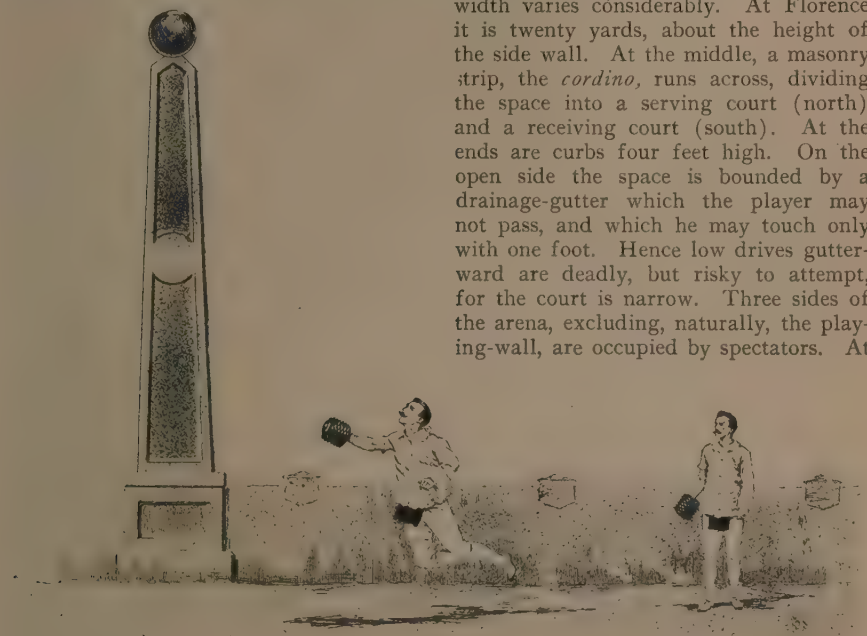
Be that as it may, the gist of the game is almost as readily grasped as its statuesque beauty. Pallone is merely the perfected and titanic form of the *jeu de paume* that is played from end to end of Europe. You see it in its incipency when two urchins with tambourines bat a rubber ball to and fro in the open or against a side wall. In Spain the thing is done with a wicker racket in a court, and is called *pelota*. But pallone, the ancient game which is the parent of tennis, rackets,

and half a dozen other wall games, is as far superior to its rudimentary forms as baseball is to rounders.

One look at the big ball, the pallone itself, would convince you that here is a sport for men, if not for giants. The pallone looks like a huge baseball, but has twice the diameter and weighs two thirds of a pound. I have seen its like in Columbia County, N. Y., where, twenty years ago, the old Dutch game of wicket was still played. Imagine a twelve-pound shell, or an enlarged croquet-ball, soaring from end to end of a three-hundred-foot court, or ricocheting treacherously off the side wall as the agile player gives this, or that turn of the bristling wooden cestus. This bat is as noteworthy as the ball. A wooden cylinder, about eight inches long, and six in diameter, with an outer array of inserted wooden spikes, and an interior cross grip shaped to the player's hand—such is the arm-piece, or *bracciale*. It is

so heavy—weighing at least four pounds—that one may rather say it sways the bearer than he it. Once it swings at the hurtling ball, the whole body must follow the gesture: hence the remarkably plastic quality of all the attitudes of play. And the contestants are dressed in a fashion to give value to these momentary poses. A trim jacket, the right sleeve short, tight knickerbockers, stockings, and canvas slippers, all spotless white, make up a costume that admits a touch of color only in the gold-fringed sash,—gift of an admirer generally—which marks the player as belonging to the Reds or Blues. Returning to the *bracciale*, it is not a comfortable thing to wear. At every pause the players rap it sharply against the wall to drive the bandaged wrist home, and they often breathe on the hot and half-exposed knuckles in a vain attempt to cool them.

The court is as impressively big as the bat and ball. From end to end it must measure at least a hundred yards. The width varies considerably. At Florence it is twenty yards, about the height of the side wall. At the middle, a masonry strip, the *cordino*, runs across, dividing the space into a serving court (north) and a receiving court (south). At the ends are curbs four feet high. On the open side the space is bounded by a drainage-gutter which the player may not pass, and which he may touch only with one foot. Hence low drives gutterward are deadly, but risky to attempt, for the court is narrow. Three sides of the arena, excluding, naturally, the playing-wall, are occupied by spectators. At



Drawn by C. M. Relyea

SERVERS (BATTITORES) AFTER THE SERVE

The monument is one of three painted on the side wall to mark the divisions of the court.



From a photograph by Gertrude Robinson Smith

THE SERVING END OF THE PALLONE-COURT AT FLORENCE—SHOWING
THE BEGINNING OF THE SERVE

the ends are high terraces, below these the cheaper seats, both protected by nets, over which the ball will occasionally soar alarmingly. Along the free side is a promenade from which the most enthusiastic amateurs watch the play on foot. Behind it are the cheapest seats, into which the ball frequently bounds, effecting each time such a scattering as a mischievous stone does in a frog-pond. Small children are prudently relegated to a special covered cage. In all sections are the booths of the *totalizzatore*—a mutual pool in which you may hazard your francs or your soldi on the winner of most points or on second best. Formerly the betting was merely on the Reds and Blues, which good judges think was better for the game. To shame craven spirits, there is a conspicuous mural inscription, begging those who esteem neither the judges nor the players not to bet. I give it in its original epigraphic emphasis:

CHI NON HA STIMA DEL GIURÌ E
DEI GIUOCATORI È PREGATO DI NON
SCOMMETTERE

But while we are waiting and noting that Monte Morello is well seen in the afternoon light between poplars, the six players are taking their places, and after a rally to warm up, the match begins. Reds have the serve, as always, and go to the north court, where the narrow serving-gangway (*trappolino*) slopes down from the curb to the packed dirt. The server stands at the top of this incline, ready to rush down and catch the ball fair as it is tossed to him by an official, the *mandarino*. But first *battitore* trots down gracefully, touches the ball gently with the bracciale, and all the players bow to the stands. Back goes the server; in front of him, at the foot of the gangway, stands *spalla* (shoulder, or right-hand man); out in the court is *terzino* (the little third fellow). The rush of service will bring battitore between the two in the center of his court. On the other side, the Blues are in formation to receive the ball. Terzino and spalla are against the wall, battitore at the center of the back curb. They hug the left wall, since, while a run of twenty yards to intercept a drive



From a photograph by Gertrude Robinson Smith

VIEW FROM THE RECEIVING END OF THE PALLONE-COURT
AT FLORENCE

on the fore-hand is nothing at all, the back-hand is notably weak.

Meantime the Red battitore, now in earnest, is swinging his bracciale like mad and prancing down his plank. As he swoops, the ball is gently tossed to him. He swings at it with his whole body, catches it fair for a seventy-yard drive, and the match is on. Goethe noted that the serving gesture was virtually that of the Borghese "Warrior." The ball must land in the opponents' court, but if it carries the hundred yards and more over their heads and into or over the back net, a point is won without further play. Fourteen years ago there was a battitore at Florence who did this frequently, serving the ball many times in a match into the terrace of the one-francers. His drives had a marvelous way of keeping low, only to soar startlingly at the end, as a well-hit golf ball will do from the tee. It was a play that would have raised the roof had there been one, and I have rarely seen it since. After the serve, begin those remarkable gyrations of the ball that constitute at least half the magic of the game. It takes the

most remarkable curves. When it touches the ground, which happens only every fifth stroke or so, it breaks and kicks with the viciousness of a cricket-ball on a dry crease. But more of this later. All this is further complicated by the fact that the ball is usually played to the side wall. The players keep close to it, and there is the most difficult and hazardous, if not the prettiest, part of the play. In a twinkling one must decide whether to play the ball back to the wall, or let it twist off the bracciale into the open, or dodge in favor of a partner behind. The calculation is by fractions of inches and seconds, and the penalty of a miss may be the loss of a front tooth or so. It is the problem that ever faces the player at rackets, but in pallone it seems more difficult, as the tools are clumsier and more strength must be exerted.

Exchange of high lob, each rising a good seventy feet and covering some two hundred, is perhaps the most spectacular form of play; but it is hardly serious. The real work is done with lower drives of similar length, of which

one may often see an exchange of seven or more clean volleys; with hazardous low cross courts to the gutter-sides, with strange twists off the wall or the dirt; finally with the beautiful *volata*, a fair drive over everything to the back net. As for the curious twists and curves the ball takes when it spins off the wooden spikes, only a billiard-player could properly analyze them. I have seen the big ball come along the side wall in a succession of bounds, as the ivory will creep down the cushion. The ball seems an animate, purposeful, impish thing, and I dare say

the players themselves hardly know how its antics are produced.

The scoring mounts familiarly, as in lawn tennis, 15, 30, 40, game, with deuce and vantage. Eight games, with a rubber when necessary, are the usual match. Two may be played between four o'clock and early dinner-time. Each side holds the serve for two games, and then changes to the defensive court.

The players are credited with the points they earn, and demerited by their errors. Three judges pass irrevocably on such matters. For the purposes of the betting the players are handicapped, *terzino*, the easiest post, often starting even, and *spalla* and *battitore*, whose strokes are longer and more difficult, receiving an allowance of from two to six points a match. But all this varies naturally with the proficiency of the individual players. No one who has staked his lira and has seen a hopeful bulletin for his favorite should forget that in case of a tie the less conspicuous record of errors decides the winner.

The agility of the players is no less remarkable than their technical handiness with the *bracciale*. You will often see a good *spalla* catch the serve almost from the gutter after a twenty-yard run,

and get back to pick the return at half-bound off the wall, and this without any appearance of haste or effort. The back-hand stroke, except by passively offering the *bracciale* across the body, is virtually impossible; but I have seen a player in straits throw himself backward at the ball with a complete turn of the body—a stroke that rarely succeeds, but is beautiful even in failure, having in it something of the abandon of a baroque *Phaëthón*, smitten by the shaft of the sun god.

But one should not sink himself in the esthetics and ballistics of this game to the degree of forgetting his neighbors. They are worth both an eye and an ear. Everybody talks to the ball, and, in spite of a police regulation, "*Maledetto!*" a small boy cries to the players, as *terzino* fozzles dismally into the gutter. "Booh! oooh! oooh!" rises in crescendo as the server too confidently misjudges the toss, and sends the ball spinning high over his own side wall. Two youngsters, privileged counterparts of our mascots at home, scamper about the court and collect the balls that are out of play. Gorgeous young sports on the one-franc terrace discuss the betting with the gravity of our own gilded youth in a matter of similar importance. Below, on the half-franc seats, solid citizens deplore the recklessness above. "How the money flies there!" Everywhere pass Chianti vendors, and basket-men with buns, pumpkin-seeds, and an ill-favored nut candy. Crowds, including our conservative friends below, beset the *totalizzatore* before and after every match, and the sheets giving yesterday's returns are duly weighed before the hard-earned soldi are staked. Though the gentry patronize, and still occasionally play, *pallone*, the crowd is on the whole plebeian, but in the gentle sense in which the word applies in Tuscany. By half-past five, when the second match usually begins, the benches fill rapidly with working-folk on their way home. Women are few, though they may freely attend. That is a pity, for the spectacle is a beautiful one, and unlike the run of Anglo-Saxon games, *pallone* explains itself.

It is so noble a sport that I hate to think of its being witnessed otherwise than for its own sake, but I may say from



Drawn by C. M. Relyea

THE END OF THE STROKE

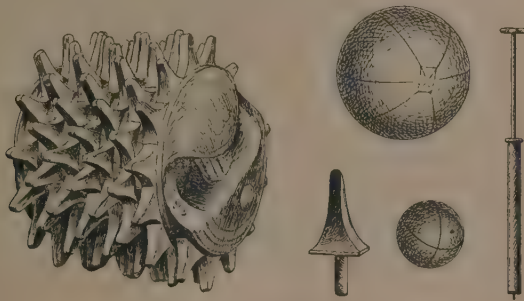


Drawn by C. M. Kelyea

PLAYING A LOW BOUND

experience that as a remedy for the museum-fag that often afflicts one at Florence, pallone is almost a specific. To observe the splendid plastic poses of the players will help one not merely to realize what a javelin-throwing contest at Olympia may have meant, but also to understand the sense of corporeal expressiveness that underlies the art of Donatello and Pollajuolo. But I am ashamed of suggesting an ulterior motive for going to the finest of ball-games. Its mere antiquity should impose respect. Nausicaa and her maids were playing it when Ulysses interrupted from his bush. Horace and his mates played it in the

same crude form on the famous jaunt to Brundisium. With a round Cato comforted himself for a defeat in the consular elections. Philip the Fair, king of Spain, came to his untimely end by drinking ice water after pallone under the walls of Burgos. In San-Casciano, near Florence, I have been told, it had to be forbidden by law because the rivalry between the Reds and Blues often ended in sanguinary broils. During a long afternoon there the lads of the town were industriously practising beside many a dead wall, but, to my chagrin, there was no bloodshed between luncheon and a twilight departure in a gig.



Drawn by B. F. Williamson

ARTICLES USED IN THE GAME

The arm-piece, or *bracciale*, and the large ball, are drawn to scale; there are also shown a sample of the wooden pegs of the *bracciale*, and a ball (smaller in scale) the cover of which is divided differently from the other. The air-pump is used to inflate the balls.

LINCOLN'S FOREBODINGS OF DEFEAT AT THE POLLS

(LINCOLN IN THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE—IV)

BY DAVID HOMER BATES

Manager of the War Department Telegraph Office and Cipher-Operator,
1861-1866

LINCOLN'S MANNER CONTRASTED WITH STANTON'S

SECRETARY STANTON'S private secretary, Major A. E. H. Johnson, in conversation with the writer in April, 1907, said that in his dealings with the public, Lincoln's heart was greater than his head, while Stanton's head was greater than his heart. This characterization, though general, contains a great deal of truth. But we must not forget that the crystallized opinion of the present generation is that on all the important questions of public policy and administrative action, where Stanton's views were opposed to those of Lincoln, the latter dominated his energetic war secretary. Indeed, one of Lincoln's latest biographers has entitled his volume "Lincoln, Master of Men," and has marshaled facts and documents that seem to demonstrate that on all essential points Lincoln's will was stronger than Stanton's.

In fact, during the three and a quarter years of their close official relations the two men worked in almost entire harmony. There never appeared, to the writer's observation, any real conflict between them. It suited both to treat the public, each in his own characteristic way, and when in any case the pinch came, each knew how far to yield to the other without sacrifice of prerogative.

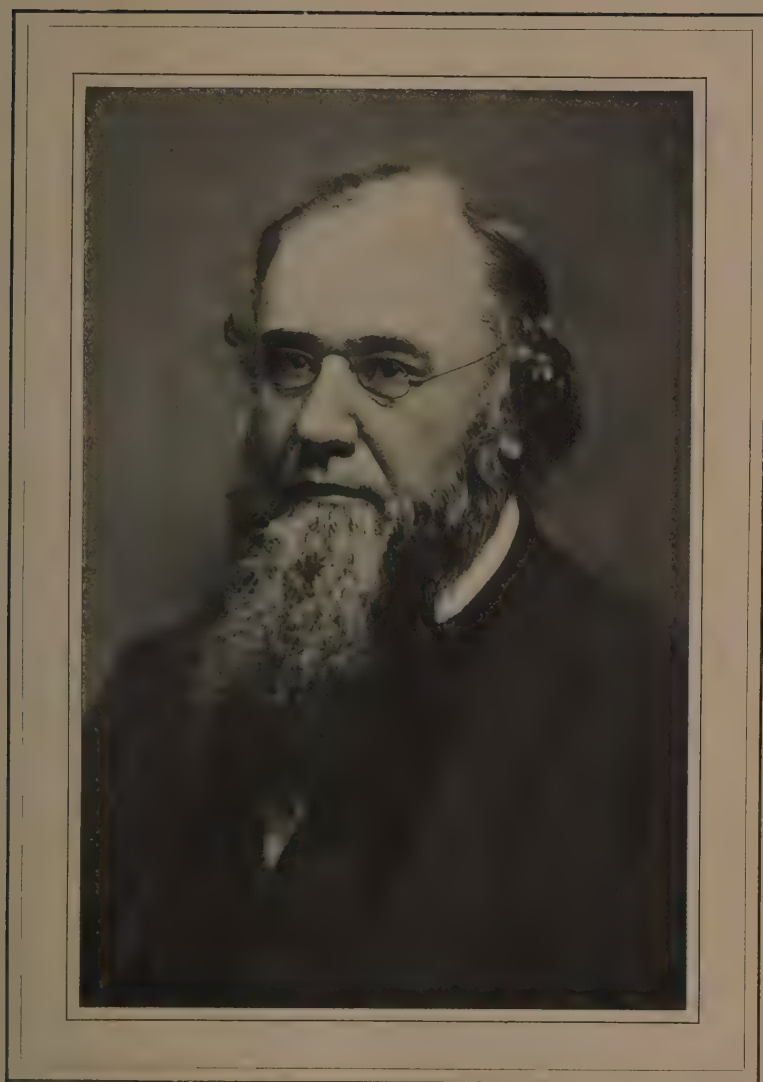
One incident may be cited to show the general characteristics of the two men. The scarcity and very high price of cot-

ton, especially toward the end of the war, had the effect of leading many Northerners to engage in the questionable work of buying up cotton through certain agencies in the border States with the resultant effect of supplying needed funds to the South and establishing lines of communication which were used in many cases for conveying military information to the enemy. Accordingly, the War Department issued stringent orders on this subject which were, of course, criticized by the cotton speculators; one of whom, about May, 1864, appealed to President Lincoln for the purpose of inducing him to overrule Stanton's order in his particular case and allow a large amount of cotton, already bought and paid for, to come through our lines. Lincoln heard the man's story and declined to intervene, but upon being further importuned gave his autograph card with an introduction to Stanton. The man went over to the War Department, presented his card, and told his story, whereupon Stanton tore up the President's card and threw it into the waste-basket, and said, "The orders of this Department will not be changed."

The speculator, who was a man of considerable prominence, immediately went back to the White House and told of his reception by Stanton, using strong language, and censuring the Secretary of War severely.

"Mr. President," said he, "what do you think Stanton did with your card?"

"I don't know," said Lincoln, "tell me."



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

Edwin M. Stanton

SECRETARY OF WAR 1862-1868

Mr. C. P. Filson, son of the photographer, writes that this portrait is from the last negative of Stanton, which was taken by his father, Davison Filson, while Stanton was stumping Ohio for General Grant in the Presidential canvass of 1868.

"He tore it up and threw it into the waste-basket. He is not a fit man to be your Secretary of War."

"Did he do that?" replied Lincoln; "well, that 's just like Stanton."

In the afternoon, in the presence of Major Eckert, the President gave the Secretary of War an account of the incident, evidently with great enjoyment, and without taking the slightest exception to Stanton's course.

There was a marked contrast between Lincoln's manner, which was always pleasant and even genial, and that of Stanton. The latter's stern, spectacled visage commanded instant respect and in many cases inspired fear. In receiving visitors, and they were legion, Stanton seldom or never sat down, but stood before a high desk as the crowd passed before him and one by one presented their requests or complaints, which were rapidly disposed of. He was haughty, severe, domineering, and often rude. When I think of him in the daily routine of his public audiences, the characterization of Napoleon by Charles Phillips, the Irish orator, comes to mind: "Grand, gloomy, and peculiar."

The almost overwhelming burden of the great struggle for the life of the nation was ever pressing upon Stanton's heart and brain, and he even begrudged the time which he believed was wasted in ordinary civilities and was impatient with every one who failed to show like zeal and alertness with himself. He was not blessed with Lincoln's happy faculty of story-telling or exchanging badinage, which to the latter was a God-given means of relief from the awful strain to which he was subjected. And yet there were times when even Stanton would soften and when he would disclose a kindly nature, the knowledge of the possession of which would come as a sharp surprise to any one fortunate enough to be present on such an occasion.

One instance in my recollection occurred after what seemed to me an unusual outburst of temper visited upon my innocent head. This was in connection with the receipt of the sensational Sherman-Johnson Peace Agreement which reached Washington on April 21, 1865,

(only six days after Lincoln's death), the contents of which were of such an extraordinary character as to cause Stanton to become intensely excited. In fact, every high official of the Government, not excluding General Grant, was amazed at Sherman's action in signing such an agreement. I have been informed on trustworthy authority that President Johnson at the historical conference on the evening of April 21, in Senator Hooper's House,¹ after hearing Stanton read over his "Nine Reasons why the Sherman-Johnson Agreement should be rejected by the Government," remarked that Sherman was a traitor.

In preparation for this hastily called cabinet meeting, Stanton called me in from the cipher-room and asked me to write from his dictation, the regular clerical staff of the secretary's office having gone home for the day. Although as a telegrapher I was a rapid penman, my task was not an easy one, for the great war secretary's sentences came tumbling from his lips in an impetuous torrent and it was impossible for me to keep up the pace he set. In fact, even a shorthand writer would probably have stumbled, so that breaks were frequent and equally annoying to both of us. I did my level best, but lost some words and transposed others, so that the fiery dictator was forced to go back several times in his train of thought and reconstruct sentences, and in doing so he here and there used phrases different from those in his original composition. The final result was therefore unsatisfactory, and Stanton in his eagerness snatched the manuscript from my hands, with some remarks that would not look well in print.

Taking a pen in his hand and dipping it vigorously into the inkstand he proceeded to rewrite a considerable part of the document himself. Having done this, he read it over to me carefully and then had me write a new copy entire, while he paced back and forth across the room impatient of the fast-speeding minutes, and occasionally looking over my shoulder to see how far I had progressed. At last the final copy was ready, and I handed it to him and started to go into the cipher-room adjoining, when he called me back

¹ President Johnson had not yet moved into the White House. The Hooper house was later altered into a hotel—the Shoreham.

and placing his hand affectionately on my shoulder, said, "I was too hasty with you, Mr. Bates. The fault was mine in expecting you to keep up with my rapid dictation; but I was so indignant at General Sherman for having assumed to enter into such an arrangement with the enemy, that I forgot everything else. I beg your pardon, my son."

Another incident occurs to my mind, showing how very thin was the outer crust of his harsh manner and how readily at times it could be broken so as to reveal the inherent kindness of his heart.

One evening, in the summer of 1864, I rode out to the Soldiers' Home with important despatches for the President and Secretary of War, who were temporarily domiciled with their families in cottages on the grounds of the Home. I found Stanton reclining on the grass, playing with Lewis, one of his children (now living in New Orleans). He invited me to a seat on the greensward while he read the telegrams; and then, business being finished, we began talking of early times in Steubenville, Ohio, his native town and mine. One of us mentioned the game of "mumble-peg," and he asked me if I could play it. Of course I said yes, and he proposed that we should have a game then and there. Stanton entered into the spirit of the boyish sport with great zest, and for the moment all the perplexing questions of the terrible war were forgotten. I do not remember who won.

In the daily routine of the War Department, however, Stanton was intensely in earnest, and he required of every one else a like zeal and devotion and an utter sacrifice of self and of personal comfort whenever the interests of the Government were concerned. He hated disloyalty and had no patience with critics of his administration. Accordingly he was brusque and many times rude to newspaper men, members of Congress and others who applied to him for news or favors or who called upon him in support of claims that had already been rejected.

In contrast, Lincoln freely told to callers the contents of despatches from the armies, and there were some occasions on which he disclosed to the public in advance information relating to army maneuvers of special importance, which leaked through to the enemy, with the

result of defeating our plans. So it came to pass that we were ordered by Secretary Stanton not to place in the cipher-drawer copies of despatches which told of expected army movements, or which related to actual or impending battles, until after he had first seen them; and in some instances the Secretary retained both copies to make sure their contents should not be prematurely published.

Lincoln's keen eyes soon discovered that there was something wrong in our attitude toward him, and without criticizing our course, he would ask us occasionally, with twinkling eyes, whether the Secretary of War did not have some later news. Of course we could not deceive him and he would then go to the adjoining room and ask Stanton if he had anything from the front. Sometimes he addressed Stanton as "Mars," but while the stern Secretary gave no indication of displeasure at this playful allusion to his official character, he did not, on the other hand, allow a smile to brighten his face.

L. E. Chittenden, in his "Reminiscences," page 186, says that at Lincoln's death Stanton uttered this eulogy at the bedside: "There lies the most perfect ruler of men the world has ever seen."

In August, 1865, Stanton left Washington for a few weeks' vacation, the first he had been permitted to take for five years. I accompanied him as cipher-operator. He visited Simeon Draper, Collector of the Port, and a Mr. Duer at New York, Isaac Bell at Tarrytown, a Mr. Minturn at the Highlands, New Jersey; Samuel Hooper at Boston, and John Hone at Newport. This respite was greatly enjoyed by Stanton. His death occurred December 24, 1869, not long after his protracted and bitter struggle with President Johnson, and at the very time that President Grant had offered him the much-coveted prize of a seat on the Supreme Court bench. He lived and died a relatively poor man. In the writer's opinion it is a nation's shame that his extraordinary services to his country in her time of stress and need have not been suitably recognized by the erection of a monument to his memory at the nation's capital. General McClellan has been so honored recently and at Richmond Jefferson Davis and Generals

Lee and Stuart are also remembered, but our great war secretary, to whom the country owes so much, has apparently been forgotten.

LINCOLN UNDER FIRE AT FORT STEVENS

TOWARD the end of June, 1864, General Lee detached a body of 20,000 men, including a large cavalry force, from the army defending Richmond and sent them North under the command of his chosen cavalry leader, General Jubal Early, for the purpose of making a quick dash into Maryland and then into Washington, if the capital were found to be insufficiently protected, as General Lee had heard was the case. This condition of imminent danger¹ really existed, as it is well known that but for the brave and heroic action of General Lew Wallace, in attacking Early at the mouth of the Monocacy with a force much smaller in number than that of the enemy, thus delaying Early's movements twenty-four hours, the latter might easily have reached and entered Washington before reinforcements could have arrived from Grant's army. Wallace's command consisted of 2700 troops, largely raw militia, and about 3300 veterans belonging to the Sixth Corps under General Ricketts, the latter having reached Baltimore from City Point only two days before.

The Monocacy fight was waged all day Saturday, July 9, and ended in Wallace's defeat, leaving Early free to resume his march upon Washington. Wallace sent this telegram to the War Department on Sunday, July 10: "I have been defeated. The enemy are not pressing me, from which I infer they are marching on Washington." This was indeed the fact, for Early's advance reached the District boundary line on Monday morning, and the signal officer wigwagged this sentence: "The enemy is within twenty rods of Fort Stevens." Early at once began a reconnaissance to learn the strength and disposition of our defenses and for two days kept up an

almost continuous firing which could be heard distinctly in Washington.

There was one considerable skirmish, witnessed by Lincoln, whose summer residence was only four miles from Fort Stevens, in a cottage at the Soldiers' Home. Lincoln visited the fortifications on Monday and Tuesday, and on several occasions was in great danger, one of our men having been killed within a few feet of where the President stood. His tall-form must have been a conspicuous target for the enemy's sharp-shooters, and it was a matter of remark at the time that he did not seem to realize the serious risk incurred in going to the front of our line while skirmishing was in progress. It is of historical importance to note that this was the first time (and up to the present the only time) when a President of the United States, although Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, has been exposed to the fire of the enemy's guns in battle. The total number of killed and wounded on both sides in the two days' skirmishes at the boundary line of the District of Columbia was nearly 1000:

While Lincoln witnessed the spirited skirmish with Early's troops in front of Fort Stevens on July 11, he carefully observed the whole situation of affairs and upon his return to the city he came direct to the War Department and gave us a pretty full account, which has been recorded by Mr. A. B. Chandler, as follows:

"I have in my possession the diagram which Lincoln made in the telegraph office, immediately after his return from his tour of the fortifications to the north and west of the city. This diagram showed the relative positions of the two bodies of troops and where the skirmish took place; all of which he explained to Major Eckert, Tinker, Bates and myself, who were, of course, extremely interested in his picturesque description."

For forty-eight hours, therefore, the coveted prize was within Early's grasp. Never before during the war had a Confederate army been within sight of the

¹ My war diary says:

July 10, 1864.—The enemy broke the railroad at Laurel to-day (11 miles out). Yesterday they seized a passenger train at Gunpowder Bridge, north of Baltimore, capturing Gen-

eral Franklin and staff, but they afterwards escaped.

July 11, 1864.—Great excitement in Washington. Department clerks are being armed and taken to the forts at the boundary.

glittering dome of the capitol and Early must have gnashed his teeth when he thought of his one day's delay at the Monocacy, which had been just long enough to allow veteran troops from Grant's army to reach Washington, for neither he nor his men failed to recognize on the parapets of our forts the well-known flags of the famous Sixth Corps, a part of which brave body of troops had fought him all day Saturday at the Monocacy. The remainder of this veteran corps, under General Wright, had landed at Seventh street wharf, Washington, on Sunday, at just about the hour at which Early's advance had come in sight of Fort Stevens.

With the dawn of Wednesday, however, it was discovered that Early had retreated, and Washington emerged from what is now known to have been one of its most serious crises during the whole war, for, as was said in an address in May, 1902, by Leslie M. Shaw (then Secretary of the Treasury), "with the national capital in the hands of the enemy it would have been impossible to prophesy the foreign complications, to say nothing of the demoralization of the people of the United States."

This was not the only time Early's fate belied his name, for three months later his army of raiders also lost one day's time in their calculations when Sheridan sent them whirling down the Valley of the Shenandoah after their initial victory during his temporary absence in Washington.

LINCOLN'S STRANGE FOREBODINGS REGARDING HIS REELECTION IN 1864

IN these peaceful days, more than forty years after the close of the Civil War, when we read of the fraternization of the Blue and the Gray at Army Reunions, South and North, and Republican Presidents are enthusiastically welcomed by the people of the South, it is somewhat difficult to recall clearly the troublous times of 1864, that most critical and momentous year of the war, and harder still to realize that there was so much of doubt in the minds of the Northern people, and even of our chosen leaders, as to the ultimate outcome of the struggle. Our great War President himself, whose heroic faith

voiced itself so often in his public utterances, was in his heart more or less of a doubter at critical times, as the writer can bear certain witness. He seemed to recognize more clearly than some of his advisers the great anti-war feeling in the North and the underlying forces back of it, and the weight of their subtle and malign influence.

I consider 1864 the most critical and momentous year of the war from a military standpoint, although in that year we had no Bull Run defeat as in 1861, nor Chickahominy disaster as in 1862, nor Gettysburg nor Vicksburg victories as in 1863. The year was remarkable also in political movements. The sorehead convention at Cleveland in May had nominated Frémont and Cochrane, both from New York, forgetful of the Constitutional provision against taking both the President and the Vice-President from the same State. At that nondescript gathering a letter from Wendell Phillips, the abolitionist leader, was read in which he said:

The administration therefore I regard as a civil and military failure and its avowed policy ruinous to the North in every point of view. If Mr. Lincoln is reelected, I do not expect to see the Union reconstructed in my day unless on terms more disastrous to liberty than even disunion would be.

LINCOLN DID NOT FAVOR JOHNSON FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

ON June 8, 1864, the Republican convention at Baltimore unanimously renominated Lincoln for President. Horace White, who had formerly been employed as a clerk in Secretary Stanton's office, was in the convention, but was then engaged in newspaper work, was seated next to the operator who was working the wire leading to the War Department, and sent the first congratulatory message to Lincoln, and shortly afterward telegraphed that Andrew Johnson of Tennessee had been nominated for Vice-President. When the President reached the telegraph office, my colleague, Mr. Tinker, offered his congratulations, but was told that Lincoln had not yet seen the message announcing his renomination. When the copy was shown him he said: "Send it right over to the Madam. She will be more interested

than I am."¹ When the announcement of Johnson's nomination was handed to the President, he looked at the telegram a moment and then said, "Well, I thought possibly he might be the man; perhaps he is the best man, but—" and rising from his chair he walked out of the room. Mr. Tinker has always contended from this incident that Lincoln preferred that Hannibal Hamlin should have been placed on the ticket a second time, and expected that he would be.

As one straw showing how the wind of opinion then veered toward McClellan, it is noted that only two days before Lincoln recorded his remarkable estimate, hereinafter given, the soldiers and attendants at Carver Hospital, Washington, in a State election, had cast an unusually large vote—one in three—against the administration. This otherwise trivial incident must have exerted a special influence on Mr. Lincoln, in view of the fact that he had frequently visited that hospital and mingled with its occupants. Nor must we forget that the exponents of peace-at-any-price were still firing their sputtering squibs at Lincoln, which irritated although they probably did not much hurt.

The general effect of these eccentric peace movements, however, was to foster among certain classes in the North a feeling of unrest and of dissatisfaction with the conduct of the war. Such persons no doubt believed they were patriots, but they had no backbone, and events not turning out as they wished, they were too ready to cast the blame upon the Administration,—on the one hand upon Stanton, the Bismarck of our Civil War, who was the personification of zeal and implacable fury in his treatment of his country's enemies, whether North or South, and on the other hand, without logic or reason, upon Lincoln, who had "malice toward none; with charity for all," but who also had "firmness to do the right," no matter if his best friends and legal advisers were against him.

Lincoln, as James Russell Lowell eulogized him in his Harvard Commemoration Ode in July, 1865,

The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,

Lincoln, silent under the stings of criticism, but with almost sublime faith in the final success of the cause of liberty, of which he was the great exponent, appears in 1864, as we now see him in his environment, to have become imbued with the idea that perhaps, after all, the people of the North would declare themselves at the polls in November as being willing to end the bloody war by putting McClellan in the Presidential chair and thus pave the way for an amendment to the Constitution which would permit the Southern States to withdraw peacefully from the Union and set up a separate government, with negro slavery as its corner-stone. Lincoln, with his lofty ideas of eternal right and justice between man and man, whether white, black, red or yellow, had, it seemed, almost lost heart, and his long-tried patience was nearly exhausted. He was indeed almost at the parting of the ways as he saw so many of his own political party and former supporters wavering or actually deserting the colors and opposing the Government in the very matters which to him were vital. They had turned back from their march up freedom's heights, the topmost peaks of which he had already scaled, and from which only, as he believed, could be had clear visions of the controlling questions of his day and generation. To him those visions and what they meant to his country were sublime verities, as indeed they later came to be to most or all of his countrymen.

Hear what Senator Morgan of Alabama said in 1895: "The character of Lincoln is not yet known to this generation as it will be to those who shall live in later centuries. They will see, as we cannot yet perceive, the full maturity of his wisdom, in its actual effects upon the destinies of two great races of men."

But at the time of which I am now writing—October, 1864—with the waves of civil war beating ceaselessly upon him, with the snarling tones of his political enemies sounding in his ears, with

¹ My comrade, Mr. Chandler, says that Lincoln made exactly the same remark on the night of November 8, when the news that came over the wires was such as to make it quite certain that Lincoln had been reflected.

the continual nagging of those who professed to be his friends, but who criticized his words and actions from their lowly habitat in the slough of despond, with such meager disappointing results from the Emancipation Proclamation, the general features of which had been announced two years before, it is perhaps not to be wondered at that Lincoln feared defeat in the approaching November election.

In his great anxiety Lincoln had sent John Hay, one of his secretaries, on a special mission to Hilton Head, South Carolina, with instructions to General Gillmore, commanding, to coöperate in certain measures intended to aid in bringing Florida back into the Union, on the lines of his Reconstruction Proclamation of December 8, 1863, the program being to extend the Union lines as far as possible into that State and induce the loyal citizens to set up a reorganized State government with its three electoral votes for the Administration at the November election. This plan, if under more fortunate conditions it could have succeeded, was rendered futile by the wholly unexpected defeat of General Truman Seymour at the battle of Olustee.

John G. Nicolay, his first secretary, was despatched to Missouri with a view to overcoming factional troubles in that State, kept alive by political leaders of strong contrary types, and thus to secure if possible her eleven electoral votes, which in Lincoln's estimate, as we shall see, were conceded to McClellan, but which were actually cast for Lincoln.

In October, Maryland had voted upon her new constitution, the chief feature of which was the final extinction of slavery; and out of a total of 60,000 votes the majority in favor of the new law was a bare 375, and that result had been carried to the Court of Appeals on the theory that the vote of the soldiers in the field could not legally be counted.

The Pennsylvania, Ohio and other State elections took place on October 11, only two days before the incident I am about to describe. On that evening Lincoln stayed in the telegraph office until after midnight for the purpose of receiving promptly the results of the elections—his last message being as follows:

Washington, Oct. 11, 1864.

GENERAL SIMON CAMERON,
Philadelphia:

Am leaving office to go home. How does it stand now?

A. Lincoln.

Cameron's reply was hopeful but not conclusive. The following day Grant telegraphed to the War Department for news of the Pennsylvania election. Lincoln being in the telegraph office when the despatch was received, answered it thus:

October 12, 1864.

LIEUT. GENL. GRANT,
City Point, Va.:

Pennsylvania very close and still in doubt on home vote.

A. Lincoln.

LINCOLN'S AUTOGRAPHIC ESTIMATE OF THE ELECTORAL VOTE.

SUCH in general were the conditions throughout the country as they appeared to Lincoln when on the evening of October 13, 1864, he made his regular visit to the War Department telegraph office, which for over three anxious years had been his safe retreat and lounging place, and where he had so often calculated the wavering chances of war and peace. Major Eckert and the cipher-operators were all there and we could not fail to notice that the President looked unusually weary and depressed as he sat down to scan the political field and consider the probabilities of his reelection, three weeks later.

After the results of the State elections two days before had been fully discussed, the conversation begun by him turned to the Presidential election, and he expressed himself as not being at all sure of reelection. He referred to special conditions in some of the States as affording ground for the fear that McClellan might slip through. In fact his cautious spirit led him to underrate his own strength and to exaggerate McClellan's chances, and after pondering the matter a short while, he reached for one of our cipher telegraph-blanks and wrote his own careful estimate of the electoral vote as shown by the facsimile here published for the first time.

He entered in one column the names

Office U. S. Military Telegraph	
WAR DEPARTMENT,	
Washington, D. C. October 12 th 1864	
Supposed Copperhead Vote.	
New York	33
Penn	26
New Jersey	7
Delaware	3
Maryland	3
District of Columbia	11
Kentucky	11
Illinois	16
	114
Union Vote for President	
New England States	39
Virginia	8
Missouri	8
Minnesota	4
Iowa	8
Oregon	3
California	5
Kansas	3
Indiana	15
Ohio	21
Wisconsin	5
	117
Nevada	3
	120

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FACSIMILE OF LINCOLN'S AUTOGRAPHIC ESTIMATE OF THE ELECTORAL VOTE OF 1864

The original autograph, now owned by the author of this series, was written by Lincoln in the War Department telegraph office, October 12, 1864, three weeks before the election, and is here printed for the first time. The headings: "Supposed Copperhead Vote" and "Union Vote for President," as well as the addition of "Nevada," with "3" votes, and the corrected total "120," are in the handwriting of Major Eckert.

of the eight States which he conceded to McClellan, giving him 114 electoral votes. In a second column he entered the names of the States which he felt sure would cast 117 votes for the Administration. This total showed only three more votes than he allowed McClellan. He did this from memory, making no mistake in the number of electoral votes to which each State was entitled, excepting that he omitted Nevada, which was about to come into the Union, and her three votes were added in Eckert's handwriting. (The President's proclamation admitting Nevada is dated October 31, 1864.)

It will hardly be believed to-day that Lincoln should have allowed himself in

his calculation so narrow a margin as three votes out of 231, but the evidence is absolute.

The actual result of the election was of course very different from Lincoln's figures. McClellan received only twenty-one votes, two of the three States, Delaware and Kentucky, being original slave States, the other being New Jersey. Lincoln received 212 votes instead of his estimate of 117. In 1860 he had received 180.

Those who are familiar with Lincoln's written papers will not be surprised at the neatness of this memorandum in his own handwriting, which shows no erasure or blot, every word being legible, although in the lapse of time some of

his pencil marks have become somewhat blurred and indistinct. It was his custom when writing a note or making a memorandum, as the cipher-operators had observed, to take his pen or pencil in hand, smooth out the sheet of paper carefully and write slowly and deliberately, stopping at times in thoughtful mood to look out of the window for a moment or two, and then resuming his writing. In this respect he was wholly different from Secretary Stanton, whose drafts or letters and memoranda were jotted down at a terrific pace, with many erasures and interlineations.

I still have in my possession the original draft (partly in my handwriting) of Stanton's General Orders to the army, dated April 15, 1865, announcing the death of the President, which is so full of corrections in his own bold hand as to be almost unreadable; but all of Mr. Lincoln's papers, written by himself, were models of neatness and accuracy.

It is of more than passing interest to note that at the very time Lincoln was setting down his conservative estimate of the political situation and the trend of Northern opinion adverse to his administration, Jacob Thompson, the Confederate agent in Canada, wrote to Jefferson Davis that in his opinion "the reelection of Lincoln is almost certain." Thompson's letter in cipher, dated Clifton, Canada, October 13, 1864, reached the War Department at the hands of Thompson's messenger (who was also in our secret service), on Sunday, October 16, and was translated by the cipher-operators.¹

WHY LINCOLN LOST CONFIDENCE

Lincoln's fears proved to have been unfounded and were no doubt the result of peculiar circumstances and conditions operating upon an anxious mind normally disposed to introspection. Let us, if we can, imagine his thoughts at this period of his sore depression. We may suppose

¹ See General Eckert's testimony at the trial of the conspirators, compiled by Pitman, page 42. See also *THE CENTURY* for June, 1907, p. 298.

² John Hay, in his essay on "Franklin in France," recently published, says of the reception of that treaty:

"It was the sunburst to the colonies after a troubled dawn. The tattered and frost-bitten soldiers of Valley Forge were paraded to receive the

that his mind reverted to Valley Forge at the crucial hour of the Revolution, before February, 1778, when news came of the alliance between France and the United States which had been secured through the influence of Franklin, the patriot and philosopher.²

Now, in 1864, at what probably seemed to Lincoln the crucial hour of our Republic, he no doubt reflected upon the ambitious efforts of Napoleon III to set up a monarchy upon our Southwestern borders by means of French bayonets in contrast to the generous act of Louis the Sixteenth in signing a "treaty of universal peace and true friendship," which should bind his heirs and successors.

Without doubt Lincoln also dwelt seriously upon the awful sacrifice of human life in the conduct of the war, and particularly upon Grant's sanguinary struggle in the Wilderness, with Richmond still uncaptured; and he may well have wondered whether the people of the North might not be weary of the deluge of blood, with no stoppage of the flow in sight. David R. Locke (*Petroleum V. Nasby*) in his "Reminiscences" says of Lincoln in 1864:

He was as tender hearted as a child. He asked me if the masses of the people held him in any way responsible for the loss of their friends in the Army.

Lincoln doubtless thought of the desertion of his standard by some of his own former supporters and of the lukewarmness of others; of the many unjust criticisms of his policy in the newspapers, and of their slurs and falsehoods which he was powerless to answer or combat. Truly, like the Saviour, he had "endured the contradiction of sinners." And we must remember also that Lincoln was possessed of a natural melancholy, a morbid tendency to take undue blame upon himself when subjected to criticism. All things then being considered, it is perhaps not so very strange that on that joyful news, . . . and shouted, 'Long live the King of France!' Washington issued a general order saying 'It had pleased the Almighty Ruler of the universe propitiously to defend the cause of the United American States, and by finally raising up a powerful friend among the nations of the earth to establish our liberty and independence upon a lasting foundation.' This act of France gave us a standing abroad which we had hitherto lacked."—*THE CENTURY* for January, 1906.

evening of October 13, 1864, in his accustomed seat at Major Eckert's desk in the War Department telegraph office, he should have been ready to give up the ship if God so willed it. But God did not so will it, for on the night of November 8, 1864, he received the welcome news of his reelection while in the War Department telegraph office, where only three weeks before he was almost ready to concede McClellan's election. He was not unduly elated at the glad result, but serene and dignified, and was still mindful of the feelings of others, as is shown in the closing part of his speech to the assembled multitude on that most eventful occasion, so often quoted, but well worth repeating in this connection:

So long as I have been here I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am deeply sensible to the high compliment of reelection, and duly grateful, as I trust, to Almighty God for having directed my countrymen to a right conclusion, as I think for their own good, it adds nothing to

my satisfaction that any other man may be disappointed or pained by the result. May I ask those who have not differed with me to join with me in this same spirit towards those who have.

LINCOLN'S HUMOROUS CHARACTERIZATION OF A SIGNATURE.

ON one occasion an official letter was received from John Wintrup, the operator at Wilmington, Delaware, on the route of the military line from Washington to Fort Monroe. Wintrup is still living in Philadelphia. His signature was written in a rather bold hand with the final letter quite large, almost like a capital, and ending in flourishes which partly obscured the name itself. Lincoln's eye dropped on this letter as it lay on the cipher-desk, and after satisfying his curiosity as to the peculiar signature he said: "That reminds me of a short-legged man in a big overcoat, the tail of which was so long that it wiped out his footprints in the snow."

A DUPLICATE OF WINTRUP'S SIGNATURE

I have recently received a letter from my friend Wintrup in the ordinary course of business, from which the facsimile signature here shown was taken.—D. H. B.

TWO CAPTIVES

BY ARTHUR STRINGER

MOURN not for him: he doth no captive dwell
Who beats and gnaws the bars that bind him so,
Who, thrice immured, still hates his cage too well.

But pity him who no such pangs can know,
Who, long-enchained, and grown to love his cell,
Should Freedom lean to him, stands loath to go.

THE SHUTTLE

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," etc.

XXXIV

RED GODWYN

STORNHAM COURT had taken its proper position in the county as a place which was equal to social exchange in the matter of entertainment. Sir Nigel and Lady Anstruthers had given a garden-party according to the decrees of the law obtaining in country neighborhoods. Garden-parties had been heard of which were a trifle repetitional and even dull, but at this one there was real music and real dancing, and clever entertainments were given, at intervals, in a green-embowered little theater erected for the occasion. These were agreeable additions to mere food and conversation, which were capable of palling.

The Anstruthers did not confine themselves to the garden-party. There were dinner-parties at Stornham, and they also were successful functions.

"I called upon Mount Dunstan this afternoon," Sir Nigel said one evening before the first of these dinners. "He might expect it, as one is asking him to dine. I wish him to be asked. The Dunholms have taken him up so tremendously that no festivity seems complete without him."

He had been invited to the garden-party, and had appeared, but Betty had seen little of him.

"He does not wish to talk to me. He will not, if he can avoid it," was what she said to herself.

She saw that he rather sought out Mary Lithcom, who was not accustomed to receiving special attention. The two walked together, danced together, and in adjoining chairs watched the performance in the embowered theater. Lady Mary enjoyed her companion very much, but

she wondered why he had attached himself to her.

Betty Vanderpoel asked herself what they talked to each other about, and did not suspect the truth, which was that they talked a good deal of her.

"Have you seen much of Miss Vanderpoel?" Lady Mary had begun by asking.

"I have *seen* her a good deal, as no doubt you have."

"Do you know," she said, "that the garden-parties have been a different thing, this whole summer, just because one always knew one would see her at them."

There was a short laugh from Mount Dunstan.

"Jane and I have gone to every garden-party within twenty miles ever since we left the school-room," she continued, "and we are very tired of them. But this year we have quite cheered up. When we are dressing to go to something dull, we say to each other: 'Well, at any rate, Miss Vanderpoel will be there, and we shall see what she has on, and how her things are made; and that's something'—besides the fun of watching people make up to her, and hearing them talk about the men who want to marry her, and wonder which one she will take. She will not take any one in this place." The nice, turned-up nose slightly suggested a derisive sniff. "Who is there who is suitable?"

Mount Dunstan laughed shortly again.

"How do you know I am not an aspirant myself?" he said. He had a mirthless sense of enjoyment in his own brazenness. Only he himself knew how brazen the speech was.

Lady Mary looked at him with composure.

"I am quite sure you are not an aspirant for anybody, and I happen to know that you dislike moneyed international

marriages. You are so obviously British that, even if I had not been told that, I should know it was true. Miss Vanderpoel herself knows it is true."

"Does she?"

"Lady Alanby spoke of it to Sir Nigel, and I heard Sir Nigel tell her."

"Exactly the kind of unnecessary thing he would be likely to repeat," he remarked. "When you say there is no one suitable, you surely forget Lord Westholt."

"Yes, it's true I forgot him for the moment; but," she added, with a laugh, "one rather feels as if she would require a royal duke or something of that sort."

"You think she expects that kind of thing?"

"She? She does n't think of the subject. She simply thinks of other things—of Lady Anstruthers and Ughtred, of the work at Stornham and the village life, which gives her new emotions and interest. She also thinks about being nice to people. She is nicer than any girl I know."

"You feel, however, she has a right to expect it?" he asked, without more than a casual air of interest.

"Well, what do you feel yourself?" said Lady Mary. "Women who look like that, even when they are not millionairesses, usually marry whom they choose. I do not believe that the two beautiful Misses Gunning rolled into one would have made anything as undeniable as she is. One has seen portraits of them. Look at her as she stands there talking to Tommy and Lord Dunholm!"

Lady Mary was launched upon a subject which swept her along with it, and she, so to speak, ground the thing in.

"Look at the turn of her head. Look at her mouth and chin, and her eyes with those lashes. I had moments of almost hating her until one day not long ago she did something so bewitchingly kind and understanding of other people's feelings that I gave up. It was clever, too,—clever and daring. If she were a young man, she would make a dashing soldier." She did not give him the details of the story, but went on: "Lady Alanby said, in that dry way of hers, that the arrival of an unmarried American fortune in England was becoming like the visit of an unmarried royalty. People ask each other what

it means, and begin to arrange for it. So far only the women have come, but Lady Alanby says that is because the men have had no time to do anything but stay at home and make the fortunes. She believes that in another generation there will be a male leisure class, and then it will swoop down, too, and marry people."

She was an amiable, if unsentimental, person, Mary Lithcom, and was quite without ill nature, expressing the consensus of public opinion. Mount Dunstan knew that when she had said, "Who is there who is suitable?" any shadow of a thought of himself as being in the running had not crossed her mind. And this was not only for the reasons she had had the ready composure to name, but for one less conquerable.

Later, having left Mary Lithcom, he decided to take a turn by himself. He had done his duty as a masculine guest; he had conversed with young women and old ones, had danced, visited gardens and greenhouses, and taken his part in all things. Also he had, in fact, reached a point when a few minutes of solitude seemed a good thing. He found himself turning into the clipped laurel walk where Tommy Alanby had stood with Jane Lithcom, and he went to the end of it and stood looking out on the view.

"Look at the turn of her head," Lady Mary had said. "Look at her mouth and chin." And he had been looking at them the whole afternoon, not because he had intended to do so, but because it was not possible to prevent himself from doing it.

"No one knows anything about it until it takes him by the throat," he was thinking; "and until it happens to a man he has no right to complain."

All he saw was that he was notably in the position of the men whom he had privately disdained when they helped themselves by marriage. Such marriages, he had held, were insults to the manhood of any man and to the womanhood of any woman. For such unions neither party could respect himself or his companion. They must always live in secret doubt of each other, fret at themselves, feel distaste for the whole thing. Even if a man loved such a woman, and the feeling was mutual, to whom would it occur to believe it—to see that they were not gross and contemptible? To no one. Would it have

occurred to himself that such an extenuating circumstance was possible? Certainly it would not. Pig-headed pride and obstinacy it might be, but he could not yet face even the mere thought of it, even if his whole position had not been grotesque.

A moving touch of color caught his eye. It was the rose of a parasol seen above the laurel hedge as some one turned into the walk. He knew the color of it, and expected to see other parasols and to hear voices. But there was no sound, and, unaccompanied, the wonderful rose thing moved toward him.

"The usual things are happening to me," was his thought as it advanced. "I am hot and cold, and just now my heart leaped like a rabbit." It would be wise to walk off; but I shall not do it. I shall stay here, because I am no longer a reasoning being. I suppose that a horse who refuses to back out of his stall when his stable is on fire feels something of the same thing."

When she saw him she made an apparently involuntary pause, and then, recovering herself, came forward:

"I seem to have come in search of you," she said. "You ought to be showing some one the view, really—and so ought I."

"Shall we show it to each other?" was his reply.

"Yes," she said. She sat down on the stone seat which had been placed conveniently for the view. "I am a little tired—just enough to feel that to slink away for a moment, alone, would be agreeable. It is slinking to leave Rosalie to battle with half the county; but I shall stay only a few minutes."

She sat still and gazed at the beautiful lands spread before her; but there was no stillness in her mind, neither was there stillness in his. He did not look at the view, but at her, and he was asking himself what he should be saying to her if he were such a man as Westholt. There swept back into his mind the story of the marriage of his ancestor Red Godwyn, and he laughed low in spite of himself.

Miss Vanderpoel looked up at him quickly.

"Please tell me about it, if it is very amusing," she said.

"I wonder if it will amuse you," was

his answer. "Do you like savage romance?"

"Very much."

It might seem *à propos de rien*, but he did not care in the least. He wanted to hear what she would say.

"An ancestor of mine, a certain Red Godwyn, was a barbarian immensely to my taste. He became enamoured, through rumors, of the beauty of the daughter and heiress of his bitterest enemy. In his day, when one wanted a thing, one rode forth with ax and spear to fight for it."

"A simple and alluring method," commented Betty. "What was her name?"

The silence of their retreat seemed accentuated by its background of music from the gardens. They smiled a second bravely into each other's eyes, then their glances became entangled, as they had done for a moment when they had stood together in Mount Dunstan Park. For one moment each had been held prisoner then; now it was for longer.

"Alys of the Sea-blue Eyes."

Betty tried to release herself, but could not.

"Sometimes the sea is gray," she said.

His own eyes were still on hers.

"Hers were the color of the sea on a day when the sun shines on it, and there are large fleece-white clouds floating in the blue above. They sparkled, and were often like bluebells under water."

"Bluebells under water sounds entrancing," said Betty.

He caught his breath slightly, and knew that his hand shook.

"They were—entrancing," he said.

"That was evidently the devil of it, saving your presence."

"I have never objected to the devil," said Betty. "He is an energetic, hard-working creature, and paints himself an honest black. Please tell me the rest."

"Red Godwyn went forth, and after a bloody fight, took his enemy's castle. If we still lived in like simple, honest times, I should take Dunholm Castle in the same way. He also took Alys of the Eyes, and bore her away captive."

"From such incidents developed the germs of the desire for female suffrage," Miss Vanderpoel observed gently.

"The interest of the story lies in the fact that apparently the savage was either epicure or sentimentalist or both. He did

not treat the lady ill. He shut her in a tower chamber overlooking his court-yard, and after allowing her three days to weep, he began his barbarian wooing. Arraying himself in splendor, he ordered her to appear before him. He sat upon the dais in his banquet-hall, his retainers gathered about him, a great feast spread. In archaic English we are told that the board groaned beneath the weight of golden trenchers and flagons. Minstrels played and sang while he displayed all his splendor."

"They do it yet," said Miss Vanderpoel, "in London and New York and other places."

"The next day, attended by his followers, he took her with him to ride over his lands. When she returned to her tower chamber she had learned how powerful and great a chieftain he was. She 'laye softly,' and was attended by many maidens, but she had no entertainment but to look out upon the great, green court. There he arranged games and trials of strength and skill, and she saw him bigger, stronger, and more splendid than any other man. He did not even lift his eyes to her window. He also sent her daily a rich gift."

"How long did this go on?"

"Three months. At the end of that time he commanded her presence again in his banquet-hall. He told her the gates were opened, the drawbridge down, and an escort waiting to take her back to her father's lands, if she would."

"What did she do?"

"She looked at him long. She turned proudly away; in the sea-blue eyes were heavy and stormy tears, which seeing—"

"Ah, he saw them?"

"Yes. And seizing her in his arms, caught her to his breast, calling for a priest to make them one within the hour. I am quoting the chronicle. I was fifteen when I read it first."

"It is spirited," said Betty, "and Red Godwyn was most perceptive in his methods."

While professing composure and lightness of mood, the spell which, in such case, works between two creatures of opposite sex, wrought in them and made them feel awkward and strange.

"I must slink back now," Betty said, rising. "Will you slink back with me to

give me countenance? I have greatly liked Red Godwyn."

When Nigel Anstruthers saw them again they were crossing the lawn together, while people looked up from ices and cups of tea to follow their slow progress with questioning or approving eyes.

XXXV

THE TIDAL WAVE

THERE was only one man to speak to, and it being the nature of the beast—so he harshly put it to himself—to be absolutely impelled to speech at such times, Mount Dunstan laid bare his breast to him, tearing aside all the coverings pride would have folded about him. The man was, of course, Penzance, and the laying bare was done the evening after the story of Red Godwyn had been told in the laurel walk.

They had driven home together in a profound silence, the elder man as deep in thought as was the younger one. Penzance was thinking that there was a calmness in having passed sixty, and in knowing that the pain and hunger of earlier years would not tear one again. And yet he himself was not untorn by that which shook the man for whom his affection had grown year by year.

"Stay with me to-night," Mount Dunstan said as they drove through the avenue to the house. "I want you to dine with me, and sit and talk late. I am not sleeping well."

A chamber still called the chaplain's room was always kept in readiness. It had been used in long-past days, when a household chaplain had sat below the salt and left his patron's table before the sweets were served. They dined together this night almost as silently as they had driven homeward, and after the meal they went and sat alone in the library.

The huge room was never more than dimly lighted, and the far-off corners seemed more darkling than usual in the insufficient illumination of the lamps. Mount Dunstan, after standing upon the hearth for a few minutes, smoking a pipe which would have compared ill with old Doby's Sunday splendor, left his coffee-cup upon the mantel and began to tramp up and down, out of the dim light into the shadows, back out of the shadows into the light.

"You know," he said, "what I think about most things—you know what I feel."

"I think I do."

"You know what I feel about Englishmen who brand themselves as half-men, and marked merchandise, by selling themselves and their houses and their blood to foreign women who can buy them. You know how savage I have been at the mere thought of it, and how I have sworn—"

"Yes, I know what you have sworn," said Mr. Penzance.

"You know how I have felt myself perfectly within my rights when I black-guarded such men and sneered at such women, taking it for granted that each was merchandise of his or her kind and beneath contempt."

"I have heard you."

Mount Dunstan threw back his head with a harsh laugh. He came out of the shadow and stood still.

"Well," he said, "I am in love—as much in love as any lunatic ever was—with the daughter of Reuben S. Vanderpoel. There you are—and there I am!"

"It has seemed to me," Penzance answered, "that it was almost inevitable."

"My condition is such that it seems to me that it would be inevitable in the case of any man. When I see another man look at her my blood races fearfully through my veins. That will show you the point I have reached." He walked over to the mantelpiece and laid his pipe down with a hand Penzance saw was unsteady. "In turning over the pages of the *Volume of Life*," he said, "I have come upon the Book of Revelations."

"That is true," Penzance said.

"Do you know the state of a man who cannot utter the most ordinary words to a woman without being aware that he is making mad love to her? This afternoon I found myself telling Miss Vanderpoel the story of Red Godwyn and Alys of the Sea-blue Eyes. I did not make a single statement having any connection with myself, but throughout I was calling on her to think of herself and of me as of those two. I saw her in my own arms, with the tears of Alys on her lashes. I was making mad love, though she was unaware of my doing it."

"How do you know she was unaware?" remarked Mr. Penzance. "You are a very strong man."

Mount Dunstan let his forehead drop a moment on his arms as they rested on the mantelpiece.

"A tidal wave gathering itself mountain high and crashing down upon one's helplessness might be as easily defied," he said. "It is supposed to disperse, I believe. That has been said so often that there must be truth in it. In twenty or thirty or forty years one is told one will have got over it."

"Go on," said Mr. Penzance, because he had paused and stood biting his lip. "Say all that you feel inclined to say. It is the best thing you can do. I have never gone through this myself, but I have seen and known of it for many years. I have seen it come and go."

"Can you imagine," Mount Dunstan said, "that the most damnable thought of all—when a man is passing through it—is the possibility of its *going*? Anything else rather than the knowledge that years could change or death could end it. Eternity seems only to offer space for it. One knows, but one does not believe. The Book of Revelations has shown to me how—how magnificent life might be. Magnificent—that is the word. To go to her on equal ground; to take her hands and speak one's passion as one would, as her eyes answered; to bring her home to this place, having made it as it once was;—with her—the joy of life, for that is what she is."

"Yes," Penzance answered.

"This afternoon as I watched her move about among the people, Mary Lithcom began to talk about her; to tell me that every man who wanted money wanted Reuben S. Vanderpoel's daughter; that she was only a brilliant bird of passage who in a few months would be caught in the dazzling net of the great world. She told me to *look* at her—to *look* at her mouth and chin and eyelashes, and to make note of what she stood for in a crowd of ordinary people. I could have laughed aloud."

Mr. Penzance was resting his bent forehead on his hand, his elbow on his chair's arm.

"This is profound unhappiness," he said. "It is profound unhappiness."

Mount Dunstan answered by a brusque gesture.

"But it will pass away," Mr. Penzance continued, "and not as you fear it must,"—in answer to another gesture fiercely impatient—"not that way. Some day, or night, you will stand here together, and you will tell her all you have told me." It was with the same conviction that he went on: "I have spent my quiet life in thinking of the forces for which we find no explanation—of the causes of which we see only the effects. Long ago, in looking at you, I said to myself that *you* were of the primeval force which cannot lose its way, which sweeps a clear pathway for itself as it moves, and which cannot be held back. I said just now that because you are a strong man you cannot be sure that a woman you are—even in spite of yourself—making mad love to, is unaware that you are doing it. You do not know what your strength lies in. I do not, the woman does not; but we must all feel it, whether we comprehend it or no. You said of this fine creature some time since, that she was life, and you have just said again something of the same kind. It is quite true. She is life and the joy of it. You are two strong forces, and you are *drawing* each other."

He rose from his chair, and going to Mount Dunstan, put his hand on his shoulder, his fine old face singularly rapt and glowing.

"She is drawing you and you are drawing her, and each is too strong to release the other. I believe that to be true. Both bodies and souls do it. They are not separate things. They move on their way as the stars do."

As he spoke, Mount Dunstan's eyes looked into his fixedly. Then they turned aside, and gazed down upon the mantel against which he was leaning. He aimlessly picked up his pipe and laid it down again. He was paler than before, but he said nothing.

"You think your reasons for holding aloof from her are the reasons of a man." Mr. Penzance's voice sounded to him remote. "They are the reasons of a man's pride; but that is not the strongest thing in the world. It only imagines it is. You think that you cannot go to her as a luckier man could. You think nothing shall force you to speak. Ask yourself why.

It is because you believe that to show your heart would be to place yourself in the humiliating position of a man who might seem to her and to the world to be a base fellow."

"An impudent, pushing, base fellow," thrust in Mount Dunstan, fiercely; "one of a vulgar lot; a thing fancying even its beggary worth buying. What has a man—whose very name is hung with tattered ugliness—to offer?"

Penzance's hand was still on his shoulder, and his look at him was long.

"His very pride," he said at last; "his very obstinacy, and haughty, stubborn determination. And those broken because the other feeling is the stronger, and overcomes him utterly."

A flush leaped to Mount Dunstan's forehead. He set both elbows on the mantel, and let his forehead fall on his clenched fists. And the savage Briton rose in him.

"No," he said passionately.

"You say that," said the older man, "because you have not yet reached the end of your tether. Unhappy as you are, you are not unhappy enough. Of the two you love yourself the more—your pride and your stubbornness."

"Yes," said Mount Dunstan. "I suppose I retain yet a sort of respect—and affection for my pride."

"You are drawing her, and she is drawing you," Penzance said. "You will stand here together, and you will tell her of this—on this very spot."

ON the morning after his talk with his friend,—the curious uplifted, unpractical talk which had seemed to hypnotize him,—Mount Dunstan knew, when he opened his eyes to the light, that he had awakened as a man should awake—with an unreasoning sense of pleasure in the life and health of his own body, as he stretched strong limbs after the night's rest, feeling that there was work to be done.

An alluring picture of a certain deep, clear, bathing pool in the park rose before him. It had not called to him for many a day, and now he saw its dark blueness gleam between flags and green rushes in its encircling thickness of shrubs and trees. He sprang from his bed, and in a few minutes was striding across the grass of the park, his towels over his arm, his

head thrown back, as he drank in the freshness of the morning scented air. Here and there, insisting on morning joyfulness, rabbits frisked about among the fine, grassed hummocks of their warren, and, as he passed, scuttled back into their holes with a whisking of short white tails, at which he laughed with friendly amusement. Cropping stags lifted their antlered heads, and fawns with dappled sides and immense lustrous eyes gazed at him without actual fear, even while they sidled closer to their mothers. A skylark, springing suddenly from the grass a few yards from his feet, made him stop short once, and stand looking upward and listening. Who could pass by a skylark at five o'clock on a golden morning—the little heavenly light-heart circling and wheeling, showering down diamonds, showering down pearls, from its tiny pulsating, trilling throat?

"Do you know why they sing like that? It is because all but the joy of things has been kept hidden from them. They know nothing but life and flight and mating and the gold of the sun. So they sing." Once she had said that.

It sounded like it, and he listened until the jeweled rain seemed to have fallen into his soul. Then he went on his way, smiling as he knew he had not smiled in his life before. He knew it because he realized that he had never before felt the same vigorous, normal spirit; the same sense of being as other men.

He undressed, and plunged headlong into the dark sapphire. He swam swiftly and slowly by turns; he floated, looking upward at heaven's blue, listening to birds' song, and inhaling all the fragrance of the early day.

He emerged from his pool glowing, the turf feeling like velvet beneath his feet, a new light in his eyes.

XXXVI

BY THE ROADSIDE EVERYWHERE

IT suddenly had become worth while to discuss the approaching hop-harvest and the yearly influx of the hop-pickers from London. Yesterday the subject had appeared discouraging enough. The great hop-gardens of the estate had been in times past its most prolific source of agri-

cultural revenue and the boast and wonder of the hop-growing county.

The neglect and scant food of the lean years had cost them their reputation; each season they had needed smaller bands of "hoppers" and their standard had been lowered. It had been Mount Dunstan's habit to think of them gloomily as of hopeless and irretrievable loss. Because this morning, for a remote reason, the pulse of life beat strong in him, he was taking a new view. Might not study of the subject, constant attention, and the application of all available resource to one end produce appreciable results?

"It would provide an outlook, and give one work to do," he put it to Penzance at breakfast. "To have a roof over one's head, a sound body, and work to do, is not so bad. I will walk over and talk to Bolter."

Bolter was a farmer whose struggle to make ends meet was almost too much for him. Holdings of owners who either through neglect or lack of money have failed to do their duty as landlords in the matter of repairs of farm-houses, out-buildings, fences, and other things, gradually fall into poor hands. Resourceful and prosperous farmers do not care to hold lands under unprosperous landlords. There were farms lying vacant on the Mount Dunstan estate; there were others the tenants of which were uncertain rent-payers, or slipshod workers, or dishonest in small ways. Waste or sale of the fertilizer which should have been given to the soil as its due, neglect in the case of things the decay of which meant depreciation of property and expense to the landlord, were dishonesties. But Mount Dunstan knew that if he turned out Thorn and Fittle, whom no watching could wholly frustrate in their tricks, Under Mount Farm and Oakfield Rise would stand empty for many a year. Except for his poverty, Bolter would have been a good tenant enough. He was in trouble now because, though his hops promised well, he faced difficulties in the matter of "pickers." Last year he had not been able to pay satisfactory prices in return for labor, and, as a result, the prospect of securing good workers was an unpromising one.

The hordes of men, women, and children who flock year after year to the hop-

growing districts know one another. They learn, also, which may be called the good neighborhoods and which the bad; the holders of gardens who are considered satisfactory as masters, and those who are undesirable. They know by experience or report where the best "huts" are provided, where tents are supplied, and where one must get along as one can. Generally the regular flocks are under a "captain," who gathers his followers each season, manages them, and looks after their interests and their employers.

Mount Dunstan had liked the "hopping" from his first memories of it. He could recall his sensations of welcoming a renewal of interesting things when season after season he had begun to mark the early stragglers on the road.

On his walk to West Ways, the farm on which Bolter lived, Mount Dunstan passed two or three of these strays. They were the usual flotsam and jetsam, but on the roadside near a hop-garden he came upon a group of an aspect so unusual that it attracted his attention. Its unusualness consisted in its air of exceeding, bustling cheerfulness. It was a domestic group of the most luckless type, and, ragged, dirty, and worn by an evidently long tramp, might well have been expected to look forlorn, discouraged, and out of spirits. It was a group of a slouching father of five children, one plainly only a few weeks old, and slung in a dirty shawl at its mother's breast; an unhealthy-looking, slatternly mother; two ancient perambulators, one piled with dingy bundles and cooking utensils; the seven-year-old eldest girl unpacking things and keeping an eye at the same time on the youngest two, who were neither of them old enough to be steady on their feet, the six-year-old gleefully aiding the slouching father to build the wayside fire. The mother sat upon the grass, nursing her baby and staring about her with an expression at once stupefied and illuminated with some temporary bliss. Even the slouching father was grinning, as if good luck had befallen him, and the youngest two were tumbling about with squeals of good cheer. This was not the humor in which such a group usually dropped wearily on the grass at the wayside to eat its meager and uninviting meal, and rest its dragging limbs. As he drew near, Mount

Dunstan saw that at the woman's side there stood a basket of food and a can of milk.

Ordinarily he would have passed on, but, perhaps because of the human glow the morning had brought him, he stopped and spoke.

"Have you come for the hopping?" he asked.

The man touched his forehead, apparently not aware that the grin was yet on his face.

"Yes, sir," he answered.

"How far have you walked?"

"A good fifty miles since we started, sir. It took us a good bit. We was pretty well done up when we stopped here. But we 've 'ad a wonderful piece of good luck." His grin broadened immensely.

"I am glad to hear that," said Mount Dunstan.

The woman broke in, her weak mouth and chin quite unsteady.

"Seems like it can't be true, sir," she said. "I 'd only just come out of the Union, after this one,"—signifying the new baby at her breast,—"*I was n't fit to drag along day after day. We 'ad to stop 'ere, 'cos I was near fainting away.*"

"She looked fair white when she sat down," put in the man, "*like she was goin' off.*"

"And that very minute," said the woman, "*a young lady came by on 'orse-back, an' the minute she sees me she stops her 'orse an' gets down.*"

"I never seen nothink like the quick way she done it," said the husband. "Sharp like she was a soldier under order. Down an' give the bridle to the groom, an' comes over 'ere."

"An' kneels down," the woman took him up, "right by me, an' says: '*What's the matter? What can I do?*' An' finds out in two minutes an' sends to the farm for some brandy an' all this basketful of stuff," jerking her head toward the treasure at her side. "An' gives *'im*"—with another jerk toward her mate—"money enough to 'elp us along till I 'm fair on my feet. That quick it was—that quick,"—passing her hand over her forehead,—"*if it was n't for the basket,*"—with a nervous, half-hysterical giggle,—"*I would n't believe but what it was a dream, I would n't.*"

"She was a very kind young lady,"

said Mount Dunstan, "and you were in luck."

He gave a few coppers to the children, and strode on his way. The glow was hot in his heart.

"She has gone by," he said.

He knew he would find her at West Ways Farm, and he did so. As slim and straight as a young birch-tree, and elate with her ride in the morning air, she stood silhouetted, in her black habit, against the ancient, whitewashed brick porch as she talked to Bolter.

"I have been drinking a glass of milk and asking questions about hops," she said, giving him her hand, bare of glove. "Until this year I have never seen a hop-garden or a hop-picker."

After the exchange of a few words, Bolter respectfully melted away and left them together.

"It was such a wonderful day that I wanted to be out under the sky for a long time—to ride a long way," she explained. "I have been looking at hop-gardens as I rode. I have watched them all the summer, from the time when there was only a little thing, with two or three pale green leaves looking imploringly all the way up to the top of each tall hop-pole, as if it was saying over and over again, under its breath, 'Can I get up there?' And now look at them!" Her hand waved toward the great gardens—"forests of them!"

"You have seen it all," he said. "A few hundred yards down the road I passed something you had seen. I knew it was you who had seen it, though the poor wretches had not heard your name."

She hesitated a moment, then stooped down and took up in her hand a bit of pebbled earth from the pathway. There was storm in the blue of her eyes as she held it out for him to look at as it lay on the bare rose flesh of her palm.

"See," she said—"see, it is like that—what we give. It is like that." And she tossed the earth away.

"It does not seem like that to those others."

"No, thank God! it does not. But to oneself it is the mere luxury of self-indulgence, and the realization of it sometimes tempts one to be even a trifle morbid. Don't you see,"—the thrill in her

voice startled him,—“they are on the roadside everywhere all over the world.”

"Yes; all over the world."

"Once when I was a child of ten I read a magazine article about the suffering millions and the monstrosity rich who were obviously to blame for every starved sob and cry. It almost drove me out of my childish senses. I went to my father and threw myself into his arms in a violent fit of crying. I clung to him and sobbed out: 'Let us give it all away! let us give it all away, and be like other people!'"

"What did he say?"

"He said we could never be quite like other people. We had a certain load to carry along the highway. It was the thing the whole world wanted, and which we ourselves wanted as much as the rest, and we could not sanely throw it away. It was my first lesson in political economy, and I abhorred it. I was a passionate child, and beat furiously against the stone walls enclosing present suffering. It was horrible to know that they could not be torn down. I cried out, 'When I see any one who is miserable by the roadside I shall stop and give him everything he wants—everything!' I was ten years old, and thought it could be done."

"But you stop by the roadside even now."

"Yes. That one can do."

Coming to West Ways on a chance errand, he had, as it were, found her awaiting him on the threshold. On her part she had certainly not anticipated seeing him there, but, when one rides far afield in the sun, there are roads toward which one turns as if answering a summoning call, and as her horse had obeyed a certain touch of the rein at a certain point, her cheek had felt momentarily hot.

Until later, when the "picking" had fairly begun, the kilns would not be at work; but there was some interest even now in going over the ground for the first time.

"I have never been inside an oast-house," she said. "Bolter is going to show me his, and explain technicalities."

"May I come with you?" he asked.

There was a change in him. Something had lighted in his eyes since the day before, when he had told her his story of

Red Godwyn. She wondered what it was. They went together over the place, escorted by Bolter. They looked into the great, circular ovens on the floors of which the hops would be laid for drying; they mounted ladderlike steps to the upper room where, when dried, the same hops would lie in soft, light piles until pushed with wooden shovels into the long "pokes," to be pressed and packed into a solid, marketable mass. Bolter was allowed to explain the technicalities, but it was plain that Mount Dunstan was familiar with all of them, and it was he who with a sentence here and there gave her the color of things.

"When it is being done, there is nearly always outside a touch of the sharp sweetness of early autumn," he said. "The sun slanting through the little window falls on the pale yellow heaps, and there is a pungent, almost intoxicating scent of hops in the air."

"I am coming later to see the entire process," she answered.

There are times when the whole world is personal to a mood the intensity of which seems a reason for all things. Words are of small moment when the mere sound of a voice makes an unreasonable joy.

"There was that touch of sharp autumn sweetness in the air yesterday morning," she said, "and the chaplets of bryony berries, which look as if they had been thrown over the hedges, are beginning to change to scarlet here and there. The wild-rose haws are reddening, and so are the clusters of berries on the thorn-trees and bushes."

"There are millions of them," Mount Dunstan said, "and in a few weeks' time they will look like bunches of crimson coral. When the sun shines on them they will be wonderful to see."

What was there in such speeches as these to draw any two nearer and nearer to each other as they walked side by side—to fill the morning air with an intensity of life, to seem to cause the world to drop away and become as nothing? His height and strength conveyed to her an impression of physical beauty. His walk and bearing gave her pleasure. On his part, he, for the twentieth time, found himself newly moved by the dower nature had bestowed on her.

And yet as they went about together there was growing in Betty Vanderpoel's mind a certain realization. It grew in spite of the recognition of the change in him—the new thing lighted in his eyes. Whatsoever he felt,—if he felt anything; for the spell being upon her, it had of course made her blind, as is the law, and she could feel no certainty that the spell worked in him also,—he would never allow himself speech. How could he? In his place she could not speak herself. Because he was what he was, he would not come to any woman only to cast at her feet a burden which, in the nature of things, she must take up. The fact that she might think it no burden, that she might take it up gladly, would not concern him. That which would concern him would be his own strength, his own honor—that he would only come to a woman as her lord and her lover should. No, he would not speak, even if he wished personally for the relief of speech; and of that she knew nothing, and suddenly she comprehended that the mere obstinate Briton in him—even apart from greater things—had an immense attraction for her. As she liked now the red-brown color of his eyes, and saw beauty in his rugged features, so she liked his British stubbornness and the pride which would not be beaten.

"Do you know," said Mount Dunstan, "that sometimes you suddenly fling out the most magnificent flag of color—as if some splendid flare of thought had sent up a blaze."

"I hope it is not a habit," she answered. "When one has a splendid flare of thought, one should be modest about it."

What was there worth recording in the whole hour they spent together? Outwardly there had only been a chance meeting and a mere passing-by; but each left something with the other, and each learned something; and the record made was deep.

At last she was on her horse again, on the road outside the white gate.

"This morning has been so much to the good," he said. "I had thought that perhaps we might scarcely meet again this year. I shall become absorbed in hops, and you will no doubt go away. You will make visits or go to the Riviera, or to New York for the winter?"

"I do not know yet. But at least I

shall stay to watch the thorn-trees load themselves with coral." To herself she was saying: "He means to keep away. I shall not see him."

As she rode off, Mount Dunstan stood for a few moments, not moving from his place. At a short distance from the farm-house gate a side lane opened upon the highway, and as she cantered in its direction a horseman turned in from it—a man who was young and well-dressed, and who sat well a spirited animal. He came out upon the road almost face to face with Miss Vanderpoel, and from where he stood Mount Dunstan could see his delighted smile as he lifted his hat in salute. It was Lord Westholt, and what more natural than that, after an exchange of greetings, the two should ride together on their way? For nearly three miles their homeward road would be the same.

In a breath's space all the exaltation of the morning swooped and fell as a bird seems to swoop and fall through space. It was all over and done with Mount Dunstan, and he understood it. His normal awakening in the morning, the physical and mental elation of the first clear hours, the spring of his foot as he had trod the road, had all had but one meaning. In some occult way the hypnotic talk of the night before had formed itself into a reality, fantastic and unreasoning as it had been. Some insistent inner consciousness had seized upon and believed it, in spite of him, and had set all his waking being in tune to it. That was the explanation of his undue spirits and hope. If Penzance had spoken a truth he would have had a natural, sane right to feel all this and more. But the truth was that he, in his guise, was one of those who are "on the roadside everywhere, all over the world." Poetically figurative as the thing sounded, it was prosaic fact.

Still hearing the distant sounds of the hoofs beating in cheerful diminuendo on the roadway, he turned about and went back to talk to Bolter.

XXXVII

CLOSED CORRIDORS

To know the existence of a hundred or so closed doors shut on the darkness of unoccupied rooms; to be aware of flights of

unmounted stairs, of stretches of untrod-den corridors, of unending walls from which the pictured eyes of long-dead men and women stare as if seeing things which human eyes behold not, is an eery and unwholesome thing. Mount Dunstan slept in a large four-post bed in a chamber in which he might have died or been murdered a score of times without being able to communicate with the remote servants'-quarters below-stairs, where lay the one man and one woman who attended him.

And to sit in solitude and think of it was an awful and a lonely thing.

But loneliness was nothing new, only that in these months his had strangely intensified itself. This, though he was not aware of it, was because the soul and body which were the completing parts of him were within reach—and without it. When he went down to breakfast he sat singly at a table round which twenty people might have laughed and talked. When he was not out-of-doors he spent his days between the dining-room and the library. Since he could not afford servants, the many other rooms must be kept closed. It was a ghastly and melancholy thing to make, as he must sometimes, a sort of precautionary visit to the state apartments.

"Who am I doing it for?" he said to Penzance. "I am doing it for myself, because I cannot help it. The place seems to me like some gorgeous old warrior come to the end of his days. It has stood the wear of things for century after century; it is going now. I am all that is left to it; it is all I have. So I patch it up, when I can afford it, with a crutch or a splint and a bandage."

Late in the afternoon of the day on which Miss Vanderpoel rode away from West Ways with Lord Westholt, a stealthy and darkly purple cloud rose, lifting its ominous bulk against a chrysoprase and pink horizon. It was the kind of cloud which speaks of but one thing to those who watch clouds or even casually consider them. So Lady Anstruthers felt some surprise when she saw Sir Nigel mount his horse before the stone steps and ride away as it were into the very heart of the coming storm.

"Nigel will be caught in the rain," she said to her sister. "I wonder why he goes out now. It would be better to wait until to-morrow."

But Sir Nigel did not think so. He had calculated matters with some nicety. He was not exactly on such terms with Mount Dunstan as would make a casual call seem an entirely natural thing, and he wished to drop in upon him for a casual call and in an unpremeditated manner. He meant to reach the Mount about the time the storm broke, under which circumstance nothing could bear more lightly an air of being unpremeditated than to take refuge in a chance passing.

Mount Dunstan was in the library. He had sat smoking his pipe while he watched the purple cloud roll up and spread itself, blotting out the chrysoprased and pink and blue, and when the branches of the trees began to toss about, he had looked on with pleasure as the rush of big rain-drops came down and pelted things. It was a fine storm, and there were some imposing claps of thunder and jagged flashes of lightning. As one splendid rattle shook the air he was surprised to hear a summons at the great hall door. Who on earth could be turning up at this time? His man Reeve announced the arrival a few moments later, and it was Sir Nigel Anstruthers. He had been riding through the village when the deluge descended, and it had occurred to him to turn in at the park gates and ask a temporary shelter. Mount Dunstan received him with sufficient courtesy. His appearance was not a thing to rejoice over, but it could be endured. Whisky and soda and a smoke would serve to pass the hour if the storm lasted so long.

Conversation was not the easiest thing in the world under the circumstances, but Sir Nigel led the way steadily after he had taken his seat and accepted the hospitalities offered. What a place it was, this! He had been struck for the hundredth time with the impressiveness of the mass of it, the sweep of the park, and the splendid grouping of the timber as he had ridden up the avenue. There was no other place like it in the county. Was there another like it in England?

"Not in its case, I hope," Mount Dunstan said. There was a few seconds of silence. The rain poured down in splashing sheets and was swept in rattling gusts against the window-panes.

"What the place needs is—an heiress," Anstruthers observed in the tone of a

practical man. "I believe I have heard that your views of things are such that she should preferably *not* be an American."

To resist a sudden intense desire to spring upon a casual visitor, and seizing him by the collar, to kick him, without comment, out of one's house, requires strength of will and character. The casual visitor cannot be dealt with after this manner without damage to one's sense of dignity and the placing in peril of one's self-respect. Mount Dunstan did not smile, though he slightly showed his teeth.

"When I am driven to the wall," he answered, "I may not be fastidious as to nationality."

Nigel Anstruthers' manner was not a bad one. In a case like this the agreeable smile was not useful, as it would neither terrify nor allure. He chose rather that tone of casual openness which, while it does not wholly commit itself, may be regarded as suggestive of the amiable half-confidence of speeches made as "man to man."

"My own opportunity of studying the genus American heiress within my own gates is a first-class one. I find that it knows what it wants, and that its intention is to get it." A short laugh broke from him as he flicked the ash from his cigar upon the small bronze receptacle at his elbow. "It is not many years since it would have been difficult for a girl to be frank enough to say, 'When I marry I shall ask something in exchange for what I have to give.'"

"There are not many who have as much to give," said Mount Dunstan, coolly.

"True," replied Anstruthers, with a slight shrug. "You are thinking that men are glad enough to take a girl like that even without a shape like Diana's and eyes like the sea. Yes, by George! she *is* a handsome creature."

Mount Dunstan did not attempt to refute the statement, and Anstruthers laughed low again.

"It is an asset she knows the value of quite clearly. That is the interesting part of it. She has inherited the far-seeing commercial mind. She does not object to admitting it. She educated herself in delightful cold blood that she might be prepared for the largest prize appearing upon the horizon. She held

things in view when she was a child at school, and obviously attacked her French, German, and Italian conjugations with a twelve-year-old eye on the future."

Mount Dunstan, leaning back carelessly in his chair, his hands clasped behind his head, laughed, as it seemed, with him. Internally he was saying that the man was a liar who might always be trusted to lie; but he knew with shamed fury that the lies were doing something to his soul—rolling dark vapors over it, stinging him, dragging away props, and making him feel they had been foolish things to lean on. This can always be done with a man in love who has slight foundation for strong hope. For some mysterious and occult reason civilization has elected to treat the strange and great passion as if it were an unholy thing, the dominion of which over him proper social training prevents any man from admitting openly. In passing through its cruelest phases he must bear himself as if he were immune; and this being the custom, he may be called upon to endure much without the relief of striking out with manly blows. An enemy, guessing his case, and possessing the infernal gift the joy of which is to dishearten and to do hurt with courteous despatch, may plant a poisoned arrow here and there with neatness and fine touch, while his bound victim can, with decency, neither start, nor utter brave howls, nor guard himself, but must sit still and listen, hospitably supplying smoke and drink and being careful not to make an ass of himself.

Therefore Mount Dunstan pushed the cigars nearer to his visitor and waved his hand hospitably toward the whisky and soda. There was no reason, in fact, why Anstruthers, or any one indeed but Penzance, should suspect that he had become somewhat mad in secret. The man's talk was marked merely by the lightly disparaging malice which was rarely to be missed from any speech of his which touched on others. Yet it might have been a thing arranged beforehand, to suggest adroitly either lies or truth which would make a man see every sickeningly good reason for feeling that in this contest he did not count for a man at all.

"It has all been pretty obvious," said Sir Nigel. "There is a sort of cynicism in the openness of the siege. My impression

is that almost every youngster who has met her has taken a shot. Tommy Alanby, scrambling up from his knees in one of the gardens, was a satisfying sight. His much-talked-of passion for Jane Lithcom was temporarily in abeyance."

The rain swirled in a torrent against the window, and casually glancing outside at the tossing gardens, he went on:

"She is enjoying herself. Why not? She has the spirit of the huntress. I don't think she talks nonsense about friendship to the captives of her bow and spear. She knows she can always get what she wants. A girl like that *must* have an arrogance of mind. And she is not a young saint. She is one of the women born with the look in her eyes. I own I should not like to be in the place of any primeval poor brute who really went mad over her—and counted her millions as so much dirt."

Mount Dunstan answered with a shrug of his big shoulders.

"Apparently he would seem as remote from the reason of to-day as the men who lived on the land when Hengist and Horsa came, or when Cæsar landed at Deal.

"He would seem as remote to her," Sir Nigel went on, with a shrug also. "I should not like to contend that his point of view would not interest her or that she would particularly discourage him. Her eyes would call him,—without malice or intention no doubt,—but your Early-Briton ceorl or earl would be as well understood by her. Your New York beauty who has lived in the market-place knows principally the prices of things."

He was not ill pleased with himself. He was putting it well and getting rather even with her. Oftener than not he felt a savage desire to get even with her, though he would gain nothing by it but the momentary satisfaction which meant something, after all, to a man of his temperament whose nerves had gone wrong. If this fellow, with his shut mouth, had a sore spot hidden anywhere, he was giving him "to think." And whatsoever he thought, he would be obliged to continue to keep his ugly mouth shut. The great idea was to say things without saying them, to set your hearer's mind to saying them for you. He had done a good deal of this of late, and it had amused him greatly to mark how adroitly he had led

people in the right direction even when they had worn an unconsenting air and believed they had rebuffed him.

"What strikes one most is a sort of commercial brilliance in her," he went on, taking up his thread again after a smilingly reflective pause. "It quite exhilarates me by its novelty. There's spice in it. We English have not a 'look-in' when we are dealing with Americans, and yet France calls us a nation of shop-keepers. My impression is that their women take little inventories of every house they enter, of every man they meet. I heard her once speaking to my wife about this place as if she had lived in it. She spoke of the closed windows and the state of the gardens, of broken fountains and fallen arches. She evidently deplored the deterioration of things which represented capital. She has inventoried Dunholm, no doubt: that will give Westholt a chance. But she will do nothing until after her next year's season in London—that I'd swear. I look forward to next year. It will be worth watching. She has been training my wife. A sister who has married an Englishman, and has at least spent some years of her life in England, has a certain established air. When she is presented, one knows she will be a sensation. After that—" he hesitated a moment, smiling not too pleasantly.

"After that," said Mount Dunstan, "the deluge."

"Exactly; the deluge which usually sweeps girls off their feet. But it will not sweep her off hers. She will stand quite firm in the flood, and lose sight of nothing of importance which floats past."

Mount Dunstan took him up. He was sick of hearing the fellow's voice.

"There will be a good many things," he said. "There will be great personages and small ones, pomps and vanities, glittering things, and heavy ones."

"When she sees what she wants," said Anstruthers, "she will hold out her hand, knowing it will come to her. The things which drown will not disturb her. I once made the blunder of suggesting that she might need protection against the importunate—as if she had been an English girl. It was an idiotic thing to do."

"Because?" Mount Dunstan for the moment had lost his head. Anstruthers had maddeningly paused.

"She answered that if it became necessary she might perhaps be able to protect herself. She was as cool and frank as a boy. No *air pincé* about it, mere consciousness of being able to put things in their right places. Made a mere male relative feel like a fool."

"When *are* things in their right places?" To his credit, be it spoken, Mount Dunstan managed to say it as if in the mere putting together of idle words. What man likes to be reminded of his right place? No man wants to be put in his right place. There is always another place which seems more desirable.

"She knows, if we others do not. I suppose my right place is at Stornham, conducting myself as the brother-in-law of a fair American should. I suppose yours is here, shut up among your closed corridors and locked doors. There must be a lot of them in a house like this. Don't you sometimes feel it too large for you?"

"Always," answered Mount Dunstan.

The fact that he added nothing else, and met a rapid side glance with unmoving red-brown eyes gazing out from under rugged brows, perhaps irritated Anstruthers. He had been rather enjoying himself with the obstinate, proud beggar, but he had not enjoyed himself enough. There was no denying that his plaything had not openly flinched. Anstruthers wondered how far a man might go. He was, in fact, irritated enough to be somewhat losing control of his devil. He tried again.

"She likes the place, though she has a natural disdain for its condition. That is practical American. Things which are going to pieces because money is not spent upon them—mere money of which all the people who count for anything have so much—are inevitably rather disdained. They are 'out of it.' But she likes the estate." As he watched Mount Dunstan he felt sure he had got it at last—the right thing. "If you were a duke with fifty thousand a year," he added, with a distinctly nasty, amicably humorous, faint laugh, "she would—by the Lord! I believe she would take it over, and you with it."

Mount Dunstan got up. In his rough tweeds he looked over big, and heavy, and perilous. For two seconds Nigel Anstruthers would not have been surprised if he had, without warning, knocked him over or whirled him out of his chair and

kicked him. He would not have liked it, but, for two seconds, it would have been no surprise. In fact, he instinctively braced his not too firm muscles. But nothing of the sort occurred. During the two seconds—perhaps three—Mount Dunstan stood still and looked down at him. The brief space at an end, he walked over to the hearth and stood with his back to the big fireplace.

"You don't like her," he said, and his manner was that of a man dealing with a matter of fact. "Why do you talk about her?"

He had got away again—quite away.

An ugly flush shot over Anstruthers' face. There was one more thing to say, whether it was idiotic to say it or not. Things can always be denied afterward, should denial appear necessary; and for the moment his devil possessed him.

"I do not like her!" he exclaimed, and his mouth twisted. "Do I not? I am not an old woman. I am a man; like others, I chance to like her—too much."

There was a short silence. Mount Dunstan broke it.

"Then," he remarked, "you had better emigrate to some country with a climate which suits you. I should say that England, for the present, does not."

"I shall stay where I am," answered Anstruthers with a slight hoarseness of voice which made it necessary for him to clear his throat. "I shall stay where she is. I will have that satisfaction at least. She does not mind. I am only a rackets, middle-aged brother-in-law, and she can take care of herself. As I told you, she has the spirit of the huntress."

"Look here," said Mount Dunstan, quite without haste and with an iron civility, "I am going to take the liberty of suggesting something. If this thing is true, it would be as well not to talk about it."

"As well for me—or for her?" There was a serene significance in the query.

Mount Dunstan thought a few seconds.

"I confess," he said slowly, and he planted his fine blow between the eyes well and with directness—"I confess that it would not have occurred to me to ask you to do anything or refrain from doing it for her sake."

"Thank you; perhaps you are right.

One learns that one must protect oneself. I shall not talk; neither will you. I know that. I was a fool to let it out. The storm is over. I must ride home." He rose from his seat, and stood smiling. "It would smash up things nicely if the new beauty's appearance in the great world were preceded by chatter of some unseemly stupid county scandal connected with her name. Such things set themselves going easily, and unfairly enough, it is always the woman who is hurt."

"Unless," said Mount Dunstan, civilly, "there should arise the poor primeval brute in his neolithic wrath to seize on the man to blame and break every bone and sinew in his damned body."

"The newspapers would enjoy it more than the world," answered Sir Nigel even serenely. "She does not like the newspapers. They are too ready to disparage the multi-millionaire and cackle about members of his family."

The unhidden hatred which still professed to hide itself in the depths of their pupils as they regarded each other had its birth in a passion as elemental as the quakings of the earth or the rage of two lions in a desert lashing their flanks in the blazing sun. It was well that at this moment they should part ways.

Sir Nigel's horse being brought, he went on the way which was his.

"It was a mistake to say what I did," he said, before going. "I ought to have held my tongue. I am under the same roof with her at any rate. That is a privilege no other man shares with me."

He rode off smartly, his horse's hoofs splashing in the rain pools left in the avenue after the storm. He was not so sure, after all, that he had made a mistake; and for the moment he was not in the mood to care whether he had made one or not. His agreeable smile showed itself as he thought of the obstinate, proud brute he had left behind, sitting alone among his shut doors and closed corridors. They had not shaken hands either at meeting or parting. Queer thing it was, the kind of enmity a man could feel for another when he was upset by a woman. It was amusing enough that it should be she who was upsetting him after all these years—impudent little New York Betty, with the ferocious manner.

(To be continued)

STORIES OF A GIRL IN ITALY

BY LISI CIPRIANI

I. THE LAMB AND THE ROBBERS

MY great-grandparents lived at Leghorn, and my mother was their eldest and favorite grandchild. From all she told me herself I deduce that they spoiled her. I never knew either of my grandmothers, and I have always regretted it deeply, because I think that, had they lived, there would have been some one in the world to pet and spoil me.

My great-grandparents were wealthy, though they lived in simple style. My great-grandmother was an unusually economical woman, for Italians are not as a rule model housekeepers; but she was as thrifty as a New England farmer's wife.

Part of the year they spent on a large estate, where my mother would remain with them for months. That was the happiest time of her life. Her grandmother excused in her what she never excused in any one else, and her grandfather granted her every wish. Sometimes he got into trouble by doing so, for my mother was as fond of animals as she was of dolls, and pets introduce into a household an element of disorder of which my great-grandmother sincerely disapproved. But though she would reproach my great-grandfather for having allowed some stray cat or dog to be brought home, still she did not deprive her little granddaughter of the newly acquired treasure.

Once her grandfather took my mother with him on a visit to one of the peasant houses that belonged to him. The shepherds had just come down from the mountains with large flocks of sheep, and the natural result of this was that my mother asked for a little lamb.

"Oh, Harriet," said her grandfather, "what will your grandmama say? You'll want to have the lamb in the house, and you know that she will scold. Besides,

the lamb will soon grow big, and then what will you do?"

The child evaded the question. She knew she would gain her point if she only kept on coaxing.

"Please, grandpapa, let me have the lamb! Please, grandpapa, let me have the lamb! Please, grandpapa, let me have the lamb!"

Her good grandfather gave in at last, and they drove home with a little lamb nestling in my mother's lap.

But as they neared the villa her grandfather began to have qualms of conscience. He was afraid of what might be said when they reached the house with a new pet, after it had been distinctly understood that such a thing would never happen again. He tried to gain time, and persuaded my mother not to take the lamb in at once, but to let him take it down to the vault, where he was to deposit some money several peasants had paid for rent.

My great-grandfather's villa was very old; in fact, it came near being a castle. There were subterranean passages and vaults, and in one of these my great-grandfather had a safe in which he used to keep the money paid by the tenants. Sometimes considerable sums were locked away there.

You cannot, of course, have an old house with vaults and subterranean passages without having a ghost; and, in fact, a well-developed ghost was said to inhabit these premises. The story connected with it was duly harrowing. They said that many years ago a woman and her baby had been buried alive there, and that on certain nights the moaning of the mother and the wailing of the child could be distinctly heard. Of course the family did not believe it, but the peasants did.

My mother and her grandfather arrived at the villa at night, and, with the

excuse of taking down the money, they took the lamb to one of the vaults, waiting till morning to introduce it to my great-grandmother, and hoping that by that time some way might be found to mitigate her wrath. My mother took down a soft piece of cloth and a saucer with bread and milk. She fed the lamb as best she could with a spoon, then covered it up carefully, and reluctantly left it for the night.

It was well known that my great-grandfather kept money in the vaults, and the sums which he was said to keep there were grossly exaggerated. This served to tempt some unfortunate peasants to break into the vaults and to rob the safe.

In the middle of the night they came to the villa, and, thanks to a carefully elaborated plan, actually succeeded in reaching the place where the safe was kept.

But they had hardly begun to break open the door when they dropped their tools and ran away, for they distinctly heard the moaning of the mother and the wailing of the child whose spirits they knew haunted the spot.

After a little while their courage returned, and they went back. As their steps neared the door, the wailing of the child was heard again, and again they went away. Yet even this time the braver ones thought it mere nonsense.

But when they tried it the third time, and again began working on the door, the weird wailing was heard so distinctly that the men dropped their tools and fled.

Next morning, when my great-grandfather came to get the lamb, he found not only the tools of the robbers, but a jacket which one of them had dropped in his flight. It served to identify the criminals, who were not professionals, but poor, misguided peasants living on the estate. They confessed at once, saying that the ghost had warned them to give up their undertaking, and they described minutely how they had been able to distinguish between the moaning of the mother and the wailing of the child.

Now, my great-grandfather was a very astute man. He never told that they had heard only the lamb bleating when it heard their footsteps, yearning perhaps for the shepherd who would put it back into the fold. The well-established fact

that the ghost had been heard (and after a while, of course, it was said that it was actually seen by the men who attempted to break in) proved a powerful safeguard. It also made it easier for my great-grandfather to tell his wife how the lamb had saved them from being robbed.

My great-grandmother, who was very thrifty,—in fact, so thrifty that some people considered her altogether too fond of money,—never gave a word of reproach. The lamb grew into a sheep, and still was allowed to walk about the villa undisturbed.

II. A VISIT FROM A SAINT

ANOTHER favorite story which my mother told us often, yet not often enough to satisfy us, was the story of the saint.

It was some time in the forties that a man with a large following made his appearance in Tuscany. He wandered from place to place, fasting, praying, and planting crosses in honor of the Lord, a number of which may still be seen along the roads from Pisa to Lucca decorated with the ladder, the lance, the cock, etc. The people considered him a saint, and followed him in hopes of miracles, though no miracles are recorded. His fasting was extreme, for he was said to live on nothing but bread and water, and he considered it a merit not to wash. He was said to have been one of the Terrorists who participated in the execution of Louis XVI, and to have been pursued by remorse, which had finally made a saint of him.

This saint, called San Gennaro (but who must not be confused with the famous San Gennaro of Naples), finally reached my great-grandfather's estate. The enthusiasm of the people was very great. As he went from village to village he was received by the clergy, and the crosses were planted with ever-increasing ceremonies.

My great-grandfather was a religious man, though by no means bigoted, but his wife was extremely devout and planned an elaborate reception for the wandering saint, to be followed by a banquet. Even a bishop from one of the neighboring cities was invited to attend, and the country people gathered from far and near.

My mother says that she was disgusted with the filthiness of the saint's appearance, and that she did not see how any one could bear to sit next him at table. She watched him with eager curiosity. While all the other men of God enjoyed the good food the Lord had provided for them, San Gennaro abstained from the feasting, asking only for a cup of clear water and a crust of dry bread, which he might take alone in the dining-room when all the others had finished. His modest demand was granted, and though only clear water and dry bread were provided for him, my great-grandmother saw to it that the service used for the saint should all be of solid silver. Then every one withdrew, and he was left alone to pray.

He did not spend much time on his crust, but in a few minutes came out, and asked to be taken to the chapel, where he wished to spend an hour in prayer. He was deferentially taken there by my great-grandfather, and left to an uninterrupted communion with God, for he had made an earnest request that under no consideration should he be disturbed.

I have stated already that my great-grandmother was not only thrifty, but just a wee bit more than thrifty, and when the banquet was over, and her guests were disposed in the parlors and the gardens, she made her way back to the dining-room to see that such provisions as had been left over should be properly cared for. It was with great indignation that she found that almost one whole chicken was missing. She had confidence in the butler, who had been with her for years, and she and the man himself were equally disturbed and troubled at the disappearance of more than half a chicken.

Now, my mother had a trick of giving things away. Sometimes it would be fruit, sometimes part of a dessert, and the natural conclusion was that she had distributed the chicken among some of the peasant children. But when the butler called her, and my great-grandmother questioned her, she absolutely denied having done it.

"Harriet," insisted my great-grandmother, "you know you're always doing that kind of thing. Who could have taken it, now?"

My mother replied promptly: "The saint."

"What!" said my great-grandmother, raising her hands in horror. "Accuse a holy man of stealing a chicken!"

"Well," said my mother, "you did n't take it; he"—pointing to the butler—"did n't take it; I know I did n't take it, and the saint has been in here alone. I don't like him, anyway. He's too dirty."

At this my great-grandmother's ire was aroused. She told the child that if she had no more discretion, and no more respect for holy people, she might just as well stay by herself; and, as a punishment, she would not be allowed to come into the parlors or into the garden till all the guests had left.

My mother said that she thought this very unjust, and went up-stairs to her room in tears. She wandered about the house for a while, and then, bored, as a child naturally would be, she tried to find something to do.

Finally she thought that she could amuse herself by watching the saint at prayer; for there was a small corridor which connected the chapel with the villa, and which had a small window from which she could see all that happened in the chapel itself. So she crept slowly along, and putting her head out of the opening, can you imagine what she saw?

She saw the saint, not praying, but comfortably seated on the altar steps, eating the chicken with his hands!

My mother says she almost yelled with delight. She rushed down to her grandmother, and whispered excitedly into her ear:

"Grandmama, I know who took the chicken."

My great-grandmother immediately took her into another room, and asked for an explanation. Then my mother triumphantly exclaimed:

"Come and see for yourself, grandmama. Come and see how well your holy man prays."

My great-grandmother went quietly up through the little corridor, and looked quietly but through the little window. Then she spoke to my great-grandfather, who quietly went up through the little corridor, and looked quietly out through

the little window. He in turn spoke to the bishop, who quietly went up through the little corridor, and looked quietly out through the little window. Then they all understood only too well why San Gennaro had insisted that nobody should enter the chapel while he was holding his communion with God.

On condition that she should not tell any one what she knew about the saint, my mother was given a basket full of candy and fruit to distribute just as she liked among the peasant children.

As for the saint, he mysteriously disappeared. The peasants thought he had gone away on some holy mission, but the fact is that the bishop got him quietly out of the way, for fear that he might be stoned.

The crosses were left standing, and no doubt serve their purpose for him who prays before them with a simple, earnest heart.

OTHER stories that my mother would occasionally tell us were quite as thrilling as the one about the saint. Particularly interesting to us were those of her travels through Italy at the time of the brigands. Can you imagine anything more exciting than arriving at some lonely little inn at night, knowing that the place was not safe, because perhaps some rich foreigner had recently been murdered there, or having to barricade your room so that if any one tried to rob you, you had a chance to prepare for self-defense; or losing your way as you were trying to find the host, so as to give him an order, and getting into dangerous, forbidden quarters, where through a hole in the floor you could peep into mysterious, subterranean vaults and see a post-chaise you recognized as that of a traveler who had recently been known to disappear? These must have been thrilling journeys, indeed, and, compared with them, modern travels seem very tame.

III. THE CHILD-WIFE AND HER DOLL

LEGHORN, where my mother was born, is the ugly duckling among the hundred cities of beautiful Italy that our poets write about. We consider Leghorn a new place, because its existence as a real city is recognized only for four or five

hundred years, and we are apt to ascribe its lack of artistic interest to its newness.

Toward the middle of the last century my grandfather was the German Consul-General at Leghorn. He was a most remarkable man; and not only remarkable, but distinctly original.

He came of Saxon parentage, and, as far as I can make out, of small landed nobility. He was the youngest of twenty-four children, all of one mother, and nineteen of whom sat at the table at one time. The child who lives through being bossed by twenty-three brothers and sisters, surely may be accepted as an instance of the survival of the fittest, and naturally develops abnormal characteristics of defense and offense.

His childhood coincided with the terrible Napoleonic wars. Three of his brothers fell in the battle of Lützen. Moreover, the French were once quartered on his father's little estate, and some brutal, drunken soldiers kicked his mother down-stairs, causing injuries from which she never recovered. All of this made the Consul-General hate the French, and, in fact, all the Latin races. If he had not hated the French and the Latin races, this story of my mother and her doll could never have been written.

Foreign military service being almost the only profession open to the impecunious young nobleman, he entered the English navy, in which he served creditably for several years, finally leaving it to join a brother at Leghorn, where he had great luck, for he married a pretty, rich young Italian girl of good family. They had a little girl—my mother.

I have said that the Consul-General was an original man; in some ways, indeed, he was distinctly queer. He left home before the child was born, saying that if it was a boy, he would come back; if it was a girl, he would not. He evidently did not plan to have as large a family as his father had had before him, and considered this first experiment final. The child, as I have said, proved to be a girl, and the Consul-General would not come home. He stayed away for eighteen months, until they sent him a beautiful miniature of his daughter. The

sight of the baby face—an exceptionally beautiful one, too—evidently awoke the Consul-General's paternal feelings, and he returned to his own home, relieving the vice-consul of the extra duties the poor fellow had been compelled to carry.

I have tried to show how environment in early youth developed certain characteristics of resistance, and made of him, as a German friend of mine puts it, "a much obstinate person." He gave in a little, but very little. When he came back he allowed himself to be fond of the child, but he controlled the situation by bringing her up exactly as though she had been a boy.

Now, at Leghorn, seventy-three years ago, to bring up the daughter of an Italian mother as a boy was a tremendous thing to do. Yet he did it, and not only did it bravely, but successfully. The child learned to speak four languages with equal fluency, an unheard-of thing for girls to do in those days. She learned to tramp for miles through the country, to ride horseback and to swim, though in those days young ladies hardly ever took long walks, rode, or swam. Just as soon as she was old enough, she was even made to study book-keeping and the elements of law. Yet the crowning masculine accomplishment was acquired when every Sunday morning the Austrian drum-major was summoned to make her beat the drum. Then the Consul-General was satisfied, for he had got the best of destiny.

Evidently, however, there was a lurking Germanic sense of the proper sphere of woman, and this showed in one phase of the child's education. Part of the day she was given in charge of two genteel Englishwomen, who taught her the English language, and what they considered the best of English manners. Incredible, though true, she was actually taught to shape her mouth by saying "prunes, plums, and prisms." She had to lie flat on her back one hour each day; and she was taught a primness in speech of which the Italians are blissfully ignorant. For instance, once when, on returning from a long walk, she remarked: "Oh, my legs are so tired!" she was solemnly informed: "Young ladies never have legs, they have only feet." Since

nature had endowed the child with exceptional beauty and exceptional intelligence, the result of her extraordinary training was at once charming and unusual.

Since the Consul-General hated the Latin races with such fervor, it will be thought strange that he should have married an Italian wife. Probably he did not consider a woman of enough importance to give her nationality much thought, and if he paid such attention to his little daughter, it was to make her as little a woman as possible. Still, as the child grew in beauty, strength, and intelligence, he realized that the time would come when she might by marriage fall into the clutches of some man of the hated Latin race. This he was determined to prevent.

He thought long and hard, and finally succeeded in solving the problem to his satisfaction. He decided to marry her to a man of his own race. But in those days Germans were scarce in Italy, and specially at Leghorn—at least Germans who could be considered proper suitors for the daughter of the Consul-General. He had a friend who would have made an ideal husband, save for one serious drawback: he was thirty-five years older than my mother. Still, a husband thirty-five years older than his wife, and German, seemed preferable to an Italian, even though the latter were of a more suitable age. So the Consul-General used his superior will to persuade his friend of the desirability of such an arrangement.

The friend was a lovable man. He had known my mother all her life. Indeed, when she was weaned, he had carried her up and down in his arms all night, and this because he was the one who could best subdue her wailing. He had often done the same for her when she cut her first teeth. Moreover, ever since she was a mere baby he had given her two fine Paris dolls each year. My mother was exceedingly fond of dolls,—a feminine perversity in the face of the efforts her father had made to give her masculine tastes and inclinations,—and these presents had established a particularly friendly relation between the two, though it scarcely paved the way to marriage.

Yet the friend was persuaded to over-

look all difficulties, and on New Year's Day, in the fifteenth year of my mother's life, he sent her a formal and elaborate letter in which he requested her hand in marriage. It was written in German, and requested the high-born young lady to do him the honor of conferring her hand upon him.

As usual, his Christmas gift had been a doll, and a particularly fine one. No wonder, therefore, that my mother was not prepared for an offer of marriage, and all the more as she was young for her age, and had not the slightest tendency to let her thoughts rove in this direction. When the letter came, she was delighted at the mere fact of receiving it, for fifty-nine years ago correspondence was not as commonplace as it has grown now, and for a little girl a letter was an exceptional treat. Her first delight was followed by an impression of surprise and bewilderment. She did not understand what her good friend meant, nor why he wanted her hand. She willingly would have given him both hands any time he came, and saw no reason for his writing a letter about it. At fourteen she had not philosophized as to life and marriage as much as I had at ten.

She took the letter to my grandmother, and asked for an explanation. My grandmother, who did not know German, but did know the contents, made the matter clear to her in the following way:

"Harriet," she said, "would n't you like to go to Paris?"

"Yes," my mother answered promptly; "but what has that got to do with the letter?"

Then my grandmother, who in true Italian fashion overlooked everything in her pride of marrying off her daughter when she was only fourteen, replied:

"The letter means that if you'll marry our good friend, he will take you to Paris."

This decided the matter. My mother was delighted at the idea of going to Paris with her good friend. She says that she had secret visions of an unlimited number of dolls. The betrothal was announced to friends and relatives, and my mother found herself suddenly grown up.

Consequently she had to put on long dresses. The effort to masculinize her had made her an active, restless child,

and confessedly she was somewhat of a tomboy. Moreover, she was small for her age, and did not appear as old as she actually was. She had no desire whatever to grow up, and when she found that giving her hand in marriage involved wearing long skirts, she wept and wailed, declaring that under such conditions she would never get married.

But the Consul-General was a man of iron. He convinced her that once she had consented, nothing on earth would justify her in breaking her word. Even if she did not want to get married, she would have to wear long skirts as a punishment, so the poor child found there was no escape for her: her choice now lay between long skirts and a trip to Paris, or long skirts and staying at home in disgrace. No wonder she decided for the former.

In May, only a few days before she entered on her sixteenth year, the marriage took place, and her husband immediately fulfilled his promise to take her to Paris.

It was before the days of railways and the journey through Central Italy was beautiful beyond description. My mother, who had not often left home, and to whom driving from Pisa to Leghorn was a great delight, enjoyed the beginning of her travel very much. But when they reached northern Italy, and had to drive for days and days over long, dusty roads, bordered with dreary, monotonous poplars, she began to be bored. She regretted her bargain. She was sorry she had ever married, even if it did mean going to Paris.

What her husband thought, I do not know. He had married my mother with the understanding that he was to save her from the possible calamity of marrying into the Latin race. He fully recognized the fact, as did also the Consul-General, that my mother was altogether too young to be treated as a real married woman, but he expected that time and patience would make her into something that would brighten and bless the last days of his life. My mother admits that he had his hands full during their wedding trip, for she proved a most restless, trying traveling companion. I think that he must have felt more like a governess than a bridegroom.

He was a sweet-tempered man, and very kind to her. In fact, during this whole trip he lost his temper only once, and then he had some excuse for it. They had been stopping over night at some small inn in northern Italy. My mother, who had grown to dread the long days in the closed carriage, made the most of her opportunity, and, rising with the sun, ran into the fields to catch butterflies. Later in the morning the inn-keeper saw her and called out to her: "Signorina, will you please tell your grandfather that the post-horses will be ready in a short time, and that breakfast is waiting for you?"

My mother rushed to her husband in perfect delight, crying: "They have taken you for my grandfather; the horses will soon be ready, and breakfast is waiting for us."

They finally reached Paris, and both were glad of it; my mother, because she would not have to sit still so much of the day, and her husband because he found some one to help him in his pedagogical duties.

In those days a newly married woman had but little more liberty than an unmarried girl, and that means almost no liberty at all. My mother found a chaperon ready for her, a Countess de Montmorency, who was a dear friend of my grandmother's.

The countess was a reactionary aristocrat. What I mean by this is that she belonged to the class of French nobles who, after the Revolution, spent their life in due contemplation of the privileges of which the Revolution had deprived them, and which the restoration of monarchy had at least nominally brought back to them. During the Revolution her family had been among the unfortunate emigrants who had known the worst poverty and distress, and, while still a mere child, she had been compelled to sell *petits pâtés* in the streets of London. But what interested my mother most was that as a child the countess had been a playmate of the unfortunate Dauphin, the little son of Marie Antoinette.

My mother admitted that the countess was sincerely interested in her, and that she got her clutches on her with the intention of doing her much good. She taught her things which even the genteel English women had not taught her. She

taught her that no woman who had not been contaminated by modern ideas, and had not lost her self-respect, would allow pink and blue ribbons on the underwear of her trousseau. She taught her that even the tiniest bit of a flounce was not permissible on a skirt that was to be worn on the street in the sight of plebeians. My mother submitted patiently to these counsels, and regretfully told her maid to take all the pink and blue ribbons out of her underwear, and to rip every flounce from any skirt which a plebeian eye might see.

The countess did not stop at this. She taught my mother to bow from the waist and not from the head, and to courtesy three times backward without getting entangled in a skirt. For, dear American readers, do not forget that we courtesy once to a person of quality, twice to a princess of the blood, and three times to a crowned head. My mother claims emphatically that courtesying has been the hardest thing she has ever had to learn. Book-keeping, law, beating the drum, and, later, bringing up seven children, have been nothing as compared with that.

The days went on. My mother was learning manners and being bored. Between her good husband and the good countess she had no fun at all. She longed for her father, for her mother, for her friends, and, last but not least, for the drum-major.

Nor was she at all consoled by the fact that her husband was showing himself most munificent. He spared no money, and the countess spared neither time nor interest to fit my mother out with all kinds of rare and beautiful things to wear. Her husband was even planning to give her a whole set of Chantilly laces, which the countess had promised to select with every possible care.

A day was chosen on which my mother, accompanied by the countess, was to make a final choice of these laces. The husband left the money to pay for them with my mother, and the countess was to call for her at the hotel and take her to the shop where the laces were to be bought.

On the morning of the appointed day my mother was alone at the hotel. Her husband had left her. The countess had not yet come, sending word that she

could not come until considerably later than she had expected. A coupé was waiting at the door—and my mother was bored to death. She felt bitter and rebellious. She had thought that getting married meant going out alone, eating whatever she liked, and doing just as she pleased. And now she was kept much more strictly than she had ever been kept at home. She decided to show her independence as a married woman, to go out alone, and to satisfy the longing which had made her so anxious to come to Paris—a longing which the countess and her husband had declared childish, and had not gratified. The child wished to go to Giroux', the world-famed shop from which for years she had received her Christmas toys.

It was easy to get into the carriage and order the coachman to drive to Giroux'. It was just as easy to get out there, and to ask an affable clerk to show her the finest dolls they had in stock; but it was not so easy to come away without buying anything. The clerk smirked, bowed, explained, and persuaded "Madame"—for the long dresses, and the wedding ring which showed through her little mitt, proved her right to this title—that she could not possibly leave without taking one of the handsomest dolls.

"But I have no money with me," said my mother, half in self-defense, for she was well aware that her husband and the countess would not approve of such a purchase.

"We shall send some one with Madame, and Madame can pay when she gets to the hotel," suggested the clerk.

And so she fell. She purchased a doll that could speak and walk, and had real eyelashes and finger-nails. She wanted the doll, but she really would have refused if the clerk had allowed it. Down in the depths of her heart, however, she was grateful to him because he compelled her to do what she knew she should not, but dearly longed, to do.

She reached the hotel only a few minutes before the clerk came to deliver the new acquisition, a doll which was meant to be given in homage to some little royal princess, and for which Giroux charged the modest sum of one thousand francs!

My mother paid without hesitancy. She had a lot of money for the laces, and

she did not think that a thousand francs more or less would make much difference. Her book-keeping had not been of the kind to teach her the value of money. The clerk left, well-satisfied with the promptness of the payment, and my mother remained alone with her doll. It was the first time since she left home that she had been perfectly happy.

When the countess arrived, she was horrified. How could a young married woman who fully understood the responsibilities of her position, and what she owed to propriety, go alone to Giroux, buy a doll, and play with it like a little girl of three?

Her husband also soon returned, and he was not only amazed, but was very angry at the waste of money, and the childishness of his bride. He scolded her, and he scolded her long and hard.

My mother was heartbroken: she was a very little girl, she had been exceedingly homesick, and she was not accustomed to have her "good friend," as she still thought of him, speak harshly to her. Until he married her there had, of course, been no necessity for discipline. But she could not reason this out then as she did many, many years later when she told the story to me. She wept and she wailed. She wanted to go home. She wanted to see her father and mother. She did not want to be married. She wanted to go back to her short dresses, and to be allowed to play with dolls.

Her description was vivid, and I can almost see her as she lay there in a big arm-chair, her arm pressed tightly over her eyes, her feet stretched out straight and stiff, and her whole little body shaken with sobs. I can almost see the countess and the husband, distressed and perplexed at the situation. It seemed almost impossible to comfort her.

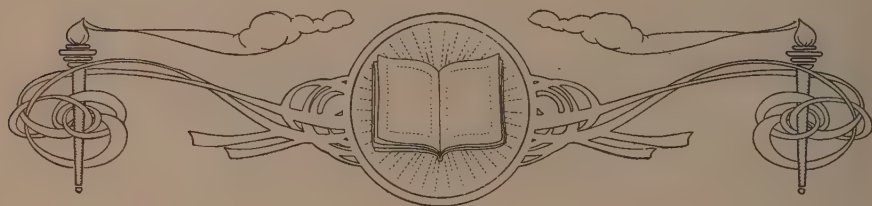
Indeed, what she needed was a mother to take her on her knee and wipe her eyes. Neither the husband nor the countess thought of doing this, and the child kept repeating that she wanted "to go home; she wanted to go to her father and mother; she did not want to stay in Paris another single day.

It was her husband who finally comforted her, but this only when he told her that they would leave Paris, that nobody should take the doll from her,

and that she might keep it with her in the carriage for the rest of the journey.

And so it happened that the little daughter of the Consul-General finished her first wedding trip with a doll on the front seat of the traveling carriage.

Several years later my mother was left a widow. Then (and I think it served the Consul-General just right) she married my father, a brilliant young Italian, a characteristic representative of the hated Latin race.



TOPICS OF THE TIME

"EFFICIENCY."

THE very profuseness of opportunity; the rush for individual betterment in a comparatively new country; the spirit of recklessness thus engendered—these things account for some unfortunate conditions in the American commonwealth. There is a relation between the carelessness as to life in American industries and in some branches of our land transportation systems, and the carelessness with which our municipal business is conducted.

The reform in the care of life and limb seems to have been begun,—this reform being accentuated by the efforts of the Institute of Social Service and its exhibition of life-saving devices; and the reform in municipal conditions seems to be now entering upon a new phase.

With everybody cheerfully busy about his own concerns, with great rewards for private effort continually looming up, perhaps it was natural that in many cities of the New World industrious and unscrupulous men should have found and appropriated financial opportunities in connection with public affairs, and that in the general atmosphere of happy-go-lucky enterprise the plundered communities should be slow to discover, and slow to correct the evils of corrupt local government.

When the good, and all too good-natured, citizens have become thoroughly aroused to the facts, there has been in one community after another a sudden, concentrated, enthusiastic, and generally successful effort to "drive the rascals out," with occasional tinkering of the laws with a view to produce better government by carefully drawn enactments. Then the good citizens, after a brief, glowing, and thoroughly enjoyable period of political heroics, have retired from their pleasurable incursion into public effort, and returned to the strenuities of private business and pleasure, leaving on guard a mere handful of thoughtful and genuine leaders, struggling in vain to keep the minds of the people on municipal questions in periods unmarked by crying and picturesque scandals.

But now comes the new phase to which reference was above made. This new phase is distinguished by a new phrase,—namely, the demand for EFFICIENCY in government. "Efficiency" in the entire field of applied philanthropy, in all matters of social betterment—broadly interpreted—and in the activities of local government especially, has recently been systematically set forth in a significant treatise by William H. Allen of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor.

Mr. Allen, in his book, along with his general suggestions, puts forth a brief (prepared in 1905) for the establishment of an Institute of Municipal Research. Work of the nature described was recently begun under the auspices of the Citizens' Union, and is now carried on by a newly incorporated, independent body, under the name of the Bureau for Municipal Research. Its method is threefold—inquiry, publicity, and suggestion. It investigates the bookkeeping of the city; it suggests better methods of bookkeeping; it interprets and makes known "the story" of the city's books; and points out what the city needs in practical betterment for its population. That is, it examines into the details of government administration, and its aim is to evolve, or to assist in the evolution of administrative methods which will be economical, absolutely honest, both intelligible and intelligent, open and known to the officials themselves who conduct the municipal business, which it is not now, and open and known to the public who pay the municipal bills, which it is now far from being.

The budget of the city of New York is between one hundred and thirty and one hundred and forty millions of dollars a year. In a single year it deals with an expenditure of nearly four hundred millions of dollars, which, according to Controller Metz, is more than that of the major cities of London, Paris, and Berlin, combined with the whole expenditure of three or four of the smaller countries of Europe. The condition of things brought to light by the scientific subsoil plowshare of the bureau's high-class accountants is amazing,—and the effects of the exposures, as it happens, have proved in some cases revolutionary as to the official *personnel*.

There is, however, nothing exciting or revolutionary in the methods of the agents of the bureau. The startling results already obtained in New York come from the simple application of common sense and common honesty to the details of a great city's business. The effect of the impact of light upon the dark places has been irresistible. In important departments the hearty and sympathetic coöperation of honest and intelligent officials has greatly facilitated the work of the

bureau; and such coöperation promises further, and still more important, constructive accomplishment.

New York's annual budget is enormous, and the field for scientific reform in administration is proportionately extensive. But there are few municipalities in the country where some such inquiry would not be salutary. We were told the other day that in one of our larger interior cities a group of accountants had put every social club in the city on its financial legs. If such investigations are desirable, even in social organizations where "boss politics" do not intrude, how much more desirable must they be in connection with municipal employment and purchase where the spirit of graft has become traditionally entrenched. How many, even, of our model New England villages, run under the sacred town-meeting system, know exactly where they stand financially. In how many of them are the audits, and balance-sheets, completed searchingly and scientifically?

We are not so sanguine as to suppose that a mere scientific method of bookkeeping is going to create, by itself, an entirely new condition of things in American municipalities. There are no panaceas for the correction of evils in human government. If there were, the so-called "civil service reform"—that is, the abrogation by law of the miserable spoils system—would, wherever in force, do the business of permanent reform. This "reform of the civil service" does, perhaps, fill more nearly the functions of a panacea than any other. But neither is it a panacea. If to competitive appointment we add concentration and conspicuity of responsibility, and scientific and efficient administration, we must to these three add absolute honesty, trained intelligence, and devotion on the part of our public servants; and again to these an alert moral sense and a standard both of character and of efficiency in the community at large.

The new movement, the new phase of reform in municipal administration of which EFFICIENCY is the watchword, seems to us—and this is the most hopeful thing about it—simply new evidence that there is in our American communities a growing sense of the meaning and responsibility of citizenship.

NOTE—HUGO'S LETTER CONCERNING
"LES MISÉRABLES"

THE letter of Victor Hugo printed in the June CENTURY, though not for the first time, as we intimated might be the case, proves to have been written to Signor Daelli, the Italian publisher of Hugo's works, and not to Count Pepe, in whose

papers it was found by his daughter, the Countess Roswadowska, who in entire good faith presumed that it was written to him. The letter has appeared as an appendix to certain editions of "Les Misérables," but was not found in a search through Hugo's published correspondence, where one would naturally expect to find it.—THE EDITOR.

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. Forbes-Robertson

(SEE THE BUST BY EMIL FUCHS, p. 564)

IF an actor's primary appeal be to the intellect, to the heart through the mind, and to passion through experience,

" . . . an arch wherethro'

Gleams that untravell'd world,"

he may have been on the stage thirty years, as has Johnston Forbes-Robertson, before he is generally accounted the ripe and adequate artist of his day. For ten years Forbes-Robertson was learning; for ten, he was a versatile leading man; he came to his own in 1893 with *Hamlet*, a year later with *Macbeth*.

Men get what they give: they are paid in the coin they mint. No actor on our stage awakes a deeper intellectual admiration. To all play-goers under thirty his *Hamlet* is the interpretation of a lifetime. To them he is all Booth was to those older, less Booth's incomparable mystery—a Scotchman is many things, but never mysterious.

Mr. Robertson's detached mental tone and

temper precisely fit, also, Shaw's view of the stage, as a circus where all the passions do stunts from the trapeze of tragedy to the clown rolling in the sawdust of burlesque. Through all Forbes-Robertson's work plays the lambent fire which lights, but never consumes, whatever it touches. Nature has given him a face, subtle, refined, elevated, full of breeding. His baritone voice moves or mocks alike.

Most of all, for myself, I cherish the purity of his art. His simple outline, severe, full of ease; his restraint in interpreting with a touch, opening, at the inflection of a word or the molding of a phrase; the far vistas of the level or heaving sea,—these are all the full fruitage of a nature which dwells apart, cherishes a lofty desire, refuses compromise, trivial or conventional, and waits for the hour to strike, as it has. To our later stage, he has restored the dignity of Kemble and the grace of Booth, dowering it with an intellectual atmosphere all his own.

Talcott Williams.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

From the Same Mold

FOR twenty years Pierre Ducette had remained an entirely cheerful widower. Whenever his friends pitied his lonely state, Pierre would shrug his expressive shoulders, gesticulate with his lean, brown hands, and say: "But, no, Monsieur; me, I ham mos' 'appy man hon dese whole State of Meechigan. I ain't got notting w'at boddair

me—no cat, no dog, no peeg, no voman, no notting. *Attendez, mon ami!* I tole you som't'ing: You got notting, you got no boddair."

One day, however, there was a change in this happy state of affairs. Pierre turned up after a protracted absence from his accustomed haunts, and it was noticed at once that all his former gaiety had vanished.

"Hello, Pierre!" exclaimed his friend, the druggist. "What 's happened to you? You 're looking decidedly downhearted. Out of a job?"

"But, no, Monsieur. Me, I 'ave trouble more worse dan dat. Trouble she ees nevaire com' single. She ees always bring hees wife, hees babee, too. You hear dat som'taime, hey? *Vraiment*."

"*Mon ami*, Monsieur, dose 'usband of *ma cousine* she ees die hon top of nex' town to dis, an' leave me de sole inheritor of one cow."

"Maybe you t'ink dat som' good luck, hey! *Sappree*, Monsieur! You ees bettaire t'ink one time more. Monsieur, dose cow of dose 'usband of *ma cousine* ees de mos' worse cow hon dese whole town. She ees cross-eye' hon de bot' side—one eye ees look behin', one eye ees look *bifore*. Also, dose dispozione of *Valencie* ees of saltan' *vinegaire*."

"But eet ees hon de laig, Monsieur, dat *mademoiselle* dose cow of dose 'usband of *ma cousine* ees de mos' *sauvage*, de mos' *fierce*, de mos' untame. She ees let fly dose front laig, she ees broke loose dose behin' laig, she ees keeck som'bod' w're she ees leas' *hexpect*."

"Monsieur, behol'! Eet ees imposseble dat I milk dose so bad-tempaired cow. W'at I can do? Shall I vaste dose expensive cow of Monsieur dose 'usband of *ma cousine*? Non, Monsieur! *Jamais*, Monsieur! To save *Mademoiselle Valencie*, dose *méchante* cow, me, I ham' gone got marree w'it *Louise Turcotte*."

"Monsieur, I confide. I tole you som't'ing. I w'ispaire hon top your ear. Dose dispozione de *Valencie*, dose dispozione de *Louise*—*Hélas!* she ees bot' grow hon de same bunch of grape."

Carroll Watson Rankin.

Jerry's Reformation

OH, Jerry Jenks was wonderful,
E'en quite an angel child;
Obedient and polite was he,
And truthful, meek, and mild.

He always answered, "Yes, Mama,"
When told to wash his face;
And punctually at dinner he
Was always in his place.

He never lingered after school,
But came straight home to play,
The while he sugar cookies ate
As little angels may.

Whene'er his playmates bullied him,
And guded and teased him, too,
Sweet Jerry Jenks just stood it, or
With dignity withdrew.

He was so *very*, *VERY* good,
His parents were disturbed.
What *would* become of Jerry if
His virtues were not curbed?

On boys of normal badness, then,
The twain with envy gazed;
At thought of Jerry's future they
With grief were nearly crazed.

But Jerry's father came one day
Upon a knot of boys,
The fistic arguments of whom
Evoked no little noise.

Within the center of the group,
His face demoniac, wild,
Was Jeremiah Jepson Jenks,
The Jenkses' Angel Child!

His tie was off, his jacket torn,
His face with gore was red;
One eye was closed—when this remark
Upon its way was sped:

"Come on, you fellows, just come on!
Perhaps you want some *more!*"
He punched, he thumped, he kicked,
he shrieked—
He smote three boys full sore.

Did Father Jenks lay on his hands,
And put a stop to this?
Oh, never; Father Jenks was wrapped
In most ecstatic bliss.

He gazed upon his raging child,
While joy and wonder grew;
Then murmured, as he turned away,
"*I guess that boy will do.*"

Edna Kingsley Wallace.

Recent Scientific Progress and Invention

A CLEVER young inventor has turned his talent to good account in making a virtue of necessity.

He buys up a quantity of necessities, which may be had at a low price in any department store.

These he makes into virtues, and so great is the demand at present for this line of goods, that he has no difficulty in disposing of his wares.

This industry, advanced to proper proportions, will fill a long-felt want.

Among other rapid strides made by the great science of applied electricity is a contrivance for the production of electric light verse. At a low operating cost, light verse can be produced that is said to exceed in power and brilliancy all others in the market. The machine is provided with a condenser and an adjustable meter.

An improved rapid-fire gun has already had its patent applied for. As its name indicates, this invention is for the purpose of shooting the rapids, and will doubtless prove to be a decided improvement on the old-fashioned barrel.

An enterprising nurseryman is making a specialty of the cultivation of the ambush. Heretofore, the wild and uncultivated specimens of this valuable bush have afforded but scanty protection to our brave soldiers. The fine, improved plants now offered should find a ready market among the dealers in army supplies. The new ambushes are warranted hardy, impenetrable, and capable of transplantation to any climate.

Carolyn Wells.



Drawn by J. R. Shaver

FAMILY PRIDE

UNCLE 'RASTUS: Now dat yoh Daddy 's got too ole to wuck, why don't yoh git a job?

YOUNG RUFUS: No, indeed. Ah ain't goin' to have folks say "Ev'body wucks but Father" 'bout mah fam'ly.

The Banjo and the Loom

THUMP-chug-a-tinkle-tang, tump-a-tinkle tine!

Listen at the banjo and the loom;
Banjo keeps a-pickin' in the shadow o' the vine,

Batten keeps a-thuddin' th'ough the room.

Cabin in the sunshine—chug-a plunk-a pling!

Mocker in the sarvice-bush—listen at him sing!

"Possum up a 'simmon-tree," hear the music ring

Out across the meadows all in bloom!

Says the loom to the banjo: "Thump-a, chunk-a-choo!

You lazy, good-for-nothin' scamp!

My head's a-swimmin' with the work I've got to do,

My back's a-th'obbin' with a cramp.
Goin' up Cripple Creek, layin' in the shade,

Waitin' for the money that the old man made—

Nary hill o' 'taters hoed, and your ax has laid

More 'n a week a-rustin' in the damp!"

Banjo keeps a-twangin' clear: "Time, oh, keep-a time!

What's the good o' harkin' from the tomb?

I can set you dancin' to a ringin' rip o' rhyme;

I can always chase away the gloom.

'Way down yander, where they plant a heap o' truck,

Sleepin' in the corn-pile, covered with a shuck—

Oh, it's I am young forever, and forever I'm in luck!

Whoop!" says the banjo to the loom.

Emma Bell Miles.

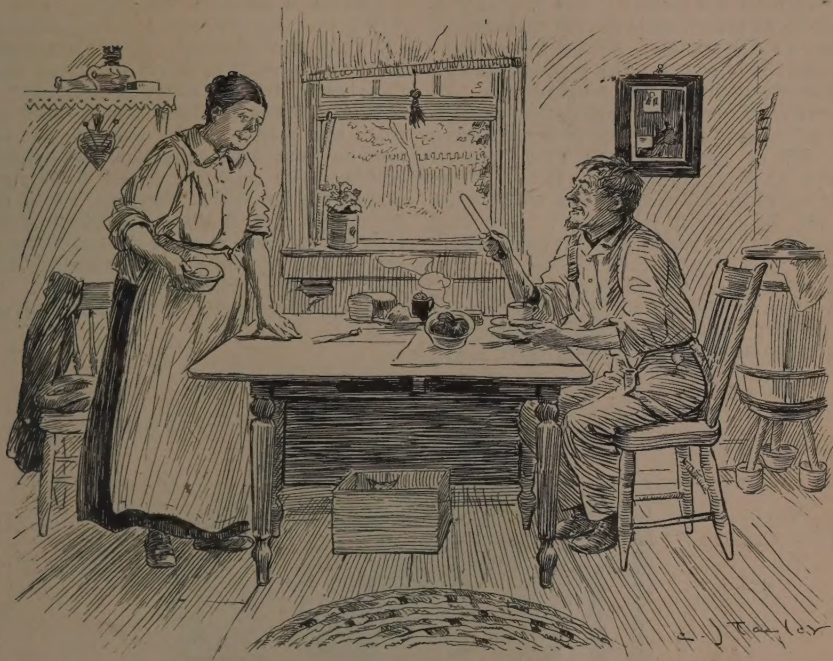
Fifty on Socialism

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FUGITIVE BLACKSMITH"
AND "PARTNERS OF PROVIDENCE"

PASS me the butther, Marg'ret. Where have I been? I was down the shreet a piece. They were solemnizin' the namination a Socialist. What is 't? 'T is a new kind av politics. The platform av it is that iverything will belong to iverybody ilse. I w'u'd rather be mayor of a cimit'ry than live in a country like that. An' I tould thim so. "Ye think," says I, "that whin ye have it worruk-in', ye can all go an' live at the Wuldorf; but ye can't. An' ye can't get me in-the-rested in annythin' like that, for I have cut me wisdom teeth on the worruld. The earth is a business instichootion. An' I ixpect to kape on gettin' ahead by brute merit," says I. But 't is no use tellin' it to thim. As Dugan says, "Ignorance is its own defince."

What did they say? They tried to explain it till me. Ye see, there is the Proteylariat an' the Boorgeese. That manes that there is the poor an' the rich. They tell it to ye in Frinch, so that ye 'll be afraid to deny it. The politicians av it are all Properganders. An' the Properganders is thryin' to put down the Boorgeese. 'T is like that.

Ye don't 'undtherstand? The idee av it is that iverybody will fix it so that nobody can get the bist av annybody. What do ye think av that?



Drawn by C. J. Taylor

“WID THAT, MARG'RET, THEIR EYEBROWS ALL WINT UP”

“Yer scheme is all right,” says I, “an’ the only thing ye will have anny throuble about is people. That ’s all. ’T is aisy to see,” says I, “that ye are la-a-a-argely actuated,” says I, “by a lack av sinse. An’ the less sinse ye have, the more ye want to tell people about it—an’ be rayformers, an’ enlighten the worruld,” says I.

“Look at Archie Mumsey,” they says to me.

“Yis,” says I: “Had I his horse-block for a tombstone, I w’u’d not think I was goin’ to die poor,” says I.

“He is rich,” says they.

“I wish ’t I was like him,” says I. “Al-though it is n’t rich that I ’d care to be, so much as to be havin’ the money. What wor ye goin’ to say about him?”

“He is a Boorgeese,” says they, “an’ ye are a Proteylariat.”

“Is that all?” says I; for, ye see, they have the worruds in their head, an’ it bothers them. “An’ ye are goin’ to fix it. Then,” says I, “ye ’ll have to get a new way to kape people from givin’ their money away; but maybe ye can. An’ let me give ye a little warnin’. Whin ye have it all fixed an’ ready to run, watch out that some wan don’t get the job away from ye. If the likes av Larry Gallagher down in our ward sees it is a good

thing, he w’u’d want to take it away from ye. An’ he is the man wid the injy-rubber conscience whin it comes to politics. An’ there are thousands av thim. I am only tellin’ ye for yer own benefit,” says I.

“’T w’u’d be impossible unther the system—the law,” says they. “All that w’u’d be changed. The people w’u’d be changed. ’T is the conditions does it, an’ makes thim like they are.”

“An’ ye ’ll have to kape a close eye on the conditions. An’ after ye get it runnin’, who is goin’ to take care av everything? Who will be the officers that ’ll kape anny wan from gettin’ the bist av anny wan, an’ not take anny thimsilves? Is it the same people that is on airth now? How have ye got it all worked out?” says I.

Wid that, Marg’reet, their eyebrows all wint up as innocent as a dozen av wax dolls.

“We w’u’d not presume,” says they, “to be so presumptuous,” says they, “as to impose our opinions on future ginerations. Such things must work thimsilves out. An’ we can’t say just how it will be. ’T will be an ivvolution.”

An’ they looked at me wid their noses in the air like me opinion was a bad egg—’most ready to hatch. An’ they were so wise they did n’t know.

"Thin let her ivolute," says I. "If it is goin' to do that, what is the use av helpin'—whin ye don't know? D' ye know what I think av ye?" says I. "Ye raymind me av a lightnin'-bug thryin' to be a light-house. Ye can sit on the beach an' kape flashin' at regular inthervals," says I, "but ye 'll niver bring the ship av state to shore. Ye go around thryin' to prove that goodness is wan av the virtues, which annybody knows, an' ye know 't will be an aisy job for ye. The only throuble wid yer parthy is that it won't work," says I.

"Ye can niver tell till ye give it a thrial," says they. "The faults av it will work thimselves out; but the principles will kape on. An' there is good in iverything," says they.

"There is good in iverything," says I. "'T is that thunder is for. 'T is so that ye can dodge the lightning. The only throuble is that whin ye have heard it 't is too late. 'T is better to know things beforehand."

Wid that two bouncers kem to evict me from the place. They took me by the arms an' hurried me along like a two-handled cruiskeen that might be spillin' some more av me opinion befo' they got me to the shreet. An' 't is that I have been doin'. Have ye got some more av the onion tops to chop intil the egg an' potato, Marg'ret? I'm glad ye have. Riches are like onions. Ye don't approve av thim unless they are yer own.

Charles D. Stewart.



Drawn by Harry Linnell

THE FAD OF THE MOMENT

*Mother, if you 've finished playin' with my Teddy bear, Gran'ma wants to borrow it."



ETHEL BARRYMORE AS "MADAME TRENTONI," IN CLYDE
FITCH'S PLAY, "CAPTAIN JINKS"

PAINTED FROM LIFE FOR THE CENTURY BY SIGISMOND DE IVANOWSKI